

Spring 1992

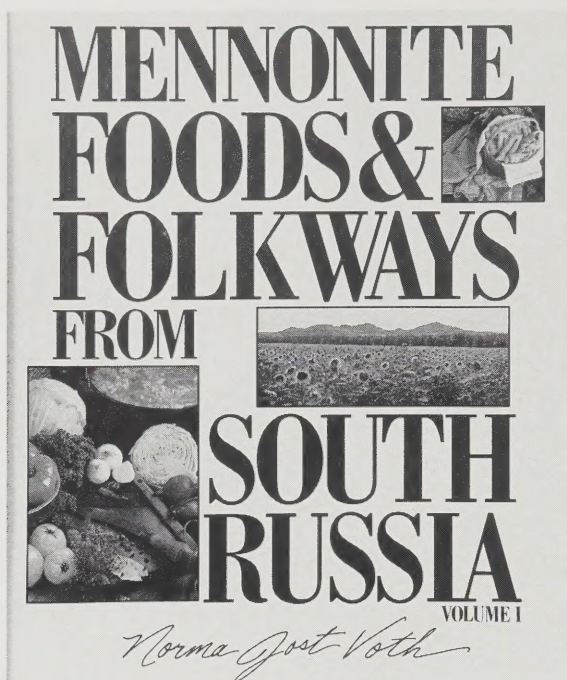
FESTIVAL

Quarterly



"Shared Burden" by Sandy Zeiset Richardson

Classic Food and Memories!



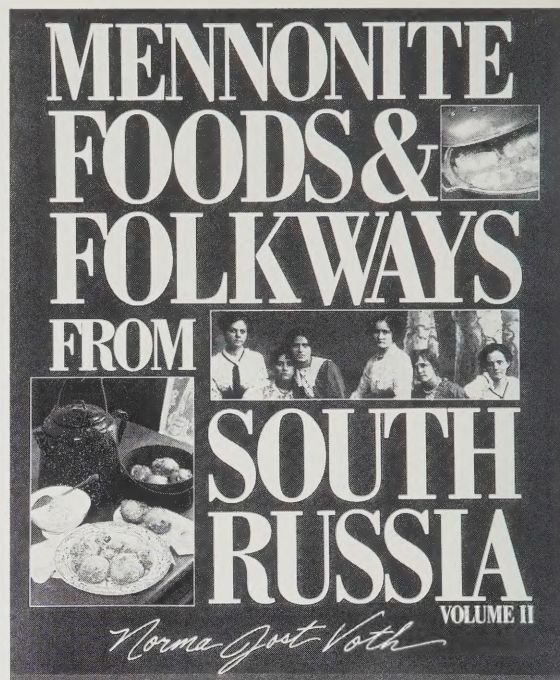
Mennonite Foods and Folkways from South Russia, Volume I by Norma Jost Voth

Mennonite Foods and Folkways from South Russia, Volume I explores the abundant food tradition which developed when Mennonites from eastern Europe settled in the Soviet Union. Their flavorful cooking blended with their Ukrainian neighbors' foods to create delectable and distinguishing dishes. This thoroughly researched collection of recipes is laced with memories from these people and their North American descendants, many of whom maintain the food tradition. A wonderful cookbook and foodbook, rich with stories and more than 500 recipes.

"This book deserves a special place on the bookshelf of anyone interested in South Russian Mennonite food," writes Katie Funk Wiebe in the *Mennonite Weekly Review*.

In the *California Mennonite Historical Society Bulletin*, Fran Loewen calls this title "more than a traditional ethnic cookbook. It is also history brought to life with personal stories."

480 pages ♦ 20 color plates ♦ hardcover ♦ \$24.95



Mennonite Foods and Folkways from South Russia, Volume II by Norma Jost Voth


Who were these people who originated in The Netherlands in the 1600s, who later drained the swamps of the Vistula Delta (in the Danzig area of Poland) and who eventually answered Catherine the Great's invitation to farm the Ukraine? How did the villages they built on the steppes sustain their faith and community life?

A Russian Mennonite herself, Norma Jost Voth interviewed persons whose lives have spanned from Chortitza in South Russia to Newton, Kansas, from the Molotschna to Winnipeg, Manitoba. Their memories of orchards and gardens, Faspa and weddings, food preservation and wheat harvest fill this volume. In addition, there are more than 100 recipes (different from those in Volume I), as well as typical menus and menus for special occasions.

Publishers Weekly calls it a "meticulously researched chronicle of the Russian Mennonites."

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Quarterly

on the cover . . .

“Shared Burden” is a carved drawing on a clay tile, created by artist Sandy Zeiset Richardson of Seattle, Washington.



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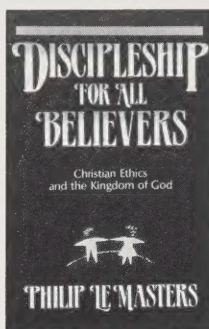
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“No one may truly know Christ except one follows Him in life.” —Hans Denck



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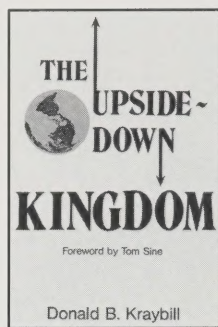
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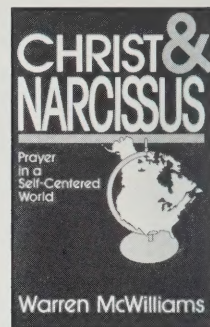


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FESTIVAL

Quarterly

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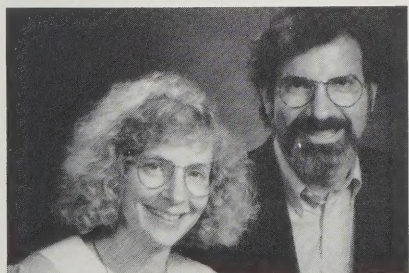
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Phyllis Pellman Good, Merle Good

Why "Festival"?

Recently our staff spent two intensive sessions, evaluating this magazine, its content, design, writing quality and general vision. We hope to invite our readers' comments and evaluation sometime during the next year.

One question which came up surprised Phyllis and me. Why the name? Some of our younger staff asked what we had in mind 18 years ago when we chose "Festival Quarterly" as the magazine's name.

"Festival" has always been a rich word to me, with many meanings. Sometimes it stirs expectations of excellence in the arts, as in a Shakespeare Festival or arts and crafts festival.

Sometimes I smell food and hear laughter of children and grandparents, with stories and humor and fervent handshakes such as one expects at a reunion.

And always there are people, usually lots of people, coming together around a common interest, but with individual contributions. A film festival, for instance, draws persons who enjoy cinema, but one expects many different films, often exhibiting excellence. A fiddler's festival likewise features a wide variety of good talent, playing for a crowd of persons drawn together by their love of music.

There are firemen's festivals, fall festivals, cross-cultural festivals and lobster festivals. Celebrations and expectation fill the air, lots of people coming together, and often some serious reflection about what constitutes excellence—whether in food, humor, pottery or drama.

Disappearing

From time to time, my mind returns to Franklin Zimmerman. He lived in the Lancaster area more than a century ago. Then he disappeared.

I learned about Franklin in James Juhnke's enjoyable book *Vision, Doctrine, War*. In a section about the grand Chicago World's Fair of 1893, the author writes about various Mennonites who attended the controversial World's Fair.

Franklin Zimmerman of Blue Ball, Pennsylvania, went to the Fair and never

We read a great deal these days praising pluralism and individuality. Pluralism assumes expression by many different individuals. But this by itself can lead to alienation and cynicism.

The spirit of "festival" *includes*, making the whole greater than the sum of its parts. A festival adds cohesiveness to the collection of individual expressions.

But there are also festivals of the spirit, when people gather with common purpose and interest to celebrate the meeting of God and his people. Sometimes there's music, and other times silence. Sometimes some of us rise with joy while others kneel in repentance.

A church festival, like a drama festival, provides a safe setting for the hard questions, the bite of reality, the expression of doubt and critique—as much as for the reaffirmation of joys and truths we feel and know to be essential.

The Bible tells of many festivals and feasts, some celebrating freedoms, some exalting in the harvest, others contrite with introspection and seeking forgiveness and cleansing.

Festivals have many layers, many participants, many moods. For me, the word has always been a blend—excellence in the arts, a gathering of people, laughter and perhaps some food, and a deep spiritual safe port for the landed, the rootless and the seekers.

Our hope is that these pages over the years have given our readers just that.

—MG

came home. "He left for the Fair and was never found again, not even to receive money willed to him from two estates!"

That's all we know. It leaves me with some nagging questions. Where did he go? Whom did he meet? Did he have something or someone he wanted to forget? Or did he perhaps encounter tragedy?

Sometimes it seems like there are a lot of Franklins disappearing. Should we maybe be learning more about them?

—MG

Emerson Leshner, you'd be interested to know that the "Mennonite Myth" ads you so strongly dislike were the subject of strong internal staff debate. We didn't all agree . . . and still don't.

But you'll have to at least agree, the ads got your attention (unlike the clutter of most other church advertising)!

Emerson, where'd your sense of humor go since our Messiah College days? I dare you to show the "Backwards horse and buggy" ad to an Amishman. I'll bet you get the same response I have—a loud guffaw.

The ad doesn't made fun of the Amish. Rather, it pokes fun at us "city folk," while still making an important point—there are lots of different kinds of Mennonites (an important point if you're an urban congregation trying to invite others in your community to your church and all they can see are broadrimmed hats and shoo-fly pie).

Emerson, don't take yourself so seriously! Do you really think that referring to our mixed racial backgrounds as "plaid" is racist?

More serious, though, is your charge that the ads create a myth that the Mennonite Church is more racially and culturally diverse than we are. That may be true, though we don't stop talking about the Mennonite Church as a "peace church" simply because more than half of our members in the U.S. voted for Reagan. Rather, we envision ourselves as we *want* to be and as we can become. Maybe—with some help from some new "plaids"—we'll get there.

Also at issue for me is the drift toward "cultural Mennonitism," certainly enhanced by the current Mennonite/Amish "influence on arts, fashion, popular culture and mass advertising." We cannot be Mennonites (culturally) without being Christians (spiritually). The "Mennonite Myth" ads affirm our Mennonite/Christian heritage and focus on our commitment to Jesus Christ and God's people.

Finally, Emerson, you missed a potentially even more serious charge! By virtue of using an advertising medium (and trying to attract people to us) do we misrepresent the true nature of Anabaptism? A history of martyrdom. An emphasis on discipleship. Commitment beyond self. None of those concepts "sell" very well!

Well, you said you "reserve the right to be confused and disagree with yourself." So do I. But now that I work with a secular marketing agency (likely making my opinions even more suspect!), I'm finding I'm even more committed to speaking about ourselves as Mennonites in ways that are

unsettling. That catch attention. Maybe, just maybe, that'll encourage others not to take us for granted.

And maybe next time Mennonite Media Ministries can do an ad series on positive Mennonite/Amish values (but I bet you won't notice them, let alone write about them).

J. Ron Byler

Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvania

P.S. Our national research of persons' perceptions of Mennonites were dominated by beards and buggies, not Mormons and Moonies. It didn't matter whether you talked to people in Phoenix or eastern Pennsylvania.

Also, recently, Mennonite Media Ministries had to edit a program about the Mennonite Church for airing on the VISN cable network that eliminated a phrase said in jest, "Mormons, Mennonites, Moonies, what's the difference!"

I'm writing in response to the book review by Wilmer Martin on *Recovery of Hope* by John and Naomi Lederach which was published in your Fall 1991 issue.

It seems that Mr. Martin has missed the point. He laments the fact that there were no stories of failure included in the book. And he ends his review by saying that he would not recommend the book to a couple in crisis. How sad. I have to wonder, did Mr. Martin read the book? Almost every story in the book is one of failure. And in many of the stories the marriage had failed, ended, was over. But in these stories, the new relationship (and there is always a new relationship) begins with the same person.

I know of no other program in the Christian Church that meets couples where *Recovery of Hope* does, in their failure and pain. In fact in most of our churches, to be accepted, we must hide our failures and pain, keep our masks smiling brightly and pretend everything is okay. But when your marriage is over, when you know you have failed miserably, and when the pretending has worn so thin that reality is beginning to show through for everyone to see, where would you go Mr. Martin? To some pastor who would tell you that separation may be the best thing? To a counselor who wouldn't even share a book of stories about the failures in their marriages, leaving you to believe that it's you that is the failure? People in despair need places to be gut-level honest and understood, not fixed. People in despair need to know that they are not the only "Chris-

tians" who failed. And people in despair need to know that the deep longings of their inner beings to try just one more time can be trusted.

To simply discover that your own personal failures in marriage have been experienced by other couples before you, and that with help those couples survived, is to discover hope. And to discover hope is to discover the strength and the will to proceed toward the healing and restoration that is so longed for. I know, I was there. My wife and I were separated for three years. For both of us it was hope that provided the motivation to try again. And in the six years that we have been telling our story as a presenting couple for *Recovery of Hope*, we have seen despair replaced by hope over and over and over again.

Mr. Martin seems to have missed this simple truth about hope. If you know of someone in the depths of despair from the failure of their marriage, recommend to them *Recovery of Hope*. There is no brighter spot from the depths of despair than the glimmer of hope.

Nelson P. Steffy

East Petersburg, Pennsylvania

I want to give my opinion with regard to your question: Where to hold Mennonite World Conference's next Assembly?

I think India is a very appropriate place! My argumentation:

- It should be in a Third World country because so far, all except one have been held on the European or North American continents.

- India has so many Mennonites.

- It should be small—let's say about 1,000 participants.

- It should take place in the Indian-Mennonite setting (not an Indian big city far away from Mennonite churches) and be conducted in the Indian way.

Gerhard Ratzlaff

Asuncion, Paraguay

The editors welcome letters. Letters for publication must include the writer's name and address and should be sent to Festival Quarterly, 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534. The editors regret that the present volume of mail necessitates publishing only a representative cross-section. Letters are subject to editing for reasons of space or clarity.

Bringing Home the Work

Thoughts on Publishing a First Book



by Julia Kasdorf

Shortly after I learned that my first collection of poetry had found a publisher, I began to get headaches, more in one week than I'd gotten in a whole year. It didn't take much for me to realize that they were related to the prospect of publication, especially to the fear of being read by the Mennonite relatives about whom I'd written.

My older brother once observed, "You publish your work, but never bring it home to us—strangers know you better than we do." It's true, all those years I'd been scribbling away, keeping thoughts more or less to myself, sharing the poems with other poets and occasionally publishing in little magazines read mostly by writers and professors.

A book is more public and permanent though, never mind the fact that it was selected by a press not thirty miles from my home. No longer able to hide the work from my family, I realized that I really didn't want to, since in some respects they represent its primary audience. Many of the poems are based on family stories and memory, examining the particular history of our extended clan and its Mennonite and Amish community. So I sent copies of the manuscript home, and waited for the calls in a kind of fear I've rarely experienced in almost a decade of living in New York City. All the while I wondered where that fear comes from and whether it is unique to those of us who try to write from our experience of a traditional, closed community.

When I described my anxiety to Patrick Friesen, a Cana-

dian poet of Mennonite ethnicity, he sensibly wrote back, "Goes with the territory, doesn't it?" In Canada, where enough notable fiction writers and poets have emerged in the past twenty years to constitute the beginnings of a Mennonite tradition, it does go with the territory. Hildi Froese Tiessen clearly described this phenomenon in her introduction to the wonderful collection of short fiction by thirteen contemporary Canadians of Mennonite background, *Liars and Rascals*. The title she chose refers not to the stories, but to the authors and their uneasy relations with Mennonite readers.

The rascal is novelist Rudy Wiebe who, in 1962 upon the publication of his first novel,

Peace Shall Destroy Many, lost his job as editor of a church magazine and left Winnipeg in the midst of controversy. With Hildi, Rudy visited the Mennonite Museum in Steinbach, Manitoba, about twenty years ago. There they met a soft-spoken museum employee who, upon hearing Rudy's name, exclaimed in Low German, "Not the rascal!" Rudy shrugged and suggested that perhaps the man was thinking of someone else.

The liar is Jacob Janzen, a Mennonite playwright and novelist who emigrated from Russia to Canada in 1924. In a 1946 essay he told this story:

When I came to Canada and in my broken English tried to make plain to a Mennonite bishop that I was a "novelist" (that being the translation for *Schriftsteller* in



Julia Spicher Kasdorf
Photo by Carol Shadford

my dictionary), he was much surprised. He then tried to make plain to me that “novelists” were fiction writers and that fiction was a lie. I surely would not want to represent myself to him as a professional liar . . . I admitted to myself, but not aloud to him, that I was just that kind of “liar” which had caused him such a shock.

It was the “lies” in my own work that prompted my mother to call and report the inaccuracies she’d generously circled throughout my manuscript. Our great-aunt’s car was a Chevy, not a Buick, as I’d written, for example. Poetry isn’t reportage, yet she chose to express discomfort with the blend of fact and fiction that often generates imaginative writing. It’s true that Mennonites have not been in the habit of changing details to suit the story; from our very first confessions of faith we’ve expected language to be a useful, solid bucket to hold truths as clear as water. Writers and scholars, on the other hand, play with language, realizing the rich possibilities of a convention that is full of holes and gaps in meaning. (Of course, when a bucket springs a leak, you insist on mending it if you’re Mennonite; only troublemakers go around poking holes.)

In other places, my mother agreed that the story was correct, but wondered if I couldn’t find “kinder words.” Her concern seemed to spring from that long tradition that has asked us, especially women, to soften our language or to remain silent: “If you don’t have anything nice to say, don’t say anything at all.” No doubt, she was considering the only other people who would know whether the stories had been stretched. And those relatives probably will not be as of-

fended by the misnaming of a car as they might be by other, larger issues. Maybe she was wondering how she will bridge the distance between the community and her daughter when this thing finally comes out. I hung up the phone, wondering why she had not focused on any of the book’s central themes, those conflicts common to much contemporary Mennonite writing and central to my life: individual/community, outside/inside, city/country, profane/sacred, female/male.

Her defensive reading strategy, I realized, almost parallels the way I created many of the poems in the first place. For instance, one of the longer pieces in the collection, titled “Mennonites,” was written quickly a few years ago when I was feeling particularly estranged from my secular, urban environment, as some sort of attempt to explain to myself what a Mennonite is. When I showed the piece to a friend, she said, “Wow. There’s a lot of anger here.” I was surprised to see it, but glad that a temporary blindness had en-

abled me to get the poem down before I could censor myself. Readers can be as blind as writers in this way, deflecting meanings that conflict with the expectations they bring to the text. So then, I wonder if I’ve unconsciously written a book that is unreadable by members of the community about whom it was written. Or is it only that every child’s text is unreadable to her parents?

Certainly many other writers have had difficulty with the folks back home, Thomas Wolfe and his *You Can’t Go Home Again* among them. Around the time I was having headaches, Nobel-prizewinning novelist Nadine Gordimer was quoted on the front page of *The New York Times*: “The best way to be read is posthumously. That way it doesn’t

matter if you offend a friend or a relative or a love.” But for a Mennonite writer, the situation is much more intense; the Mennonite community is equivalent to friend, relative and lover all rolled into one.

Poet Di Brandt, who grew up in a Mennonite farm village in Manitoba, told me a couple of years ago that she feared she would “be hounded out of the community” if her work was ever printed. She only published her first book after it had been repeatedly solicited for two years, and then she took it back once in a loss of nerve. When it finally did appear, she had to face an angry crowd back home. “It was very traumatic for my mother—this book,” Di recalls. “People have asked her, ‘Do you still love your daughter?’ It was hard because she didn’t know what to say about it. She didn’t understand really why I wrote it and didn’t know how to defend it. So she had to learn how to defend me.”

Perhaps for Di, and certainly for me, the fear of publishing a first book

is a fear of conflict that reaches well beyond the typical writerly anxieties of self-revelation and failure to meet literary standards. This kind of dread is familiar to the Swiss/Pennsylvania Amish and Mennonites and of my background, who silenced errant preachers to check their authority. It is essentially a fear of dislocation that reaches back to the time when an outspoken dissenter—whether she was forced to leave or to conform—lost dearly, either her context in the community or her own voice. Shunning means censorship, and self-censorship is also excommunication.

Attuned to the dangers that go with violating community standards, my father offered, “I think you should consider the fact that if you publish a book with the ‘mother f-word’ in it, you might never get a job at a Mennonite college.” Whether or not that is so, he sensed that such a transgression might jeopardize my status in the community. A man whose days began in a Beachy Amish home and ended up in



Julia Spicher Kasdorf as a child with her mother, Virginia Spicher.

a large corporation, he knows what it means to burn bridges in one's youth, and how, when rebuilt from the other side, they can never be crossed in the same way.

The work of poetry requires that the writer gain deep access to her emotional life and write to make sense of it. To do this, she must assume a certain *authority*, a belief that her perceptions are true and worth telling. Yet to brook over one's existential experience and to speak in this way is antithetical to the long tradition of *Demut* (humility) and *Gelassenheit* (submission), so ingrained in many of our souls. Moreover, such activity lacks an apparent usefulness in the material world. To be Mennonite and to write poetry that probes that reality is a serious contradiction. (A reflective essay like this even borders on embarrassing such a sensibility.)

I still believe that writing is a calling of high seriousness and feel indebted to my background for this, but over the years I've struggled to rely less and less on given meanings, and instead to construct from my own experience individual ones—to make art. Tension, for both writer and readers, arises when the individual meanings collide with the authority of the community.

In a review of *Liars and Rascals* that appeared in *The Mennonite Reporter*, historian and pastor John Ruth plainly expressed this tension. While he said many positive things about the artistic quality of the collection, his main complaint was that "The big truth is here by implications, while little truths have the stage." In other words, he had read the book searching for a single expression of the "communal soul" that would somehow offer a standard interpretation of our collective experience, but whatever message he found was faint and ambiguous. Instead, he complained, the collection was dominated by "individual psyches offended by a stingy heritage."

Perhaps John would count me among the offended, but I think there is something very stingy about a heritage that has handed us a way of reading that puts such strenuous demands on readers and writing and, by extension, on writers. We approach literature from a Platonic perspective, as transmitted through Christianity, measuring texts against a set hierarchy. On the top we find the Bible, followed by the *Martyr's Mirror* and other writings that point directly to the higher Truth. Below this are the serious forms that enlighten for the right objectives. (This, I think, is where John wanted the *Liars and Rascals* stories to land.) Last is the literature that may only amuse—or even corrupt—and which should be avoided by serious people altogether.

It's interesting to note that when Mennonite historian and novelist Levi Miller reviewed *Liars and Rascals* in this magazine, he also referred to a hierarchy of reading: "On one level, these stories give authentic voice to this yielded (*Gelassenheit*) Christian community . . . On another level, many of these stories are simply a good read." Perhaps since

publishing *Ben's Wayne* and returning to the Ohio Amish community of its origin, Levi understands the limits of judging a book by Platonic-Mennonite standards. He is willing to appreciate the pleasure of reading stories to hear the voices that speak in an accent both strikingly familiar and strangely unfamiliar because they come to him in an alien form, on the printed page. Mennonite stories, after all, echo our individual stories in a way that mainstream fiction may not; they have the power to tempt us to remember and to reconsider our experience in new ways.

It is a weird and frightful season, the time between the promise and date of publication, long enough to imagine the book in another's hands, to anticipate responses from readers like Levi and John and my great-aunts. It is a time to come to terms with what it means to print your story. For me that has meant facing what I've known all along, that

when a writer attempts to render a common experience without mouthing the common agenda, conflict is eminent. Before publication, the story exists only in the space of its oral telling or in its standard versions. When it appears on paper, roughened by an individual consciousness, it lies vulnerable to all the expectations of accuracy and ultimacy that Mennonites bring to a text. These were my doubts: what if you read my book and tell me I've got it all wrong, that my per-

ceptions have no relation to a reality shaped by our collective experience? What if you call me a liar and cast me out?

Paradoxically, a precarious sense of location is exactly what has fueled much of my writing so far. Many of the poems in the current collection were written from the perspective of an outsider—either a Mennonite outside American culture, or a critical sheep in the Mennonite fold. I've had it both ways—to be in the community and in the world—which, of course, means to have it neither way. Alienating as it sometimes feels, this non-home is my home, and on a good day, I count a sense of disequilibrium among my greatest gifts.

Some of my thirty-something urban friends from traditional Mennonite backgrounds are working hard to get over whatever sets them apart from the mainstream, feeling the conflict between a Mennonite past and their present lives is best resolved in the privacy of a psychotherapist's office. At times, I almost feel this way too. Perhaps if I write enough Mennonite poems, I will one day break through this invisible sphere that both comforts and confines, and at last be released into what? . . . the world, whatever that means? . . . a clean, blank space free of our inescapable history?

Julia Kasdorf is a writer living in Brooklyn, New York. Her volume of poems, Sleeping Preacher, will be released by the University of Pittsburgh press in September.

To be
a Mennonite
and to write
poetry
that probes
that reality
is a serious
contradiction.

What's Bothering the French Mennonites?

by Phyllis Pellman Good

Once quite separate from the prevailing society and its influence, French Mennonites have considerably more traffic with the larger world these days. That fact is altering the French Mennonite Church, or at least causing much discussion among its leaders, reflected Louise Nussbaumer, European representative to the Mennonite World Conference Executive Committee from Molsheim, France.

Change is turning up in many corners, and the questions are not unlike those surfacing elsewhere in the Mennonite world. They are the struggles of a fellowship with a long past and a strong tradition.

"Our churches are more and more exposed to other 'streams'—from other Christian groups, to New Age, to Muslims. On top of that there is materialism and philosophies that lean toward socialism. It comes through the literature we read and the films we see.

"Some would like to go back to our traditional, 'closed up' groups to feel secure—the way we dressed, the legalism, the place of women.

"Others would like to be open to *anything*, integrating everything. People are traveling more, are exposed to much more.

"Those are our two tendencies. In this last extreme are people who say, we are all Christians. Why do we need to be Mennonites?

"Many in the French Church are inclined toward the traditional. But many of our children in their twenties and thirties are not sure they want to be a part of the church."

When French Mennonites moved off their farms, they left more than the land. Louise described how that shift had implications for church leadership. "In my parents' day, the people were mostly farmers, including the ministers. They could study in the wintertime; they could read in preparation



for their sermons. Now there is not time for that. People have full-time jobs away from home, and they would have to study and prepare when they have time around their jobs."

The upshot has been a movement toward full-time, paid, trained leaders. It has been an effort to both keep today's comparatively more professional members and draw new attendees. "Our youth need trained leaders. Furthermore, most of us are much more open to other churches and evangelical influences. If our preachers are not trained, many of our people follow just anywhere. Recently, one congregation's leaders didn't attend our annual French ministers meeting because they had rented their building to an evangelical group, and they wanted to be with them instead."

The tensions live up in ironic ways. Persons drawn to the Mennonite Church by its particular and identifiable practices of faith want Mennonites to be more inclusive. "Persons who are joining our churches from outside are asking, how can we be more open to others? Our traditional members feel somewhat awkward about that. The emphasis used to be that we should attract people by the way we

live, more than by the words we speak."

Nussbaumer pointed out that those persons who are drawn to the Mennonite Church by its traditional stands are irrevocably altering the very Church they are joining. "'New' Mennonites always ask about our heritage and identity. At the same time, these people newly come to us bring change. One church is Paris, for example, that had nearly died out is now being revived with many people from outside.

"Our peace understanding and our ideas of discipleship can find renewal through these new people (if the congregational leadership is strong!), because the first generation always has more fire. My son-in-law was Reformed. After his theological studies he worked in a free evangelical congregation. But after two years there, he has come to the Mennonites because he is interested in the nature of the church. He wants to understand what we believe and practice about that."

Among the French Mennonites, that answer is continually being formed. Histories and doctrinal statements would give only partial data about this fellowship's ongoing effort to be a faithful church.

Table Singers Three: Singing the Songs of the Church

by Elizabeth Weaver Kreider

In the nineteenth century, singing in Mennonite churches was commonly led from the "singers table," a large table in the place of worship, where the minister sat to preach. It is from this table that the Table Singers get their name. Formed with the mandate to inspire congregations to find value in using Mennonite hymnbooks for worship, the Table Singers convene every two years for a few intense months to tour Mennonite churches, mainly in eastern Pennsylvania.

"This is not a geriatric ministry," says director Glenn Lehman. "This is a plunge into the evolution of a tradition. To me, this is singing a new song."

The first group of Table Singers was convened by Lehman in 1987, as a project of the Worship and Creative Expression Commission of the Lancaster Conference's Board of Congregational Resources (BCR), where Lehman works part-time. After exploring different ways of encouraging congregational allegiance to Mennonite-produced hymns, including re-creating an early twentieth century singing school, Lehman decided to form a

choir which would sing from the various Mennonite hymnals.

The first Table Singers focused on the *Life Songs Number One* (1902), the earliest Mennonite hymnal published for four-part singing. Table Singers Two, which convened in the fall of 1989, sang from *1916 Church and Sunday School Hymnal*. Table Singers Three (fall 1991) took their program from *Songs of the Church* (1953). Lehman arranges quite a bit of the music—"Subtly," he says. "The best arrangement is one that you don't know is arranged."

This latest group added a bit of drama to their program during several of the songs. Lehman chose a song from the mid-1800s to demonstrate what Mennonite unison singing was like before four-part singing became commonplace in the early 1900s. Later in the program, the group portrayed a singing school from the turn of the century, acting out the parts of a teacher and several students and demonstrating solfege



photos by Jim Bishop

Glenn Lehman directs the Table Singers.

singing (do, re, mi. . .). A third dramatic element came in the the form of a re-created 1950s wedding. Before each program, Lehman called the church at which they were to appear and arranged for a couple who had been married in the 1950s to assist in the performance, walking the aisle while the Table Singers sang "Since Jesus Freely Did Appear," a common wedding song among eastern Pennsylvania Mennonites at the time.

Lehman stresses that although one goal of the Table Singers is to maintain a certain hymn heritage that has been a part of the Mennonite Church, the more extensive tradition in Mennonite singing is that of singing in unison in German. To refer to four-part singing as though it is "the Mennonite tradition," therefore, is ironic. "The heritage plunge that I'm working on now," says Lehman, "is to re-create the unison German singing. There are no recordings; there is nobody that knows the times anymore. I want to pull back the veil on the nineteenth century to give a little glimpse of what that was. I think there's some kind of spirituality there to be found that we can benefit from."

Table Singers Four will re-group in fall of 1993, and will use the 1927 *Church Hymnal* (still used in many Lancaster Mennonite Conference churches) as the basis for their program.

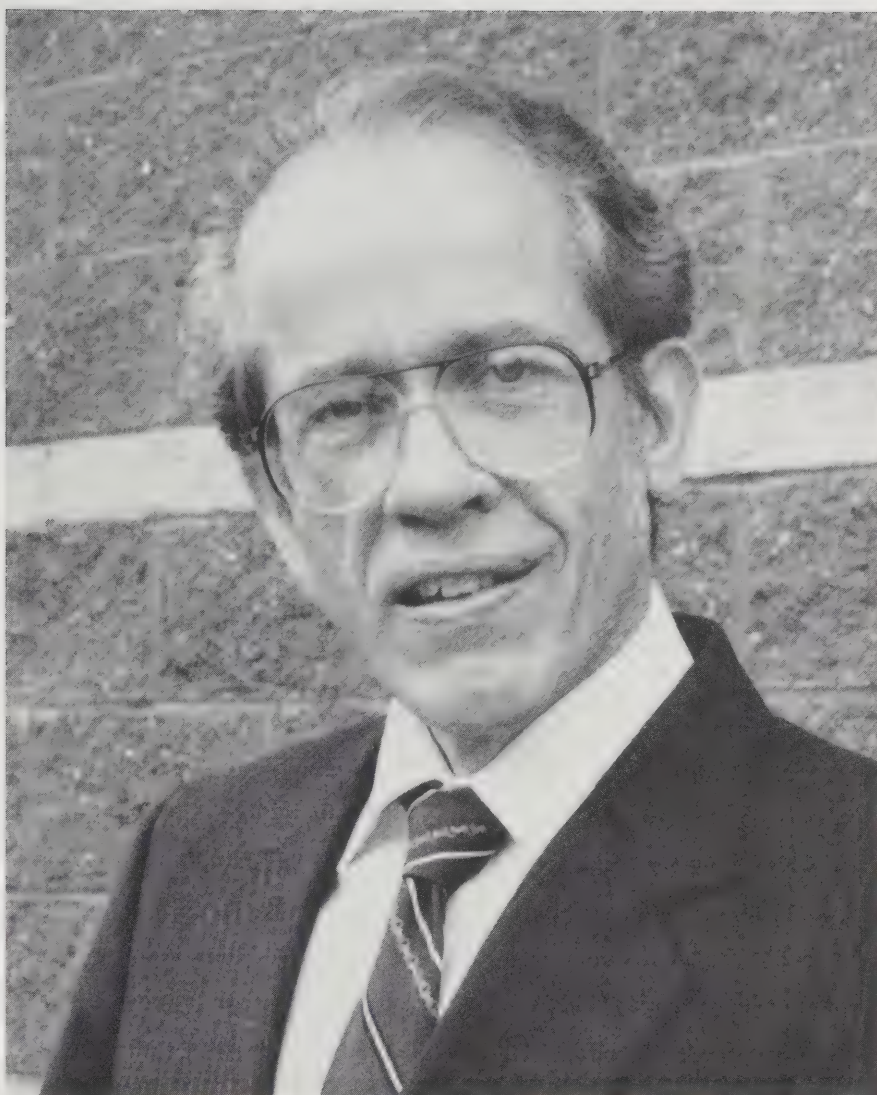


Table Singers Three sang hymns from the 1953 *Songs of the Church*.

To Write in Pain

by Phyllis Pellman Good

FQ/Elizabeth Weaver Kreider



Paul W. Nisly

"For a long time, on Friday afternoons I would feel just rotten. In fact, some times I'd think, why do I feel so bad—then I'd glance at my watch, discover it was about three o'clock—and I knew why. I seemed to have an internal awareness when that time of the week came, even if I hadn't consciously thought about it."

Paul Nisly has survived the death of his 21-year-old daughter Janelle, but not without fierce pain and a relentless sense of loss. On a brisk fall Friday afternoon she became a victim in a chain-reaction tractor-trailer-auto pile-up. But, as Nisly points out in his recently released book, "The rather ordinary 'facts' of the case seem to have no clear linkage to the human dimensions of the situation."

Sweeping Up the Heart: A Father's Lament for His Daughter chronicles this family's adjustment to abrupt death, as

well as their on-going sense of loss. "It is this awful finality," reflects Nisly, who had kept extensive journals during the weeks and months immediately after Janelle's death. "Using my journals to put a book together in more finished form was a healing process. I had to look at the pain directly, unblinkingly. Even now, I really can't read the book without weeping, I'm almost embarrassed to say. But even so, nothing I can do will bring this person back."

Bravely personal, *Sweeping Up the Heart* is the story of a wounded parent. Nisly, who is a professor of English, drew upon the jottings he kept, as well as his knowledge of poetry and prose writers he has taught for years. He is also an ordained minister. His vocabulary of biblical texts is present throughout the book, shaped by years of presiding at funerals and comforting other families. The result is a mix of elo-



quent pain that stops short of being maudlin.

"I seemed to need to keep a journal during that time. It was not a task; it was extremely important." Still stunned by the reality of the event four years later, Nisly has found writing a help in enduring the on-going feeling of loss. "I've experienced death before, but for something this close, I needed to continue writing. It takes so long to deal with the loss. It's more consuming than I would

Front: Paul and Laura Nisly

Back: Randal, Lamar and Janelle Nisly

The Feet, Mechanical, Go Round

by Paul W. Nisly

After great pain, a formal feeling comes—
The Nerves sit ceremonious, like Tombs—
The stiff Heart questions was it He, that bore,
And Yesterday, or Centuries before?
The Feet, mechanical, go round—
Of Ground, or Air, or Ought—
A Wooden way
Regardless grown,
A Quartz contentment, like a stone—

This is the Hour of Lead—
Remember, if outlived,
As Freezing persons, recollect the Snow—
First—Chill—then Stupor—then the letting go—
—E.D., #341

"Life goes on," the cliché has it. Yet when a family has been shattered by sudden death, everything seems to stop. Normal hunger pangs, sexual drives, ordinary sleeping patterns—nothing is "normal." Life has stopped for one—and for a time it seems to stop for others. Or at least one wishes that it would.

Janelle's accident occurred just a few weeks after the beginning of the fall term, a time when a heavy teaching load and much administrative work at the college, combined with church responsibilities, made my schedule full under the best of circumstances. How could one begin to function after the cataclysmic events of the past few days? A man whom I much respect said that for three weeks after the death of his son, he was simply prostrated, incapable of action. I, too, wanted to withdraw after the death of our daughter, yet the prospect of later returning to an even more daunting load made that course of action seem impossible. On Thursday two days after the funeral on Tuesday I received an urgent request from a college administrative of-

fice requiring my completion and submission of some forms by the beginning of the next week. No time to weep, no room to mourn.

The searing pain of the first days lessened, but I felt incredibly empty, hollow, drained. Why bother with the mundane, ordinary things which seemed of so little real import? I would listen to my colleagues' debate in committee or in the faculty business meeting and wonder whether these issues actually merited the time and energy we were giving them. Of what real significance was it whether we voted for this or that curricular option or administrative change? Would it make any ultimate difference? At one meeting I became particularly weary of the seemingly petty arguments, the apparent posturing. Compared with the ultimate issues of life and death, these details seemed insignificant. I thought of John M. Synge's Deirdre as she confronted the death of her husband: "Draw back awhile with the squabbling of fools." The significant and the trivial have a way of appearing in a new light when one faces the ancient enemy, death.

But these thoughts I do not speak to my colleagues. On most occasions I wear my public face. But actually we are the walking wounded, as I tell my wife. We move one foot in front of the other; we seem to be walking—but it cannot be described as ordinary locomotion. We move as in a dream, a trance, hoping that we will awaken and normality will return. Like wounded animals, already severely beaten, we hunker down, half expecting more blows. At the same time we go through the motions of ordinary life.

The weather that September and October seemed unusually beautiful—clear, brisk mornings, brilliant Kansas-blue skies with fluffy white clouds. Janelle would have loved it. But the natural beauty this fall seemed a sham, an external mockery which intensified the inner pain.

In some irrational way I thought that all "normal" activi-

have ever guessed, would have ever thought.”

An award from the college where Nisly has taught for more than two decades kept him at the project, if the pain and weariness of the experience threatened to derail his intent to finish the book. “I received the Excellence in Teaching Award with a stipend that allowed me to spend a summer organizing my journals and choosing the poetry.” While it was a painful process, Nisly acknowledges that “a kind of compelling urgency pulled me through.”

It is the mix of personal stories, honest questions and precisely chosen poetry and scripture that ground the book in utter reality while keeping it a part of all human experience.

ties should stop, or at least be severely curtailed. My office window is open to the fresh fall breeze, and I hear shouts at an athletic event, probably a soccer game. How can they be having fun as if nothing untoward had happened? I ride home on my bike, and a school bus stops in front of me unloading high school kids. As I wait in the street, several kids on the bus mock me through the open windows, calling me “old man.” On another day I sit in the college dining hall eating lunch. Nearby a group of students is laughing raucously, repeatedly. How can people be so thoughtless?

Life should somehow stop for us—but it doesn’t and we keep shuffling along. And confronting new pain. Insurance forms must be filled out, car titles signed over, the banking account clarified. I feel like an intruder; I, who have always honored our children’s privacy, now find myself “prying” into our eldest’s financial affairs. Are there any bills to be paid? Does she have savings? I find her bank passbook in her dresser drawer; I have never gone rummaging in her drawer before. It seems almost ghoulish.

Worst of all is sending copies of the death notice: to several insurance companies, to the hospital so her first paycheck can be released, to an airline so I can get a ticket to a literature conference changed. This is the hour of lead, unspeakably heavy.

For as long as I can remember the church has been an important part of our family’s life, and friends have been wonderfully supportive. But Sundays in church are very difficult. Now there are only four seated in the pew where there should be five. Stanzas from familiar songs take on new meaning as we sing about the brevity and tenuousness of life and the inevitability of death. We sing about God’s care for his children, and I wonder about his care for us when a simple divine action could

Nisly’s selections pointedly capture the burdens of life and the senselessness of death. “I did an outline of what I thought I wanted to say. Then I began choosing poetry and scripture that worked with that. The poems encapsulate the ideas of each chapter; I drew many of the chapter titles from those poems—‘The Truth is Bald and Cold’; ‘I Felt a Funeral in My Brain’; ‘Boots of Lead’; ‘The Feet, Mechanical, Go Round.’

“These are poems and prose I’ve taught. They’re a sort of inventory for me. Often they were metaphors for my feelings. I needed their imagery; I was so grateful for the help of these poets.”

have spared our daughter. We sing about God’s love, and I reflect on a friend’s comment after the sudden death of her husband: “If this [death] is an expression of God’s love, then I wish he didn’t love me so much.”

Returning home after church—the four of us—how empty the house seems, how alone we feel without Janelle’s presence and help. Sunday dinners were always special at our house, school and work laid aside, as we enjoyed being together. Now we try to cover the emptiness, the older son setting the table while I fry the meat and my wife prepares the salad. But our hearts know what we can’t yet say: Janelle will never again be at our Sunday dinner.

As we go through the motions of living, I reflect that one of the most frustrating aspects of the entire experience has been my inability to do anything to change the situation. In Janelle’s most critical need I could not do a thing. God knows I tried. How I cried out in prayer, how I sought divine intervention, how we longed for a miracle of healing. But her life had fled even as I was praying. “Multiple trauma” the death certificate said. How painfully true—multiple trauma—not only to Janelle, but to her parents, to her brothers, to the extended family and to her close friends. The trauma only began with the awful physical injuries.

We are the walking wounded. The feet, mechanical, go round.

Excerpted from Sweeping Up the Heart: A Father’s Lament for His Daughter © 1992 by Good Books, Intercourse, PA 17534. All rights reserved. Used by permission.

Not only did the poems supply imagery for Nisly, they also reinforced his intention to be unnervingly frank about his feelings. "I was absolutely committed to being honest. I didn't want to come across with piety that sounded good. I was determined to let my questions, my skepticism—if that's the right word—show. I didn't want to say what sounded right. The poet R.S. Thomas is an Episcopal priest, but, even so, you hear all his underlying questions in his poems."

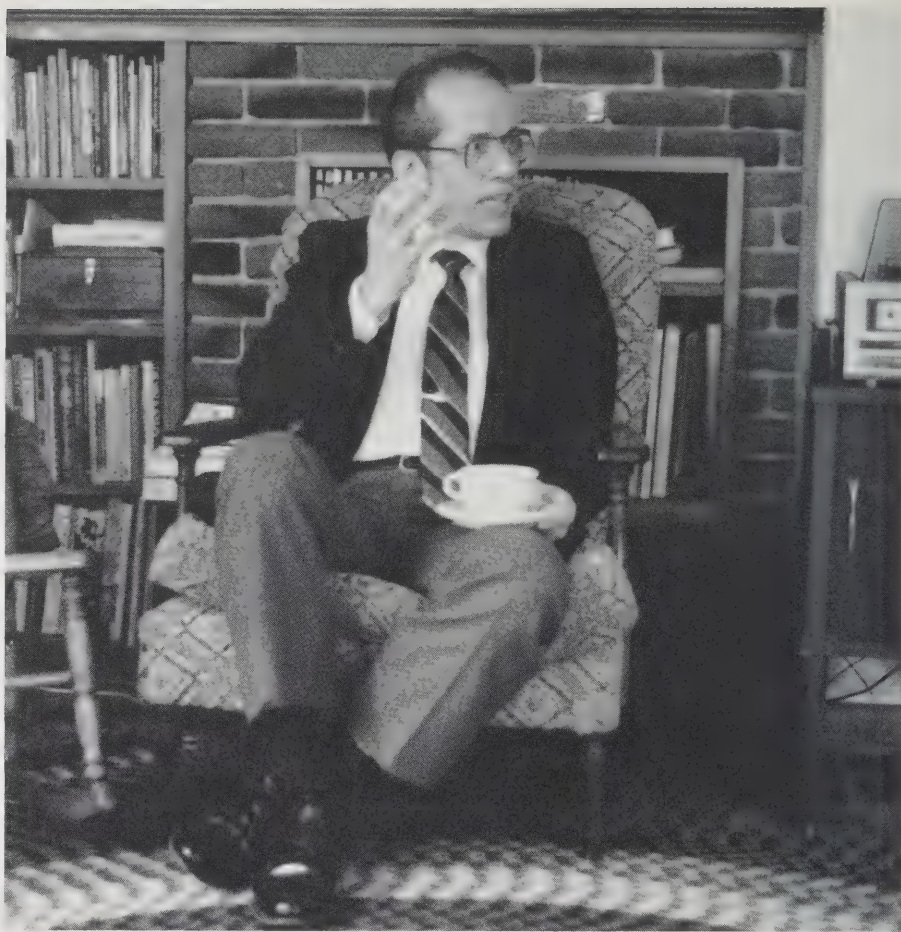
Nisly is clear about why he wanted to write the book. He is less clear about how he feels now that his intensely personal anguish is exposed to all who read the book. "Janelle was really a remarkable person, and I wanted her memory to be retained. And I needed to articulate the experience, to put it down, to see it, to come to some understanding of what it might mean. Just suffering, just pain, isn't enough, wasn't enough. I thought I might be able to help others. If I can, that helps to validate the experience."

"Recently I went back to read the book to see how it sounds to my relatives, my colleagues, my fellow church members. I couldn't get past the first two chapters; it feels so personal. On the other hand, I've noticed how people who have suffered deeply need to tell their story again and again. My written version allows me to do that again and again."

Nisly's story is never excessively told. It is, instead, a disciplined rendering. "I tended to write briefly," he explains. "I didn't want to say too much. I wanted to have a few less words but have them be intense. I wanted it to be tight, not wordy."

Although controlled in its telling, the convulsive experience is no less real for the reader. Nisly modestly acknowledges the help of others. "I gave it to a colleague, who's a fine prose stylist, and to our son Lamar, who I think is a good writer and who was also close to the whole event. In fact, I had described ourselves on the night of the accident as being 'wild with grief.' Lamar questioned that, remembering instead that we all sat heavily stunned, barely moving. 'Wild' implied frenzied activity, and we weren't rushing around, at least on the outside."

While Nisly believes *Sweeping Up the Heart* has brought a certain finish to the terrible experience, the book also returns him to the details and the on-going ache of Janelle's absence. In the middle of a conversation about writing the



FQ/Dawn J. Ranck

book, Nisly suddenly reflected, "Sending out death notices—the bank had to have one, the insurance company, the hospital—it all felt so crass, so unreal, so impossible. I know I identify more deeply with people's pain; I believe I've grown more sensitive, but I'd still give all that up if I could have our daughter back."

"Janelle was so empathetic with others' hurts; she was so enthused when things went well for someone. Some things just don't get replaced."

Sweeping Up the Heart: A Father's Lament for His Daughter shares grief and loss in a helpful way. But it hasn't taken either away for the father whose story it is.

DISASTER or OPPORTUNITY?

A Village Extension Experiment

by Merle Good

Sometimes something happens unexpectedly, and one faces dilemmas never anticipated.

Such was our experience when our neighbor declared he was selling his farm. It was August, 1988, just as our family was leaving on a week's vacation. A quiet holiday became a week of turmoil, followed by three years of debate.

"I'd like to sell in the next few weeks," the farmer said, "so I know whether or not to fill the silo with corn." The price he was asking was very high indeed. Only then did I realize that this 40-acre Amish farm which borders our Old Country Store and The People's Place Quilt Museum was zoned commercial.

The Impending Disaster

Several facts became immediately apparent. With the commercial zoning and the high price tag, the most likely buyer was a shopping-center developer. We had no interest in owning the farm and always assumed it would remain in farming, since it was owned by an Amish family.

The tract lies in the very heart of the village of Intercourse in eastern Lancaster County. The historic farmhouse sits right on the main street of the town, the Old Philadelphia Pike, better known as Route 340. The post office is next door, as is the main shopping district of the town.

"I can sell this farm and use the money to buy three larger ones out in the countryside," the farmer explained. He also noted that the younger generation was not too keen about farming "in town." He himself enjoyed the social exchange with visitors more than most farmers do. (Intercourse hosts between two and three million visitors annually.)

The Dilemma

Our first decision was to ignore the sale of the farm. Phyllis and I had always said we didn't want to participate in the development of one square inch of farmland. We've put our energies into revitalizing old structures. We have lived in the center city ever since we were married in 1969, first in New York and mostly in Lancaster City (with the exception of two years on the campus of the local Mennonite high school). We live in an old rowhouse. As our readers know

from years of editorials, we have believed that it is a gift to children to have them grow up in an urban mixed neighborhood where space is limited and one learns to know neighbors of many races and economic classes.

We have also been outspoken about the faults of suburbia. We believe most suburban developments are designed to exclude. More than the farm, much more than villages, towns or cities, the suburban sprawl in North America clusters persons of similar class and race together and tightly excludes others.

One of the misconceptions modern Mennonites enjoy about themselves is that "a lot of us have moved from the farm to the city." In fact, Mennonites have moved to suburbia, not the city. A very small percentage of Mennonites live in the "city" part of our metropolitan areas; most live in the suburban parts, either inside or outside the actual city borders.

It is a false statement to say that Mennonites have become an urban people, living in more diversified neighborhoods. I observe that Mennonites have moved to middle-class suburban developments, which are far less diverse than the villages and towns in Mennonite farm communities used to be.

I have also noticed that most Mennonites who do live in the city leave for suburbia when their children reach school age. I have wondered what the real reasons are, but most persons seem not to want to discuss it. It remains a basically taboo subject in most Mennonite circles.

For our work in the arts and in heritage interpretation, we chose the town of Intercourse, 10 miles east of Lancaster City, because of its quaint atmosphere and its location at the center of the old Amish and Mennonite communities. We've worked to restore the old buildings along the street and have not placed new projects on undeveloped ground.

Against this backdrop, the dilemmas posed by the announced sale of the neighboring 40 acres were most difficult. If we ignored the event, the center of the town would likely become one big macadamized shopping center. The developer offering the best price announced to the farmer his intent to bulldozer the historic house and farm buildings



The Goods outside the Old Country Store which also houses The People's Place Quilt Museum.

and develop a massive sprawl of strip malls.

What should we do? We certainly didn't want to build a shopping center. But neither did we want to be associated with one more section of suburbia. Was there anything that persons of our faith and convictions could do?

(In fairness to the farmer, we should point out that the commercial zoning was not the result of his seeking it. Others with commercial interests had petitioned for the zone over the past 20 years, and a large portion of his farm ended up in the zone.)

The Soul-Searching

We have a tough and thoughtful board of directors. When Phyllis and I first recommended to them that we should *not* get involved with the neighboring piece of property, they too were torn between impending disaster and a wish that things could stay the way they were. In the end, however, they recommended that we pursue an option on the Esh farm. Unlikely as it seemed, with all the developers bidding for the commercial tract, we believed that if we could secure an option, it would buy us some time to let the dust settle and figure out the possibilities. If we had done nothing, I believe that the farm would now be covered with shopping malls.

The problem with an option is that the cost of the option itself often drives one's final decision. For instance, if one puts down \$200,000 for an option for a given period of time, hasn't one already in effect decided to proceed with the project, because to drop out would bring a total loss of that option money?

Knowing this, and wanting to have a truly open discussion during the option period, we were able to negotiate the purchase of the two acres of the farm which lie next to our properties, right where the two main highways intersect ("intercourse") in the village—as part of the option package. In this way we were able to take the farm off the market for a year (with additional time available for more payment) and also to secure two acres which made us feel as though we weren't forced to proceed if we weren't able to put together an alternative plan which we felt good about.

With the option in place, our board spent the year of 1989 soul-searching and brainstorming. We planned two one-day retreats and field trips to sort out the possibilities. What were the needs of the town? What projects might we have an interest in sponsoring? Weren't we in danger of being labelled as "developers," a term with which Phyllis and I felt very uncomfortable? Wasn't a small company like ours out of place in this kind of arena?

Wouldn't this take too much time from our key staff members? We were concerned that we not neglect the two main ministries we've pursued since 1968: 1) support for artistic expression among our peoples (writing and publishing books, operating art galleries and a folk art museum, filmmaking, offering excellent crafts, furniture reproductions, and a whole educational arts program, including this magazine) and; 2) interpretation of our peoples, not in a public relations way, but in as honest an educational atmosphere as possible, both for our own peoples and for the general public.

A Small, But Related Digression

Phyllis and I have spent most of our adult lives saying

"Why not?" Tourism, for instance, developed during the '50s and '60s in Lancaster County; this area now reportedly has four times as many visitors each year as Yellowstone National Park does. Unlike some other Amish communities, the Mennonites here had virtually nothing to do with the development of this visitor influx. But after it had become a fact of life, Phyllis and I wondered whether there couldn't be something better than the blatant tourist traps, and we began our summer festival and theater as an "alternative" (1968-1977). The People's Place followed in this tradition, offering an alternative to tourism.

The theater itself was not Broadway, nor was it church drama, but rather an attempt to stage a "writer's theater"—modern drama, in a sense—which would appeal to our own people as well as to neighbors and visitors.

The movie *Hazel's People* took the same approach, walking a thin line between traditional Hollywood fare and church fluff. That movie reached many people and also proved a training ground for the feature film project which we've been pursuing over the past decade to tell the story of Andre and Magda Trocme, working with sensitive experts within the regular industry but keeping the kernel package of idea, script and spirit as a guiding light. It may take a lifetime to produce this story as a movie, but a vision for an "alternative approach" to the film market is part of the energy behind the project.

Our book publishing, too, takes an alternative approach to both writing and marketing, trying to bring the best writing, vision, and conviction from among our peoplehood to the general marketplace. Secular publishers sell to major bookstores and libraries; religious publishers sell to the religious trade. We've worked to become a small independent "hybrid" publisher, bringing to the general public books which rise out of our milieu and reach primarily the same markets served by secular publishers. If publishing is essentially the craft of connecting writers and readers, then we seek to reach as many readers as possible for our writers, especially in the larger marketplace.

Creating alternative visions and in-between markets has been our main diet. That's what friends of ours kept pointing out as we took counsel on whether or not to abandon the Esh farm option.

The persons we respected the most urged us to continue exploring some role in the farm situation. If any parcels of ground in Lancaster County should be developed, they said, it should be those in or near the hearts of the villages and towns, not sprawling one-acre lots streaming out from Lancaster City in endless suburban sprawl.

We never doubted that the farmer's decision to sell would lead to controversy. If the village became "Junk, U.S.A.," people would ask why The People's Place hadn't done anything to prevent it. But as we all know, when one steps in to prevent a disaster, the public doesn't see the disaster (because it didn't happen); they only see the alternative. And any alternative in which any of us becomes involved (at home, in the office, at church—wherever) is open to criticism and controversy.

Exploring the Alternatives

And so the question we faced was this—was there an "alternative" to traditional commercial development which

would enhance the life of the village?

Because of the price of the land and because most of it was zoned commercial, several uses for the land seemed impossible. The only way to keep it in farming was to sell it to a non-profit foundation to run as an experimental farm or as a farm museum. As of this date, no such option seems viable. We explored several other ideas which appear, unfortunately, to be financially impractical. We discussed a possible retreat and study center. We've always wanted to sponsor a Peace Museum. We've also explored a museum called "Land and People," with a wing given to a "Museum of Woman and the Land."

We sketched out plans for a new, larger People's Place, with many new features and also an international emphasis. And we continue to hope we can someday open a Fine Arts Museum, dedicated to exhibiting the work of Mennonite-related artists.

We also researched the needs of the town and discovered that the most urgent need relates to traffic and a shortage of parking. We learned too that the post office is looking for larger quarters and the fire company (which is supported strongly by the Amish) has been searching for a piece of ground on which to erect a new, larger firehouse to serve the community. Our survey also showed that the Amish would like very much to see a pharmacy in the village.

In general, housing is quite difficult to find in the township. We learned that some families who have lived in Leacock Township for several generations cannot find a home for their newly married son or daughter.

All of this is set against the fact that farmland is disappearing in Lancaster County at an alarming rate. Between 40,000 and 60,000 acres have been developed during the past decade, according to farmland preservation groups.

The Lancaster Farmland Trust is the most active farmland group in the country, buying preservation easements on farms and lobbying for effective agricultural zoning from township to township in Lancaster County.

So the question came down to this—"Is there any alternative plan with which we're willing to participate—which will help to save and strengthen the village, and in some way save farmland—and yet fit within our vision and mission and not ruin our lives and reputations forever?!"

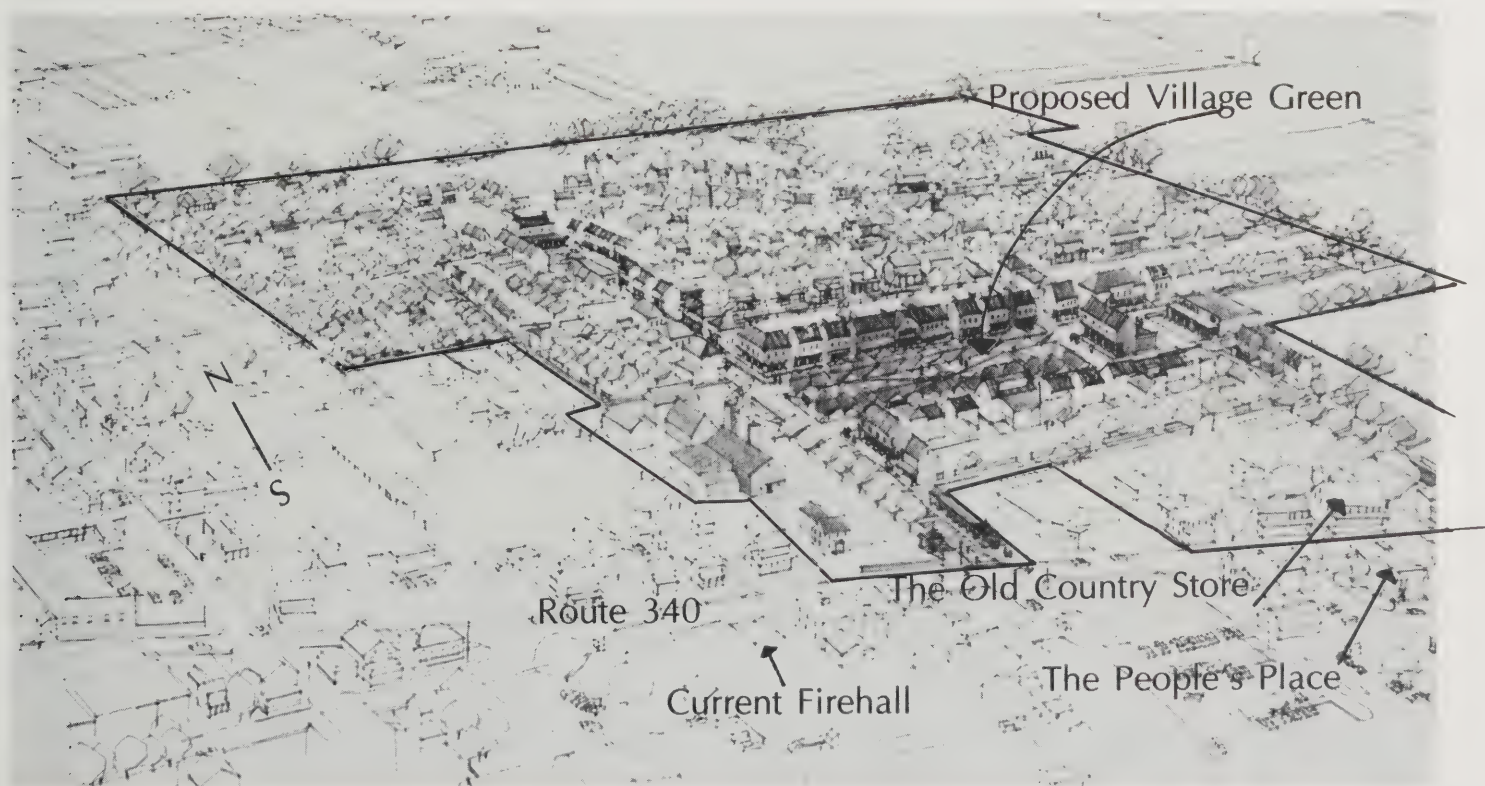
In Lancaster County over the past decade Phyllis and I have watched the battle between the no-growth idealists and the rampant-growth developers. It has been no contest. The idealists are noisy and in the papers a lot, but development has rolled on, turning farmland into housing developments, shopping centers, and industrial parks. Mennonite contractors, builders, realtors and developers have profited a great deal in the boom of the '80s.

We had often wondered, long before the Esh farm was for sale, if there wasn't a way to strengthen village life, lessen suburban sprawl, and save farmland?

We became aware, through friends and through reading, of the return to building villages; some called it Neo-Traditional and others, Liveable Communities. It's been tried here and there throughout North America, but it has not been widely known.

The premises are simple. Why not begin again to build towns the way they used to be built—straight streets, smaller lots, front porches, and sidewalks for walking. Houses should use "build-to" lines rather than "set-back" lines. It would be very important to foster "mixed uses," which most zoning codes do not permit these days. "Mixed use" calls for commercial and residential uses to be intermingled rather than to be totally segregated.

The proposed Village Extension (outlined), would lie at the center of the village of Intercourse, Pa.





The core group met many times. Members included persons from the University of Pennsylvania, Rodale Research Institute, Concord Construction and The People's Place.

For instance, if mixed use is permitted, a family may operate a bakery on the first floor and live on the second. This sounds simple, but it is not normally permitted in most zoning codes for new buildings; rather, the bakery would be in a commercial area and the family's home would be in a residential development elsewhere.

A return to the old village style encourages walking and visiting, fosters community, and promotes the protection of natural resources. Instead of driving everywhere, people walk to the post office or the store.

A Proposal Emerges—Amid Tragedy

We were able to extend the option and continued to search for an alternative proposal.

One encouragement came from the highly publicized campaign by the Lancaster County Planning Commission, under the direction of a new administrator, about the virtues of Liveable Communities and the Neo-Traditional approach to zoning and development.

Public sentiment in Lancaster County has become increasingly concerned during recent years about the destruction of fertile farmland for housing, industry and commerce; public officials know they must be attentive to these concerns. (Lancaster County gets a lot of negative press nationally because it is such an easy good guys-bad guys article for national journalists. In truth, Lancaster County residents and officials are probably more active in farmland preservation and related issues than any other county in Pennsylvania. Could it be that all those concerned persons generate all those national stories to keep the pressure on the officials?!)

And so we began to feel that our hope of somehow preserving the character of the village of Intercourse by extending the village in a Liveable-Communities-style addition might be politically possible. The Lancaster County Planning Commission sponsored a highly visible Liveable Communities Forum in February, 1991, involving dozens of local architects, planners, developers, farm interest groups, business leaders, preservationists and officials. It repre-

sented a major breakthrough in the wide variety of groups and individuals who were together exploring a better way. The net result of the Forum was a call for some real-life projects which demonstrated the new approach. We edged one step closer to going ahead with a Village Extension.

That was the same month that our group experienced a tragedy of major proportions. Clair and Anna May Weaver and their daughter Kim were slain by the Weavers' distraught son one Sunday evening in their home. Clair was our Vice President; he and Anna May

had been some of the largest investors in our projects; Anna May had been on our staff; and Clair had served as one of our closest advisors. Clair was my cousin, and the Weavers and we had gone to the same church for many years. So the tragedy left not only a major gap in our inner discernment circle and greatly complicated our financial structure in the middle of a major recession, it severely affected family, friends, and church. Every part of our lives was wounded.

Phyllis and I assumed as we sorted through the ruins of the disaster that the option on the Esh farm would need to be dropped. But two things happened which prevented that.

First, a number of persons in our inner circle stepped forward to offer their help and investment in the reorganization of our financial structure; and several new persons joined in. This was overwhelming to the two of us. The red tape is still being unraveled at this writing, but in general we are on our way to a new stable structure for the future. We are very thankful.

Secondly, and more specific to the neighboring piece of property, one of the teams which had worked together at the Liveable Communities Forum decided to form an ongoing relationship to try to help an actual project happen. They were put in touch with us by a mutual friend, who knew of their need for a site, and our option on the Esh farm.

The University of Pennsylvania's Center for Energy and The Environment, the Rural-Urban Interface division of the Rodale Research Center, and Concord Construction Company of Lancaster (known for doing some of the most sensitive projects in the Lancaster area) were the three parties who approached us as a team in April, 1991. It seemed too good to be true.

We began to explore a possible project together. Suddenly it seemed to become an inspired project attracting all sorts of good-hearted planners, foundations, farmland groups, preservationists, and environmental concerns. We were overwhelmed by the support and encouragement from so many. We also knew that when the project became public and the critics had their say, some of these groups and individuals would run for cover (which proved to be the case).

But nevertheless, it was an inspiring few months as we developed the concepts and proposal for a Village Extension.

Involving the Public

Part of the Liveable Communities approach is to involve the public in the planning process. Our team found this idea attractive and laid plans to do so.

There were several balancing acts. The first was to develop the concepts for the Village Extension thoroughly enough so that we—and the public—had some general idea of how the various elements could fit together. But we didn't want to become too specific because a major ingredient of the process was to be a three-day public forum during which residents and experts would help to shape the actual plans.

The second balancing act was the publicity. We realized that the project needed to remain absolutely confidential until we were ready to announce it. It's hard enough for people to understand a new concept. Any half-baked news leak before the fact would greatly undercut our project. If the first story published was inaccurate or simply unfocused, it would be very hard to correct it in the public's mind.

But at the same time, we needed to involve dozens of experts and consultants in order to shape the project before we had anything to announce. We stressed the need for confidentiality to everyone involved and we were fortunate. When the first story broke on the front page of the Lancaster evening paper on January 21, 1992, many of the persons in the local community who normally know what's happening were as surprised as their neighbors. Some are still a little sore that we didn't tip them off, but we needed absolute confidentiality.

Earlier that morning we placed a news release in the post office boxes of the residents and businesses of the town, announcing the project and inviting them to a meeting at the fire hall the next evening. Both daily newspapers and the local TV station carried major coverage.

Wednesday evening about 200 local persons showed up at the firehall. Phyllis and I spoke about our purposes, our

vision, and our reasons for being involved in the Village Extension project. Then we opened the meeting for comments and questions. Many persons asked questions or expressed appreciation for the process. Several persons were unhappy with not having more advance notice. And several expressed reservations.

All in all, it was a basically positive meeting. One Mennonite from the area came to me afterwards and said that he'd been to dozens of public meetings through the years but had never sensed such an open spirit as he had felt that evening.

Then came the big three-day event at the firehall. The first morning of the planning forum began with a briefing for local officials. Throughout the three days, the number of local, county and state officials representing planning, traffic, water, sewer, farming, conservation, energy and natural resources, architecture, construction, business, finance and engineering ranged from a dozen to fifty or more.

After the first morning's briefing, three teams worked separately to develop a plan for the Village Extension which would take into account all the elements and needs: a village green, streets, water, traffic and parking, safety, mixed use, museums and public buildings such as the firehall and post office. Then, over lunch, we pinned up the three rough sketch plans and critiqued them. Any officials who wanted to sit in for this were welcome.

In the afternoon a team of architects took the three sketches and our comments and tried to develop a rough master sketch. Others worked on geological studies, water studies, traffic studies.

At 7:30 on Thursday evening we had open house. Between 150 and 200 persons crowded into the firehall and walked along the outer walls, studying all the charts and sketches. In the center of the room were tables covered with photos of most of the buildings along the main streets of the town.

Various members of our team spread out among the crowd and answered questions and invited opinion. Four persons were designated to record comments and sugges-



Merle Good addresses the crowd at the firehall as he and Phyllis (seated, foreground, far right) explained the project to the residents of the town.



The three-day planning forum began with a briefing for officials and experts, led by (from left) Merle Good, Tim Smith (head architect from the University of Pennsylvania) and developer Ed Drogaris.

a difficult evening, but those who know how to read the local mood better than we do felt that the tide continued in favor of the Village Extension.

Awaiting a Decision

After the public meetings, our team swung into action, writing an amendment to the local zoning ordinance which will permit the characteristics of a Village Extension. Phyllis and I are fortunate to be working with such a top-flight team of experts. The amendment

was officially presented to the Township Supervisors on May 5, 1992. The local newspaper noted that it would likely serve as a pioneer model for planning and zoning for the local area and beyond.

What are the prospects? We don't know. The amendment goes through a series of procedures before coming to a vote by the Supervisors, possibly in early fall. Then, if approved, our team would submit a preliminary plan, followed by a final plan. If all steps meet approval, the Village Extension would then be subdivided and sold to homeowners, shopkeepers, and larger projects like the post office, the firehall, and the museums—in phases over the next five to ten years.

Some tell us that a large majority of the people in and around the town favor the proposal and greatly appreciate the process. We shall see. We've heard too that some of the developers who wanted the site in the first place are hoping for the defeat of our proposal so they can build a shopping center. They regularly register their ongoing interest in the farm with Mr. Esh.

Some persons who helped to zone the farm commercial in the first place have reportedly been driving around a peti-

tions throughout all sessions (which were later shaped into a 22-page document).

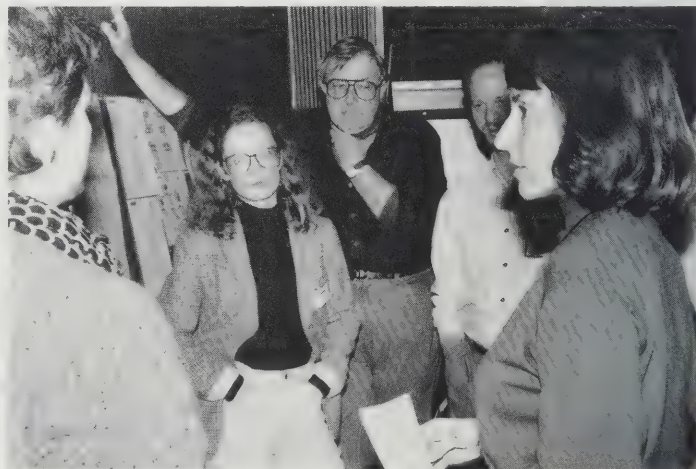
Friday was a similar day with more briefings, more fine tuning of the plans, and focus groups working on traffic, water and sewer, energy and conservation, and farming issues. Again at 7:30 that evening a group of 150 to 200 local residents crowded into the firehall to monitor the progress, give their suggestions and ask questions. On the third day, Saturday, more architects and architectural students arrived from the University of Pennsylvania to assist in doing some actual drawings and specifications for the project. It was a very intense three days.

The following week we did a mailing to all residents of the Township, inviting them to a Thursday evening meeting at the local elementary school (it's larger than the firehall) to report our progress. The walls were lined with the charts, sketches and drawings which represented months of planning and our intense three-day forum. After Phyllis and I and Ed Drogaris (the developer from Concord) had briefed the crowd of 200 to 300, we opened it for questions and comments.

As a team, we constantly reminded each other about how vulnerable our process was. Reporters could write anything they wanted; special interest groups could try to take over the public process; opponents of the project, for whatever reason, could grossly misrepresent our goals and intentions.

But we decided not to stack the cards. We did not line up persons to speak in favor of our project at these public sessions. We simply opened the floor. And at the meeting at the elementary school that last Thursday night in January, we paid the price for our process. The first 40 minutes were dominated by persons with concerns, some expressed in very negative terms. I was moderating the meeting and had expected as much, but it was rough. (Later we learned that most of these persons were not even residents of the Township.) Some of the concerns were good, but many of the comments seemed calculated and even nasty.

I could see the newspaper reporters writing, so I decided to ask whether anyone had anything positive to say before we closed the meeting. Then began a whole stream of favorable comments with strong applause from the crowd. It was



Some team members worked late into the night, debating approaches, integrating suggestions from residents.

Asking a team of architects to work together on a joint plan was both a challenge and a delight.

tion which indirectly favors a shopping center of strip malls, which some Amish have been lured into signing because they think it means the farm will remain in farming. This gave rise to one story, first published in the *Philadelphia Inquirer* and then syndicated to the Knight-Ridder News Service, which greatly misrepresented both our project as well as the Amish people.

Wherever the Amish are involved, of course, there is great opportunity for media exploitation. Reporters from the national media visit our village almost every day, and any sensational angle they can find is splashed across the nation. This is especially complicated by several academic entrepreneurs, who claim that every change will cause the Amish to either die or move away. These persons have a lot to gain personally in terms of publicity since they make much of their livelihood writing and speaking about the Amish.

The facts fly in the face of this sensationalism. The Amish have doubled in population during the past 20 years. It's hardly accurate to say the Amish are dying. Many in the media have written about the Shakers, and they assume that the Amish are an endangered species, like the Shakers, like the spotted owl. Even a lot of Mennonites who interpret the Amish are not clear about the fact that the Amish are growing much faster than the Mennonites are. (How many Mennonites know, for instance, that there are more members of the Amish church than there are General Conference Mennonites?)

Yet the fact remains that very few Amish have moved from this area; in fact, some who moved away a few decades ago are moving back. Another way to say it is this—if half the Amish had moved away during the past 20 years, we'd



still have the same number of Amish here now as we did 20 years ago! Yet very few have moved.

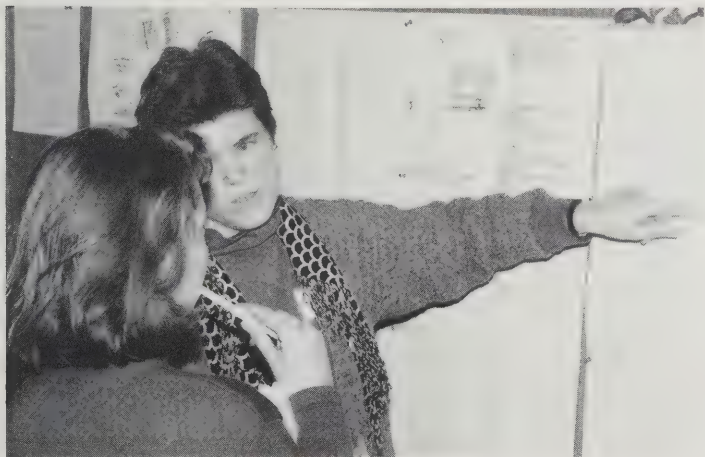
Part of the crowdedness the Amish feel is the result of the success of their own growth. None of this is meant as a defense of tourism or development. One simply becomes weary of academic authors who cry "Wolf!" in what seems like an endless author's tour and career capitalization. (Ironically, many of these critics themselves live in homes and work in offices which were built on open farmland.)

Do we think that a Village Extension will adversely affect the Amish? No, or we wouldn't be involved. It will strengthen the town, on which the Amish depend for certain necessities. It will demonstrate a new way to save farmland while strengthening our villages and towns. But in the end, it will have little effect, one way or another, on the farmers of the area. We've found that most of the Amish who understand what we're proposing are either neutral or favor the Village Extension over a shopping center.

A recent traffic study by a reputable firm demonstrates that the traffic generated by our approach would be only half of that which would be generated by a shopping center. Not to mention the quality of life which we anticipate from extending the village.

We had hoped that the academics, the traditional developers, and the media would not turn this serious proposal into a circus. We shall see. It clearly is a temptation to some.

In the end, it's a public process, deciding the future of 40 acres at the center of our town. The years Phyllis and I have spent seeking alternative visions and in-between approaches swept us into this project, but not without a lot of reluctance. If the project is turned down and the ridge behind us is covered with macadam and strip malls, we will feel that we at least did our part to stop the clock and ask the local residents to consider an alternative future. Either way, we don't intend to let this project sidetrack us from our main interests in interpreting our peoples and supporting artistic expression among our faith family.



In the end, the interaction between the team and the local folks added a lot to the total project.

What's in a Congregational Name?

by Emerson L. Leshar

Recently while reading through the exciting and best-selling *Mennonite Yearbook* (I highly recommend it), I was struck by the names of many Mennonite congregations. Being the part-time researcher that I am, I wondered what nuggets of truth might emerge if I did an in-depth investigation of congregational names. What might such a study reveal about the Mennonite church? How would it help us understand our past and set the course for the future? How would a study of names help us answer all the nagging questions of contemporary Mennonite life as we know it?

Listed below are some of the astounding results of my research. Just remember as you read this list that all of the names were taken from the *Yearbook* (1988-89). I didn't make them up.

◆
Congregational names for the Theologically Correct:

Justice Mennonite Church
Trinity Mennonite Church
United Mennonite Church
Sermon on the Mount Mennonite Church
Church of the Servant
Gospel Mennonite Church
Bible Mennonite Church
Peace Mennonite Church
Grace Mennonite Church

◆
Church names for those who have little regard for the traditional values of humility, separation, simplicity and peace:

Broad Street Mennonite Church
High Level Mennonite Church
Bloomington Mennonite Church
Superb Mennonite Church
Lucky Lake Mennonite Church
Fort Garry Mennonite Church
West Point Mennonite Church
Grant Mennonite Church

(Yes, there is a *Grant Mennonite Church in Ulysses*, but there is not a *Lee Mennonite Church in Robert*.)

◆
Congregations with a name that I would rather not be a member of:
West Swamp Mennonite Church
South Colon Mennonite Church
Wild Cat Mennonite Church
Lull Mennonite Church
Corn Mennonite Church
Poison Mennonite Church
Tangent Mennonite Church

◆
Churches with a great first name—Mennonite churches are famous for using family names. However, there are also a good selection of first names:
Vincent Mennonite Church
Alice Mennonite Church
Donna Mennonite Church
Beatrice Mennonite Church
Norma Mennonite Church
Olive Mennonite Church
Leo Mennonite Church
Emma Mennonite Church
Harvey Mennonite Church
Thomas Mennonite Church
Sharon Mennonite Church

◆
In addition to these names I would like to suggest some names for new congregations (with Vision '95 we'll need a lot of new names) or for congregations

looking for a name change. (Why not start a trend—if Datsun can change their name to Nissan, why can't your church?)

Listed below are four words which should be included in your new congregational name. These words are very popular among Mennonite church names. If you don't include all four you should at least include one to be considered a legitimate Mennonite congregation. The other great thing is that these words can be used in almost any order. They are "Peace," "Community," "Fellowship" and "Mennonite." There are 24 possible congregational name combinations using these four words—in the interest of space, here are just four examples:

Peace Mennonite Fellowship
Community
Mennonite Peace Community
Fellowship
Community Mennonite Peace
Fellowship
Peace Community Mennonite
Fellowship

◆
Possible names for churches especially interested in church growth or for those who want a more effective name for marketing purposes:



illustration by Cheryl Benner

Overly Friendly Mennonite Church
 Always Welcome Mennonite Church
 We Meet All Needs Mennonite Church
 Full Service Mennonite Church
 Subtle Mennonite Church
 Our Family is Your Family Mennonite Church
 Mennonites R US
 No Sweat Mennonite Church
 Lite Mennonite Church
 Coffee and Danish Mennonite Church
 You're OK Mennonite Church
 The "Why Not?" Mennonite Church

♦
 My research has found that "Peace" is probably one of the most common words used in Mennonite church names. So that we don't overdo a good thing I would like to suggest some ways we might branch out a little bit:

First Peaceful Mennonite Church
 Peace-Loving Mennonite Church
 More Peaceful Mennonite Church
 Most Peaceful Mennonite Church
 The Very Peaceful Mennonite Church
 The One and Only Peaceful Mennonite Church
 The Original Peaceful Mennonite Church

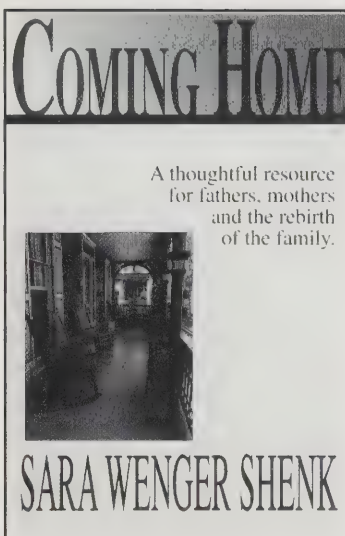
♦
 Suggested Names for Trendy Congregations:

Church of Our Socially Aware Savior
 Church of the Theologically Correct
 Church of the Resourcing God
 Church of Holy Processing
 Church of Our Parent
 Church of the Formerly Co-Dependent
 Church of the Road Less Traveled

♦
 Best wishes as you select a new congregational name, or as you evaluate the meaning of your current congregational name.

Emerson L. Lesher is a member of the East Chestnut Street Mennonite Church, which is near Plum Street, which is near Orange Street, but not too far from Walnut, Lime, Lemon and Mulberry streets. He denies that there is anything fruity or nutty about his congregation.

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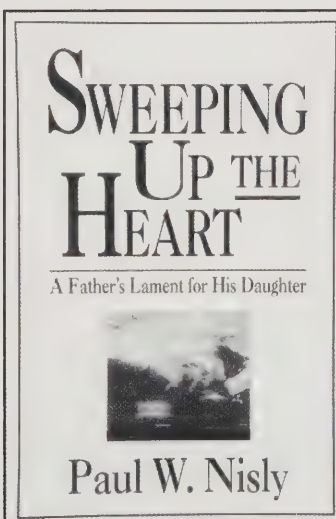
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MUSEUMS

Illinois

Mennonite Heritage Center of the Illinois Mennonite Historical & Genealogical Society, P.O. Box 819, SR 116, Metamora (309-367-2555). Mid-Apr.-mid-Oct. Fri.-Sat. 10-4, Sun. 1:30-4:30. Admission: donation. Museum of early Mennonite life in Illinois; historical, genealogical libraries, archives. Information on annual Heritage Series available on request.

Indiana

Menno-Hof, SR 5 South, Shipshewana (219-768-4117). Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Closed Sundays. Admission: donation. Interpretation center. Displays and activities about early Anabaptists and present-day Mennonite and Amish groups.

Mennonite Historical Library, Good Library 3rd Floor, Goshen College, Goshen (219-535-7418). Mon.-Fri. 8-12, 1-5, Sat. 9-1. Closed Sundays, holidays, Saturdays during college vacations. Admission: free. Primarily for researchers in Mennonite history and genealogy; holdings also include rare and other unusual Mennonite-related books.

Kansas

Kauffman Museum, Bethel College, N. Main & 27th, North Newton (316-283-1612). Mon.-Fri. 9:30-4:30, Sat.-Sun. 1:30-4:30; closed major holidays. Admission: adults \$2, children and youth 6-16 \$1, group rates available. Cultural, natural history of Central Plains with focus on Mennonites; restored 19th-century homesteader's cabin, farmstead with house, barn. • Exhibit: Mennonite Furniture: A Migrant Tradition 1766-1910, until Oct. 15, 1992.

Mennonite Heritage Museum, Highway K-15 & Main, Goessel (316-367-8200). June-Aug.: Tues.-Sat. 9-5, Sun. 1-5; Sept.-Dec., Mar.-May: Tues.-Sat. 1-4. Admission: adults \$2, children 12 and under \$1, large groups please call ahead for appointment. Artifacts from early households, farms, schools, churches; restored historic buildings; Turkey Red Wheat Palace.

Pioneer Adobe House Museum, U.S. Highway 56 & Ash, Hillsboro (316-947-3775). Mar.-Dec.: Tues.-Sat. 9-12, 2-5, Sun. and holidays 2-5. Admission: free. Restored Dutch-German Mennonite immigrant adobe

house, barn, shed; displays on adobe house culture 1847-1890, Turkey Red wheat, Hillsboro history.

Warkentin House, 211 E. First St., Newton (316-283-0136 or 283-7555). June-Aug.: Tues.-Sat. 1-4:30; Sept.-May: Fri.-Sun. 1-4:30. Admission: adults \$2. Sixteen-room Victorian home, built 1886 for Bernhard Warkentin, who was instrumental in bringing Turkey Red wheat, as well as Mennonite settlers, to Kansas from Russia.

Manitoba

Mennonite Village Museum, Steinbach (204-326-9661). May: Mon.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5; June: Mon.-Sat. 10-7, Sun. 12-7; July-Aug.: Mon.-Sat. 9-8, Sun. 12-8; Sept.: Mon.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5; Oct.-Apr. by appointment only. Admission: adults \$2, students and senior citizens \$1. Restoration of 19th-century southern Manitoba Mennonite village with houses, church, schools, more.

Maryland

Penn Alps, National Road (Alt. Rt. 40), Grantsville (301-895-5985). Memorial Day—mid-Oct.: Mon.-Sat. 9-8; mid-Oct.—May: Mon.-Thurs. 11-7, Fri. 11-8, Sat. 9-8. Situated between a still-functional 1797 grist mill and a nationally-renowned 1813 stone arch bridge. Working craftspeople (summer only), restored historic buildings.

Ohio

German Culture Museum, Olde Pump St., Walnut Creek (216-893-2510). June-Oct.: Tues.-Sat. 1-5. Admission: by donation. Costumes, furniture, fraktur, quilts and other artifacts from eastern Ohio Germanic folk culture.

Mennonite Information Center, Inc., 5798 County Road 77, Berlin (216-893-3192). Mon.—Sat. 10-5. Admission: free, donations. Information, books and literature about local Amish and Mennonite culture. Slide presentation on local community. 10' x 265' mural illustrating Anabaptist history. Admission to mural hall: adults \$3, children 6-12 \$1.50.

Sauder Farm & Craft Village, SR 2, Archbold (419-446-2541). Apr.-Oct.: Mon.-Sat. 9:30-5, Sun. 1:30-5. Admission: adults \$4.75, children 6-18 \$2.50, children under 6 free. Collection of artifacts, rebuilt log homes and shops of settlers in mid-1800s;

working craftspeople.

Ontario

Brubacher House, c/o University of Waterloo, Waterloo (519-886-3855). May-Oct.: Wed.-Sat. 2-5; other times by appointment. Restoration and refurbishing of Mennonite home of 1850-90, slide-tape presentations of Mennonite barnraising and settling of Waterloo County. Admission: \$1 per person, Sunday school classes \$.50 per person, under 12 free if accompanied by parent.

Heritage Historical Library (Amish), c/o David Luthy, Rt. 4, Aylmer N5H 2R3. By appointment only; primarily for researchers in Amish history and genealogy.

The Meetingplace, 33 King St., St. Jacobs (519-664-3518). May-Oct.: Mon.-Fri. 11-5, Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1:30-5; Nov.-Apr.: Sat. 11-4:30, Sun. 2-4:30. Feature-length film about Mennonites, by appointment. Admission: \$1.25 per person for groups making reservations; others by donation. A Mennonite interpretation center; 28-minute documentary film *Mennonites of Ontario*.

Pennsylvania

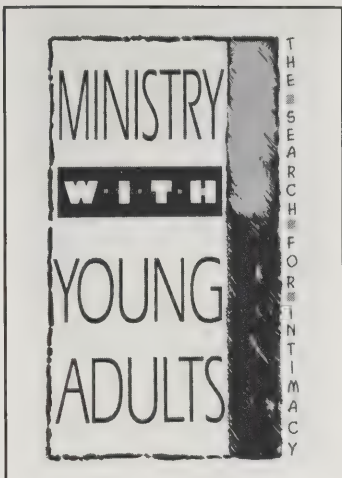
Archives of the Brethren in Christ Church and Messiah College, Grantham (717-766-2511, Ext. 388). Mon.-Fri. 8-5, Sat.-Sun. by appointment. Admission: free. Collection of artifacts; e.g., plain clothing, church furniture, love feast utensils, Bibles.

Germantown Mennonite Information Center, 6135 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia (215-843-0943). Tues.-Sat. 10-4, Sun. for groups by appointment. Admission: donation. Meetinghouse and artifacts related to the Germantown Mennonite community, oldest in America. Also available for tours: Johnson House, 18th-century Quaker home in Germantown; 1707 house of William Rittenhouse, first Mennonite minister in America and responsible for first paper mill in colonies. "Images—The Germantown Mennonite Meetinghouse," continuously-building exhibit of photos, sketches, paintings, other depictions of Germantown church.

Historical Center, HCR 63, Richfield (717-694-3211). Tues. 7-9 p.m., Sat. 9-4. Admission: free. Family Bibles, fraktur, tools, clocks of Juniata County Mennonites; archives and books.

continued on page 33

- **Inquiries** is a new book of poems by Jeff Gundy, professor of English at Bluffton College. It is part of the Ohio Writers Series published by Bottom Dog Press, at Firelands College in Huron, Ohio.
- **Anita Susanne Fast** creates her own myth in *River Rose Moon*, a new title out from Pinchpenny Press. The author is a senior English major at Goshen College.
- Mennonite Brethren minister **Isaac Tieszen** is the author of *Why I Do Not Take the Sword*. He relates his childhood experiences in Russia and shares his theology of peace.
- The material culture of the Pennsylvania Mennonites who migrated to Waterloo, Ontario in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries is documented in *From Pennsylvania to Waterloo: Pennsylvania German Folk Culture in Transition* by Susan M. Burke and Matthew H. Hill. It is published by the Friends of the Joseph Schneider Haus.
- The third release in CMBC Publications' Echo Historical Series is titled *Mennonite Settlements in the Crimea*. Originally published in German by Echo Verlag, a group organized to write histories of the Russian Mennonite experience, the Echo Series contains fourteen titles, three of which have been translated into English and re-published by the Canadian Mennonite Bible College press. *Mennonite Settlements in the Crimea* was written by Heinrich Goerz, and is translated by John B. Toews. *Mennonite Templers* and *The Kuban Settlement* were the first two translated titles. *Our Trek to Central Asia* by Franz Bartsch and *The Molotschna Settlement* by Heinrich Goerz are both in process and should be released in 1992.
- The **Brethren in Christ Historical Society** is putting together an encyclopedia of the Brethren in Christ Church. **E. Morris Sider** of Messiah College is editor of the project, and he will be assisted by an editorial board. The book will cover the church's history as well as current church life all over the world.
- The writings of one of the most influential thinkers among the early Anabaptists, **Dirk Philips**, are compiled in *The Writings of Dirk Philips*, translated and edited by **Cornelius J. Dyck**, **William E. Keeney** and **Alvin J. Beachy**, and published by Herald Press.
- A new English language newspaper published by Mennonites in the Netherlands is intended for an international audience. The editor is **Beno Hofman**, who also edits *Algemeen Doopsgezind Weekblad*, Europe's only Mennonite weekly paper. Recent sample issues are available from *Algemeen Doopsgezind Weekblad*, Singel 450, 1017 AV Amsterdam, Netherlands.
- **Anabaptism Today** is the name of a soon-to-be-published periodical coming from The



Anabaptist Institute in London, England.

- **Rosedale Bible Institute** in Irwin, Ohio has recently begun a publishing venture, **Rosedale Press**. The press intends to publish theological, biblical and devotional works, as well as fiction and poetry.
- **Students Abroad, Strangers at Home: Education for a Global Society** is the title of a new book by Goshen College dean of students **Norman Kauffman**, former Goshen professor **Henry D. Weaver** (recently retired as deputy director for education abroad at the University of California at Santa Barbara) and **Judith N. Martin**, associate professor of communication at Arizona State University. The book uses the experiences of students at Goshen, UC-Santa Barbara and Martin's former employer, the University of Minnesota, for its examples. It is pub-

lished by Intercultural Press.

- A handbook on church ministry to young adults, titled **Ministry with Young Adults: The Search for Intimacy** has recently been published by faithQuest, Brethren Press' trade imprint. Six authors deal with various topics related to young adult ministry.
- **Ben Wiebe** examines the response of the church to the ethics of Jesus and his preaching of the Kingdom of God in *Messianic Ethics*. It is published by Herald Press.
- **Jonathan J. Hostetler** is the author of *Revelation Explained*, a new book designed for Sunday school and Bible study use. The book is available in Provident Bookstores.
- **Mary Clemens Meyer** is the author of *Walking With Jesus*, a collection of 20 true stories of people who returned good for evil. Geared for children ages 8-12, the book is published by Herald Press.
- An upcoming title by Herald Press deals with social, political and health issues related to poverty. *Caring for the Least of These* is written by people who serve the poor or experience poverty themselves, and is edited by **David Caes**.
- **Reuben** is the fifth title in **Mary Christner Borntrager's Ellie's People Series**. Published by Herald Press, the book tells the story of a young Amishman.
- *Melodious Accord: Good Singing in Church* is **Alice Parker's** new book on congregational song. Published by Liturgy Training Publications, the book gives background, inspiration and hints on encouraging congregations to enjoy singing.



Authors **Naomi and John Lederach** of Manheim, Pennsylvania, recently discussed their book, *Recovery of Hope*, on a variety of radio and television talk shows in Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Columbus, St. Louis and Minneapolis.

The Lederachs were invited to extend their time allotments on several of the shows because of the heavy listener response to their discussion of the book.

Coming Home, Sara Wenger Shenk.
Good Books, 1992. 140 pages, \$9.95.

Reviewed by Marlene Kropf

Coming Home is about revolution. After surveying the bleak landscape of intimacy at the end of the twentieth century, author Sara Wenger Shenk cries out in anguish like one of Israel's prophets. Nothing less than the stringency of repentance will do. Only a revolution of "hearts turned toward home" can heal the brokenness and satisfy the deepest soul yearnings of all who have lost their way in the barren lands of modernity.

Instead of ties that bind people together, the author sees the current landscape littered with freedom gone to seed, unfaithfulness in covenant relationships, and

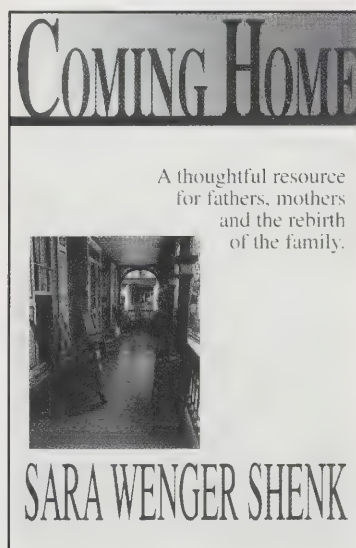
poet. Bursts of lyricism grace every page. A passionate and splendid vision for "a cloak of security, with rhyme and reason" weaves in and out of many stories and overflows in every chapter.

The vision to which she calls us is the radical spiritual discipline of commitment—the costly offering of our deepest selves, willingness to sacrifice, and opening ourselves to joy beyond telling. She makes no easy promises. Instead she offers sharp clarity, simple pleasures and the hope that it is not yet too late to embrace one another and receive the gift of grace that will lead us home.

May the revolution come quickly.

Marlene Kropf is Minister of Worship and Spirituality at Mennonite Board of Congregational Ministries and teaches part-time at Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminary, Elkhart, Indiana.

FQ price—\$7.96
(Regular price—9.95)



empty shells called home. But what she cares most about is the children.

Our children, she says, are being wantonly neglected in our quest for self-expression and personal freedom. The places of blame are familiar: lack of cultural consensus regarding healthy roles for women and men, loss of community, rampant individualism, affluence, mobility, militarism. Feminists will be interested in her analysis of the harmful consequences of women's liberation. Although she argues that full equality for women and strong thriving families are not incompatible, she calls for fresh re-visioning of women's roles.

If *Coming Home* stopped with sober analysis, it would still be a useful book—though perhaps unwelcome. But it is much, much more. Like Israel's best prophets, Sara Wenger Shenk is also a

Menno Simons: A Reappraisal, edited by Gerald Brunk. Eastern Mennonite College, 1992. 225 pages, \$19.95.

Reviewed by John D. Roth

The essays in this volume were first presented in March of 1990 at a conference at Eastern Mennonite College commemorating the 450th anniversary of Menno Simons' Foundation of Christian Doctrine, better known as the Fundamentboek.

Menno Simons: A Reappraisal is also a tribute to Irvin Horst. Writer, scholar and churchman, Horst held the prestigious chair of Professor of Mennonite History at the University of Amsterdam for nearly 20 years, and he spent a lifetime interpreting the Dutch and English Anabaptist traditions to North American audiences.

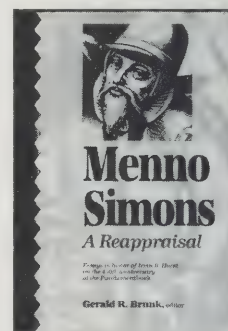
An opening article by Walter Klaassen and Horst's own contribution—both addressing the question of Menno's contemporary relevance—are explicitly directed to modern questions of identity and faithfulness. Pastors and laypersons interested in history will be inspired anew by their helpful and edifying insights into Menno's views on spirituality, his appeal to political authorities, and his tireless effort to link the new birth with Christian discipleship.

The other essays, however, are clearly directed to a more scholarly audience. Piet Visser's attempt to trace the influence of Menno in later Dutch theological writing, and Abraham Friesen's careful consideration of Menno's relationship to the Münster Anabaptists are the strongest contributions in this section. The other chapters, focused primarily on developments in Menno's theology, range from the erudite to the recon-dite.

This caveat aside, I heartily recommend the book as a worthy tribute both to Irvin Horst and to the most important shaper of Mennonite theology, Menno Simons.

John D. Roth, Goshen, Indiana, is a professor of History at Goshen College.

FQ price—\$15.96
(Regular price—19.95)



Brilliant Idiot, Dr. Abraham Schmitt as told to Mary Lou Hartzler Clemens. Good Books, 1992. 183 pages, \$16.95.

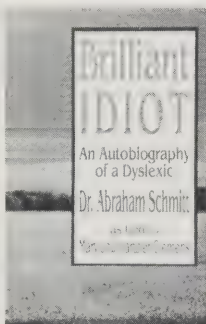
Reviewed by Katie Funk Wiebe

Abe Schmitt—academic dunce, social outcast, failure as a teacher, failure as a human being.

Dr. Abraham Schmitt—Ph.D., psychotherapist, author, Mensa member, university professor, inspiring speaker.

Two different people? No, one and the same. In a compelling story Schmitt shares the reason for the paradox of his life, hidden even to him for much of his life. It is dyslexia, a hard-to-diagnose language learning disability.

Schmitt was born in the Blumenort, Saskatchewan area to an Old Colony Mennonite family. As a young boy he lived with a severe sense of inferiority because of his peasant background. Impatient teachers in overcrowded classrooms interpreted his inability to learn as stubbornness.



The book follows the course of Schmitt's life as he reveals his intense struggle to hide the "secret idiot" and get an education. His inability to explain his frequent failures diminished his sense of self.

Caring teachers and academic advisors at college and university helped him identify his uniqueness. His wife Dorothy became his personal support and "language" helper in getting papers written.

At age 55, as a client outlined her dyslexic symptoms to him, he recognized that he, too, was a dyslexic. The idiot had been identified and could be eradicated. Schmitt shares freely what it means to be a dyslexic as a professional and in the home as a husband and father. The appendix includes a list of symptoms dyslexics may have.

People with similar language learning deficits will welcome this book to gain a better understanding of their problem. But anyone who enjoys a good story about someone who faced insurmountable barriers and overcame will find this pilgrimage fascinating.

Katie Funk Wiebe, Wichita, Kansas, is a freelance writer, writer of many books and a contributing editor to Festival Quarterly.

FQ price—\$13.56
(Regular price—16.95)

Tales from the Peoli Road, by Eli R. Beachy. Herald Press, 1992. 144 pages.

Reviewed by David Kline

Most of the events, or tales, in this book have their origins in Holmes and Wayne counties of Ohio where the author had ties with a few Amish families. While some of the stories may be factual, with embellishments, others are adapted to Amishness from timeworn rural jokes, and some are obviously pure fabrications.

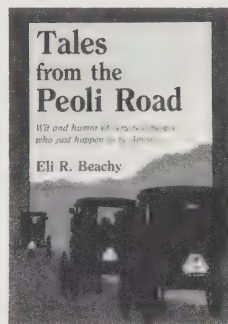
As the subtitle suggests, there is wit and humor, along with a sprinkling of the author's own acid opinions, quite a bit of which caused me heartburn. The book would have been much easier for me to digest if I had not known the truth.

The author, Eli R. Beachy, professes to be Amish; born and raised Amish; former carpenter and now farmer; and, in correspondence, an Amish bishop. The author biography reads, "They [Eli and his wife, Sharon] are members of a local Amish congregation."

None of that is true. There is no "Eli R. Beachy." The author can't even speak the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect. Of course, he does dress Amish. At least at times, especially when heading up Scottsdale way. Sort of Little Red Riding Hood in reverse.

The publisher's naivete is surprising. Most Amish, and many local Mennonites, did not get far into the book before concluding it was the work of a faker. There are too many mistakes throughout and the overall tone of the book is just not right to have been Amish-authored. For example, a barn 180 feet wide, 250 feet long, and four stories high! Anyone with ties to the land knows a barn that size is outrageous. Or 15 pounds of coffee for church service—with that much caffeine the congregation wouldn't be able to sleep for two nights.

Parts of the book are nice. For instance, in discussing his views of God the author says, "I don't believe [in God] because I know. I can see the Lord in every blade of grass, every sunrise, every rainstorm, every single thing." Unfortunately, he doesn't carry "the God in everything" over to his fellow human beings, the Swartzentruber (who live in Peoli) and Troyer Amish (the two most conservative groups in Ohio).



He clearly disdains these people, calling them pea-brains and insinuating that they are unclean. Here I take personal offense; they are my friends and neighbors, and what the author claims is simply not true. Humor at the expense of another nationality, race or religion is often disguised bigotry.

Furthermore, the book's humor focuses entirely too much on lies and dishonesty—two vices the Amish people seldom joke about. One wonders how profiting from a book that makes light of lying, cheating and hatred fits into the "Anabaptist Vision"?

Altogether, the book is a disappointing work and recommending it for the church library is absurd. A better suggestion would be to bury it in the compost pile.

David Kline, Fredericksburg, Ohio, is an Amish farmer and the author of *Great Possessions*, published by North Point Press.

Editor's Note: As this issue of FQ goes to press, Herald Press has reported the withdrawal from publication of this book and its announced sequel.

Questions have circulated during the past year about the identity of the author. The author even visited in Scottsdale and spoke at Laurelville Mennonite Church Center without being detected as non-Amish.

On May 20, 1992 Herald Press reported that "following calls and letters from concerned Amish leaders in Ohio, Iowa and Ontario, Herald Press sent book editor S. David Garber and local Scottsdale, Pennsylvania, Mennonite pastor John E. Sharp on an unannounced investigative visit to 'Beachy' on May 11."

It turned out, as David Kline asserts in the review above (written before the announcement), that Eli Beachy is non-existent. According to an investigation by the Wooster Daily Record, the author's real name is believed to be Rick Beach, an Ohio State University graduate who circulates among the Amish, listening to their stories and adapting them in his writing. He is married to Sharon Kraynek, "best known in the Wayne County area for her lecturing on the history of the Chippewa Lake Amusement Park." Beach (Beachy) refused to discuss the charges made against him.

Sweeping up the Heart: A Father's Lament for His Daughter, Paul W. Nisly. Good Books, 1992. 88 pages, \$6.95.

Reviewed by Levi Miller

After graduating from college, Janelle Nisly was killed in an auto accident. This grief literature is her father's reflection two years later on the time of her death. The form reminds one of the classical 19th century Protestant sermon where verse, experience and biblical themes were interwoven into a texture, at once narrative, thematic and poetic. But it seems to me that Nisly is at his best when he is telling of his experiences: how the young doctor let them know of his daughter's death at the hospital, remembrance of family dinners, holidays afterwards, a visit to the familial Kansas graveyard, his dream of his daughter and a confession of hope in Christ.

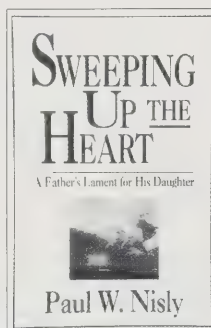
All families suffer, but Nisly's extended family seems to have suffered more in various lingering diseases and deaths. One is finally impressed by the lack of bitterness and an acceptance of the suffering which is a part of life. This for Nisly is based on faith in God.

There is something so important about our deepest griefs, our families and our losses that to say them publicly is to cheapen them. A certain restraint characterizes this writing which makes it all the stronger for it.

Nisly writes of death with a deep Christian faith nurtured in his rootedness in the Amish and Mennonite tradition. He notes in the introduction that in sharing his grief he may be a support to others in a similar situation and to demonstrate that all pain is not "irrelevant and meaningless." Grief, as this writing shows, is profoundly personal. How much such writing as this can support others in grief, I do not know. But that loss and death can have meaning, this bitter and hopeful lament stands as a marker.

Levi Miller, Scottsdale, Pennsylvania, is author of several books and is director of the Archives of the Mennonite Church in Goshen, Indiana.

FQ price—\$5.56
(Regular price—6.95)



Lord, Teach Us to Pray, Arthur Paul Boers. Herald Press, 1992. 192 pages, \$9.95.

Reviewed by Sue C. Steiner

In his introduction, Arthur Boers says: "The Lord's Prayer is well known, yet little understood."

"Its overexposure has hardened our hearts to its richness."

"Our abuse of the Lord's prayer has emptied it of meaning."

This book pours the meaning back in! It is vintage Boers in combining personal experience with the biblical text, spirituality with concern for basic justice in our world. In 17 well-researched chapters, Boers presents the Lord's Prayer as basic nourishment for Christians—and a summary of the whole gospel.

Boers emphasizes the manner in which this prayer turns our attention first to God, and puts our petitions for ourselves in the broader context of God's reign. And even "our" petitions are collectively "ours"—never just "mine."

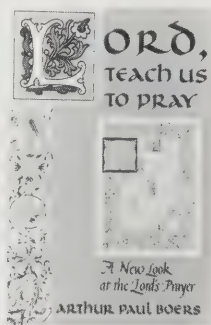
In the chapter "Our Father and the Sins of Our Fathers," Boers takes the stance that "we dare not abandon the Lord's Prayer's wise teaching that one of God's good names is 'Father.'" He recounts something of his own pilgrimage in reclaiming the more traditional metaphors for God after an excursion into more feminine usages. While not all readers will agree with his conclusions, Boers treats this difficult matter thoughtfully and with sensitivity.

In his last chapter, Boers compares renewal through praying the Lord's Prayer with renewal through spending time around bodies of water. There are familiar routines to walking along the beach, and yet the experience is new every time. And so it is with praying the Lord's Prayer.

Thanks to Arthur Boers for showing to us new depths, new waves, new rhythms.

Sue C. Steiner, St. Jacobs, Ontario, is co-pastor of the St. Jacobs Mennonite Church.

FQ price—\$7.96
(Regular price—9.95)



A Race for Land, Esther Loewen Vogt. Herald Press, 1992. 112 pages, \$4.95.

Reviewed by Elaine W. Good

A Race for Land begins in Kansas. Keeping her young readers in mind, Esther Loewen Vogt writes from the perspective of two boys in the Martens family who have just recently immigrated to the United States.

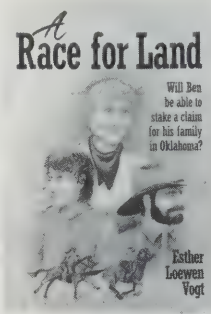
In twelve-year-old Ben's short life, his family had gone from a comfortable farm in Russia to a rented farm on the Kansas prairie, leaving behind grandparents and friends. That change would not have been so bad if there had been enough farms in Kansas for all the people who needed them.

The actual race for land took place in Cheyenne country in Oklahoma. The map at the beginning of the book gives historical authenticity to this fictional account. Knowing from other reading that there were broken treaties and outright treachery on the part of the American government toward the Indians made it difficult for me to enter into the excitement of the Martens family as they got close to their hoped-for land. Even the Indian in the story answered young Ben's questions about the Indians' willingness to give up their land by saying he trusted the wisdom of the "White Father in Washington." This troubled me. I was also uncomfortable with his broken English. While it may be authentic, it felt stereotypical to me.

All in all the book was satisfying with about the right mixture of mystery, intrigue, misfortune and coincidence. A child reading this story could enjoy it simply as a good read but I would suggest that it be discussed with the child to help open up for him/her the questions of unfair treatment of Native American peoples. This book could be useful as part of a discussion related to the 500-year Columbus celebration.

Elaine W. Good, Lititz, Pennsylvania, is a career homemaker who finds particular satisfaction in writing, reading, speaking, sewing, quilting, knitting and experimenting with sourdough bread.

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_____ Coming Home (<i>Sara Wenger Shenk</i>), paper	9.95	7.96
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_____ Brilliant Idiot (<i>Schmitt and Clemens</i>), hardcover	16.95	13.56
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_____ A Race for Land (<i>Esther Loewen Vogt</i>), paper	4.95	3.96

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_____ Mennonite Foods and Folkways from South Russia, Vol. I (<i>Norma Jost Voth</i>), hardcover—p. 2	24.95	19.96
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Family Vacations with a Purpose

by Jewel Showalter

A large, two-story staff- and married-student housing unit is taking shape before our eyes in Rosedale, Ohio, these days. Daily there are changes—a few more rows of brick, a new ditch, fewer piles of dirt, more landscaping. But, interestingly, there are only two salaried employees. Some days only those two are on the job. Other days they coordinate the efforts of five to 20 volunteers.

One week last year a farming family from Gordonville, Pennsylvania, came to Rosedale for a week of vacation. Vacation? There are no swimming pools, no scenic mountain trails to hike. Just rows of red-brown brick to lay, floors littered with building debris to clean, rolls of scratchy, pink insulation to stuff into walls and ceilings, sheetrock to hang and finish, trim to stain and varnish.

And that family, Ray and Linda Geissinger with Dan and Judy, spent their annual vacation here. On the staff-house building project. The father and son helped with brick work most of the time. The mother and daughter gave the huge, twelve-unit apartment building a much-needed cleaning, then worked at staining and sanding trim. After that they were off for a few days of visiting relatives further west, but with a feeling of accomplishment not usually earned at the beach!

Perhaps a vacation doesn't mean vacation from work per se, but a vacation, a change from one's own work. I've always enjoyed washing someone else's dishes more than my own. It's fun—I'm not ultimately in charge. I'm away from home, eating food prepared by someone else, just lending a hand. It's very different from facing a sink full of dirty dishes all by myself. Now that's work.

I was reminded of stories I've heard growing out of the experiences of a Christian communal group in China known as the Jesus Family. As the government strove to increase productivity after the revolution of 1949 they insisted on a seven-day work week and forbade the Jesus Family to observe Sunday as a day of rest and worship as they had been accustomed to doing.

In their efforts to honor and respect the government of the country and still be true to their religious convictions, the group decided to work on their own farms and homes for a week and then spend Sun-

days in work for the community, building roads and bridges. They rested from their own work as they served others.

Our vacation this past summer took some interesting turns. The summer before, we had travelled west, camped, hiked in the Rockies and the Grand Canyon. Just our family, all together. It was special because such classic vacations have been very rare in our lives. Usually we've piggy-backed vacation on work-related commitments and meetings.

This most recent summer we all split up in different directions for "vacation." Richard and I spent two weeks on a preaching tour of Wales. Yes, we enjoyed the lovely green, sheep-filled meadows, the tidy hedgerows, the ancient stone castles with their extremely complex but sadly obsolete defense systems. We reveled in the rich, melodious music of the male voice choirs, the elegance of tea from delicate china cups after most social and church functions.

But we were working too—speaking at leadership retreats, interdenominational gatherings, Sunday and midweek fellowships. We visited Anglican, Baptist, Pentecostal and Plymouth Brethren churches in an itinerary arranged for us by a Baptist pastor.

Meanwhile, our younger son was on a Teen Missions construction team in Costa Rica; our daughter in Lexington, Kentucky, assisting a church-planting couple with four young children. Our oldest child stayed home and held down two jobs—grill cook in a restaurant and sawyer in a truss factory. No "vacation" this summer. He'd volunteered three months on a construction team in Kenya last summer.

When we caught our flight out of Britain we were surrounded by swarms of holiday-making Brits, fleeing their grey rain for the sunny shores of Spain, Greece or Turkey. I wasn't even tempted to envy their holidays. It seemed our "vacation" had had an extra dimension, a warmth and richness unmatched by the Mediterranean sun.



Jewel Showalter lives in Ohio with her husband and three teenage children. She works part-time in information services at Rosedale Mennonite Missions.

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The MeetingHouse, 565 Yoder Road, Harleysville. (215-256-3020).

Tues.-Sat., 10-5, Sun., 2-5. Admission: donation. Mennonite Heritage Center presents interpretive video of local Mennonite story in room designed to resemble an early meeting-house; permanent exhibit: "Work and Hope"; fraktur room. Historical Library and Archives house more than 100,000 books and documents relating to church history and genealogy.

Mennonite Information Center, 2209 Millstream Rd., Lancaster 17602 (717-299-0954). Open 8-5 daily except Sundays, Thanksgiving and Christmas. Admission: varying. Film, *A Morning Song*; guided tours of Lancaster County; Hebrew Tabernacle Reproduction.

The People's Place, Main Street, Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open 9-5 daily except Sundays, major holidays. Admission: varying. Amish and Mennonite information and heritage center; 3-screen documentary *Who Are the Amish?*; hands-on museum, Amish World, including Henry Lapp, Aaron Zook folk art collections; full-length feature film, *Hazel's People* (May-Oct. only).

The People's Place Quilt Museum, Main Street, Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open 9-5 daily except Sundays, Christmas. Admission: \$3 adults, \$1.50 children. Antique Amish quilts and crib quilts; small collection of dolls, socks, mittens, samplers and miniature wood pieces.

Springs Museum, Rt. 669, Springs (814-622-2625). June-Oct.: Wed.-Sat. 1-5. Admission: adults \$1, children \$.50. Artifacts from homes, farms, shops of early settlers in Casselman Valley; extensive rock and fossil collection.

1719 Hans Herr House, 1849 Hans Herr Dr., Willow Street (717-464-4438). Apr.-Dec.: Mon.-Sat. 9-4, closed Thanksgiving, Christmas; Jan.-Mar. by appointment only. Admission: adults \$2.50, children 7-12 \$1, children under 7 free, group rates available. Restoration and refurbishing of oldest building in Lancaster County; "Lancaster Mennonite Rural Life Collection."

South Dakota Heritage Hall Museum and Archives, 748 S. Main, Freeman (605-925-4237). May-Oct.: Sun. 2-4; Nov.-April by appointment. Admission:

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adults \$1.50, \$.50 Grade 7-12; Grade 6 and under free. Cultural artifacts; South Dakota natural history; historic church, school and pioneer home with functional Russian oven. Archives on Mennonite history with emphasis on Hutterite colonies.

GALLERIES

Indiana

Goshen College Art Gallery, Good Library, Goshen College, Goshen (219-533-3161). Jan.-June, Sept.-Dec.: Mon.-Fri. 8-5, Wed. 8 a.m.-10 p.m.; Sat. 9-5, Sun. 1-5; July-Aug.: special hours. Admission: free.

Kansas

Bethel College Fine Arts Center Gallery, Bethel College, North Newton (316-283-2500). Sept.-May: Mon.-Fri. 9-5, Sun. 2-4. Admission: free. Hesston College Gallery, Hesston College, Hesston (316-327-8164). Feb.-May, Sept.-Dec.: Mon.-Fri. 9-5, Sat. 11-5, Sun. 2-5. Admission: free.

Ohio

Kaufman Gallery, Main St., Berlin (216-893-2842). Apr.-Dec.: 1-5 p.m. Admission: free. Works of contemporary Mennonite artists and Amish folk art.

Marbeck Center Gallery Lounge, Bluffton College, Bluffton (419-358-8015). Daily 8 a.m.-11 p.m. Admission: free.

Pennsylvania

Aughinbaugh Art Gallery, Climenhaga Fine Arts Center, Messiah College, Grantham (717-766-2511, Ext. 276). Mid-Sept.-early May: Mon.-Thurs. 9-4, Fri. 9-9, Sat.-Sun. 2-5. Admission: free.

The People's Place Gallery, The People's Place, Main St., Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open daily 9-5 except Sundays, Christmas. Admission: free.

Virginia

Eastern Mennonite College Gallery, EMC, Harrisonburg (703-432-4000). Sept.-Apr.: Mon.-Thurs. 7:45 a.m.-11 p.m., Fri. 7:45-5, Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5. Admission: free.

If you know of additional museums and galleries displaying work by or about Mennonites and related peoples, please send information to Festival Quarterly, 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534.

Reversals by David W. Augsburger

At crucial points in the life cycle, we reverse ourselves. We discover the inverse is true. We reverse ourselves to discover the other side. Even with balanced people, there's another side—being creatively off balance.

Looking back, I am reviewing the reversal that happened at my midpoint of forty. A decade later, I can see the change with some beginning clarity and, perhaps a touch of non-Mennonite humility. (Our traditional humility was the admission that I'm not *always* perfect. Protestant humility admits I never was, in any way, at all!)

The major reversal, the central about-face, was turning from being right to being loving: *rightness*—being sure one is right, in the right, versus *loving*—being stubbornly merciful, truly caring, full of grace. Having long taught and widely written that both are necessary—loving and leveling, caring and confronting, grace and truth—I found my heart surprised (though I had always known it in my head) by the reversal I felt.

Mennonites teach love and practice rectitude. We believe nonresistant, stubborn love but work toward perfection, purity, being right. Our churches are never pure, and we are embarrassed when our impurity is exposed. We are irritated when our feet of clay leave muddy tracks. (In reality, our feet of clay reach to armpits like all human beings. It's what the Creator used as raw material for making human [*from humus*] beings.)

Still we teach love. We preach grace. We are a voice in the larger Christian community for nonviolent self-sacrifice, for undiscourageable love in the face of rage and violence, for enemy love. We teach such caring with greater historic integrity, with more faithful authenticity, than many, perhaps most. Yet we fall back to the practice of righteousness toward certain people, problems, situations.

Shall we teach love as central and supreme, but practice righteousness as final, even fatal, in relationships? Or, could we hold the right, the good, the true as our core and practice love graciously on the boundaries?

The ideal community might keep the two in perfect balance. But one seems to always crowd out the other.

If we ground our identity in goodness, we practice perfection, no matter what our

theology of love may say. If we root our identity in what is just, right, truly good, we might be more able to practice loving. But then, we are not a theologically directed people. We are an ethical community. We live by, live for, live out our ethics. The moral is what matters, the good is what counts, right is might.

What is the sorrow that still drives us? Where lies the pain that presses us on toward an illusory perfection? Is it in our wrongedness? We were persecuted and executed. We shall prove that we were right, prove we can outlive, outlove, outlast these Protestants and Catholics that wrote us off. The final stage of a frozen grief can be a deep internal bitterness sublimated into sanctity. The study of our congregations—perfect and righteous people pitted against equally perfectly righteous—suggests that we may act out the grief, the rage, the raw pain of our foremothers and fathers in our passion for the perfect.

So we love grace and live law. It is in our innards. The thought of prizing love above law raises our corporate anxiety. The fear of betraying the dream of sinless perfection intimidates our empathy for one who has failed. We may extend grace to private sinners but to public sinners we offer a sterner face.

Righteousness is still, for many of us, an either-or, good-evil, right-wrong paranoid process that swells up through our more mature levels of thinking and feeling. We seem to never outgrow it; we only learn to channel it, correct it, transcend it with adult love of good, love of God, love of neighbor.

When law polices our boundaries, our love is doubly conditional. When love replaces our fences, when love alone guards our boundaries, when love is our point of contact with others, we learn to reduce our conditions to the least possible whole, acting from the center where our values, our faith, our moral convictions, our vision of truth reside.



David Augsburger has entered the Anabaptist missionary corps by becoming professor of pastoral care and counseling at Fuller Theological Seminary, Pasadena, California.

Music of My Mennonite Grandma, Myra K. Lehman*

by Carol Ann Weaver

You sang every hymn, Grandma, with your straight, Mennonite voice—no trace of vibrato or diaphragm breathing. You never studied singing, so you were free to breathe whenever you needed. Even if the song rose too high, you climbed up to reach the soprano melody, note for note, enunciating each word with the clarity of a linguist. Alto was not your part. You never sang solos, duets or in quartets. You were truly a bench (not a stage) musician—singing with the congregation, and listening.

You didn't play records—that was Grandpa's job. Nor did you play tapes until the very last years of your life when someone bought you a little blue Sony, and taught you that "play" was the first button, and "rewind" was the third button to the right.

You never considered yourself a musician, did you Grandma? Too many potatoes to cook; too many dresses to sew; too many beans to plant; too many sheets to hang out in that Virginia sun. And besides, weren't others doing the music? Grandpa led singing and sang in the Faculty Quartet**, listened to records and played the piano. Your children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren sang in choirs, played instruments, and sometimes would make their own music. Lots of listening to do.

Was it too hot those Sunday nights when the choir sang and you fanned yourself as vigorously as the conductor performed? Did you ever dream of coming in with a soprano obligato, filling in those a cappella holes left in the "Hallelujah Chorus?" Or what about those chilly nights in mountain churches when the Faculty Quartet would sing "The Ninety and Nine," complete with E.G. Gehman's live drawings of lost lamb, lion and shepherd? Did you wish to get up and give your version of a mother rescuing her frightened child? Lots of listening to do.

I know what you thought about Bach: "He's like a preacher who goes on and on without knowing when to stop." What about Sunday afternoons when Grandpa invited EMC students to sit for three hours on hard folding chairs, listening to recordings of Bach's *B Minor Mass* or Haydn's *Creation*? Did those majestic choruses move you, or were you disheartened to hear the ceaseless harpsichord and cello

announcing yet another recitative when it seemed time for the mighty opus to end? You were lucky to serve the grape juice and pretzels. But still, lots of listening to do.

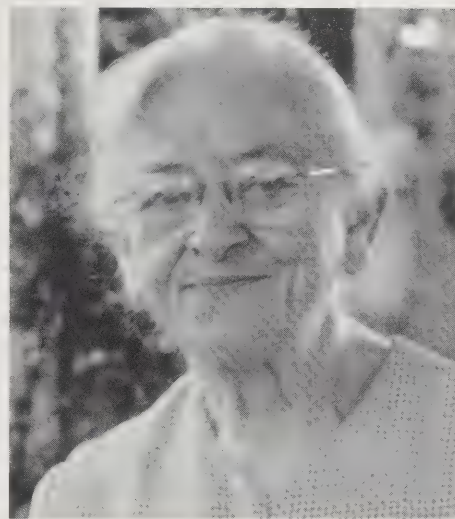
Did you like our recitals where, in perfumed church basements with sweaty children and nervous parents, we would forage through treacherous piano pieces, sometimes missing the entire pathway? Had you and Grandpa not been there, could we have gotten back on track? Piano teacher could hear each mis-step, but you never heard a mistake. We needed listeners like you.

Or what about my new compositions? Loud dissonances, unlikely combinations, unsingable patterns. Remember, you started asking me to "play something pretty." And if I'd overly-embellish a hymn you'd prefer that I'd "make it simple." Invariably, you'd also want it "not so loud." For years I could learn nothing musical from you, Grandma. But your years of listening have given me lots to think about. Only recently have I been attracted to quiet, rather than raucous improvisations, to music with a soft rather than a harsh thrust, and to patterns which are more transparent than opaque.

But you didn't just listen; nor was your singing done just with the congregation. Your very speech was a form of song—each word a tone, each sentence a well-articulated musical phrase with melodic inflections. In your day you weren't called upon for public utterances, although you could have outspoken most of the speakers you heard. Instead, you told and read us countless stories and books at home: one summer, *David Copperfield*; the next, the *Book of Job*.

And in one night in a Pennsylvania stone farmhouse I heard your voice become song—sound poetry in a context far removed from the trendy avant garde. You and your sister Aunt Cora, both in your mid-nineties, "said poems" together, reciting in unison long "Rhymes of Ancient Mariners" and "Evangeline," creating lyric sounds any composer would love to discover.

In a recent dance piece, *Early and Late Gardens*, I recorded your voice so that it would ring out above the other voices and sound tracks, becoming the solo you had never yet sung. Your poetry, pasted on my



wall, waits to be set to music.

The very morning we left for Virginia to see you at Christmas—the first time baby Myra and Great-Grandma Myra were to meet—you passed away. As you met each other, you made not a sound. In the fall I wrote about Myra's birth as sound. Now, Grandma Myra, I write about your death as silence.

Who is to define music or name musicians? In your life you made a sound that was music to all of us who knew you. You and many other Mennonite Grandmas have made similar music—telling stories, singing and listening. Often we scramble to fill in silences, whether in music or in life (and death). But we dare not fill your Final Silence with sounding gongs or clashing cymbals. Like your life, your death is a love song whose silence needs to be respected. Through the stillness of death you are very much there, Grandma, speaking music to my inner ear. And you are still listening, listening.

*Myra K. Lehman was born March 26, 1986 in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and died December 22, 1990 in Harrisonburg, Virginia. She was married to Chester K. Lehman who, in addition to being Dean and teaching at Eastern Mennonite College, was very active in song-leading, music-collecting and working on hymnal committees.

**The Faculty Quartet was formed by four male EMC faculty members in the early days of the college.



Carol Ann Weaver is a pianist, composer and teacher of music at Conrad Grebel College, Waterloo, Ontario.

The Curriculum of Communion

by Keith Helmuth

Among those concerned with the health of earth's living environment there is a growing sense of moral initiative; a sense that destroying earth's natural environments to satisfy a bottomless hunger for cash is simply wrong—a great sin, to speak theologically.

This is not the first time Western economic development has come to loggerheads with morality. In 1791 the economy of slave trading brought a Select Committee of the British House of Commons to the point of making the following incredible statement: "A trade which disgraces the national character, which is productive of unexampled misery to the human race and which must soon or later bring down the vengeance of God on the nation that pursues it, must be impolitick indeed, if it has not the plea of necessity for its continuance."

We may not see the ecological crisis as the "vengeance of God," but this reasoning expresses precisely our relationship to the capital driven, market economy. There seems to be a tacit agreement between political, industrial, business and financial leaders on one side, and consumers on the other, that in order to maintain and advance our money based standard of living it will be necessary to disable the biosphere. When I make this point in public discussion I often get the reaction, "But that's absurd!" Of course it's absurd. It is also true. The capital driven, market economy has no built-in limitation on its use of the earth. Its primary focus is the production of money. It believes the more money produced the better off we will all be. And the way to produce money is to turn as much of the earth's substance into marketable commodities as we can. This is called the production of wealth. It is also the destruction of earth.

Why is this issue so clear for some—like a bell ringing over the roof tops—and so out of sight for others? Why do some persons have a sense of the integrity of Creation, while others are oblivious to this fundamental context of life? Why do some persons care intensely about stopping wildland destruction or the bulldozing of farmland into suburbia, while others think only of board feet per acre or the profits of condominium development? It is, I suggest, the experience of having formed a deep bond with some aspect of nature, or the lack of such experience,

which accounts for this great divergence of values.

I am convinced that early childhood experience of a particular kind is critical to the sense of the transcendent—the sense of feeling most fully alive when you are drawn out of yourself into communion with some aspect of the greater creation. These experiences are the context—the nourishing soil—which enable us to remain open to the deep mystery of Presence, the incarnation—God-in-Creation.

The choice we made to establish a farm was centered in this conviction—the farm

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as a curriculum of communion. This is not to say one lives in euphoria on a farm. Far from it. Communion, on the farm, has many faces. Most of them look like hard work. But the root fact is, on the farm you are head-to-head, toe-to-toe with the essential characteristic of nature—birth and death, gift and sacrifice, growth and decline, decay and renewal. There is a down-in-the-bone moral knowledge derived from this communion that is not gotten in any other way.

But I would not argue for the farm as the most favored environment of communion. Much depends on the person. Much also depends on the opportunities parents create for contact with the natural world. The critical point is not necessarily where one lives, though that can be a great advantage, but that at some time before the age of ten the child has the experience of bonding with some aspect of earth not of human origin. For example, now that

released falcons are colonizing the upper levels of Manhattan, I can imagine the effect on a child of a visit to an office tower where she can look out the window right into the eye of this elegant bird.

This experience of being drawn into communion with a special place—in the woods, the flight of birds, moonlight over water or any of the other spontaneously arising patterns and forms of the great creation—is the seed bed of ecological awareness, of the mature ability to cherish and protect the earth.

Those who grow up encapsulated in a fabricated world, a world which excludes contemplative contact with natural forms and process, are at a great disadvantage with respect to the maturing of their sensory potential. They simply do not get the sensory information required for balanced and effective participation in the real world of earth process. Awakening to this deprivation is now drawing many persons into a process of re-education in nature and a growing appreciation of the integrity of creation.

This is, I believe, the movement of spirit which can effectively counter the destructive economic dogma of unlimited growth. The kind of moral growth which enables us to say, "This destruction of the natural earth is not right," draws on a deep reservoir of feeling.

Geographer Bret Wallach, in his book *At Odds With Progress*, shows that it has not been the scientific, economic and social arguments, but rather key persons and community groups working from a base of moral and aesthetic values that has put the ethic of conservation and environmental protection into a position of growing prominence. When the discussion moves to this level, persons who previously felt excluded by technical language can confidently and legitimately join the process of protecting the earth. The experience of communion powerfully informs the moral voice. Speak with feeling!



Keith Helmuth has developed a small-scale, diversified farm in New Brunswick, Canada. He writes out of "a background of ecological and social concern."

Alien 3—A dull installment of the science fiction struggle to overcome an alien, this time set on a prison planet. (2)

Far and Away—An old-fashioned saga of Irish immigrants a century ago. An aristocrat's runaway daughter gets thrown together with the feisty son of a tenant farmer as they face many hardships. Flawed but entertaining. (7)

The Favor, the Watch, and the Very Big Fish—An highly offbeat flick about a devotional photographer and the model he chooses to pose as Christ. Half-baked half laugh. (3)

Folks!—A totally awful story about a successful yuppie and his aging parents. (1)

Housesitter—A satisfying comedy. A woman with nothing to lose who moves into the vacant house of a man with everything to lose. (6)

Lethal Weapon 3—As action-cop pictures go, this is as entertaining and as funny as they come. Mel Gibson yammers on endlessly. Very violent, but less suffocating than most such pictures. (5)

Mediterraneo—A soft, leisurely story about eight Italian soldiers isolated on a Greek island during World War II. Mild and unfocused. In Italian with English subtitles. (3)

The Playboys—A poignant, classic tale set in a small Irish town in 1957. An unmarried young woman gives birth, and the religious folks are scandalized. A small group of traveling players ("The Playboys") comes to town. A failed policeman, romance, and smuggling flesh out a rich story with unforgettable characters. (8)

The Player—We'd given up on Robert Altman who has directed some of the finest American movies ever made. Now here he comes with a clever, powerful, funny study of the mighty. The setting is Hollywood, and the opening sequence is worth the price of the ticket. Impressionistic yet precise, witty but sad, ambiguous but clear as truth itself. A marvelous texture and sense of movement. A must see for film lovers. (9)

Raise the Red Lantern—Another visual feast by the same Chinese director who brought us *Ju Dou*. A cinematic portrait in bright colors of the initiation of a wealthy man's fourth wife in 1920s traditional Chinese society. Poetically dramatic. In Mandarin with English subtitles. (8)

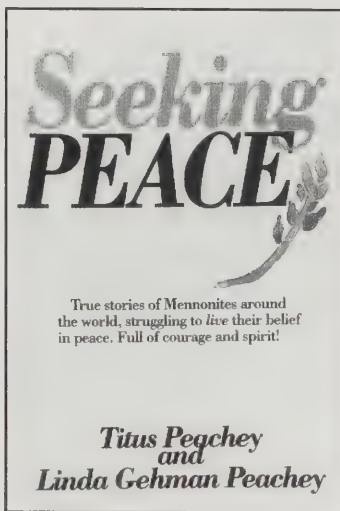
Sister Act—It's wholesome, it's funny, it's musical. Whoopi Goldberg goes underground after witnessing a mob murder and ends up in a strict convent. Delightful. (8)

This Is My Life—A smallish tale of an eccentric single mother who decides to pursue a career in comedy. Warm-hearted. (4)

Waterdance—An unlikely success. Three men, in wheelchairs at a physical-rehabilitation center, sort through their tragedies to find what life has become. Crisp, witty and touching. (7)

Films are rated from an adult FQ perspective on a scale from 1 through 9, based on their sensitivity, integrity and technique.

MEANINGFUL GIFTS— at the time of Baptism

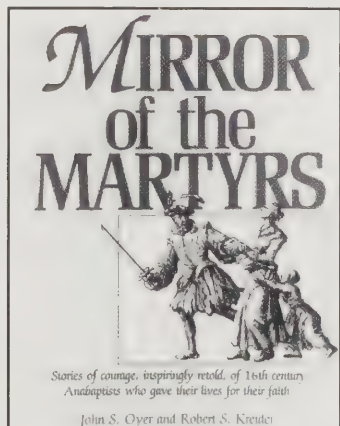


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Down With the Mennonites!

by Katie Funk Wiebe

• Most popular 1990s tombstone inscription: "He died in committee."

• At a hearing of a young Mennonite who was asking for conscientious objector status in Mannheim, Germany, the investigating officer quoted Old Testament passages as he tried to prove that God condones war. His frustration with two young Christians witnessing on behalf of the young man showed when the officer misread from Numbers: "Moses said to the people: 'Arm men from among you for the war, that they may execute the Lord's vengeance on the Mennonites.'"

— MCC news release

• Ever wondered why Mennonites chose the Old Atlantic Hotel in Chicago in the early years for their meeting place? One evening Orie Miller arrived late in Chicago for a meeting without a hotel reservation, which was unusual for him. After calling a number of hotels without success, the Atlantic assured him of a clean room with good food at a reasonable price close to the Grand Central and LaSalle train stations, all good Mennonite requirements for lodgings needed in the line of church service. Thereafter the Association of Mennonite Aid Societies used the Atlantic Hotel as their site for meetings.

On one occasion a Mennonite guest overheard a hotel staff member say: "I cannot understand these people. They dress like bankers, talk like preachers and tip like farmers."

— Howard Raid,
Bluffton, Ohio

• Towards the end of World War II the Mennonites of the Bluffton community sponsored a center for sewing and the gathering of materials for Mennonite Central Committee relief efforts. An announcement in the First Mennonite Church bulletin encouraged members to assist with a soap-making activity and the assurance that there would be plenty of supplies "because the ladies of the church will furnish the fat." None of them appeared any slimmer the next Sunday morning.

— Howard Raid,
Bluffton, Ohio

• As soon as our children learned to talk, we tried to teach them to speak correctly even though German inflectional



endings are difficult to master. Patiently I corrected our three-year-old son when he spoke incorrectly, explaining to him that his errors hurt my ears.

One day the father of his playmate was hospitalized with otitis. As our son saw his bandaged head, he asked what was wrong with Mr. Nickel. "He has an earache," I told him. Quizzically he looked up to me, "Mummy, who spoke wrongly to Mr. Nickel?"

— Frieda S. Kaethler,
Fernheim, Paraguay

The editors invite you to submit stories that you've experienced or heard. We are not interested in stock jokes—we want human interest stories with a humorous Mennonite twist. Keep your submissions to no more than 100 words and send them to Katie Funk Wiebe, 836 Amidon, Wichita, Kansas 67203-3112.



Katie Funk Wiebe is the author of many books and articles, and an English professor at Tabor College, Hillsboro, Kansas.

Can Museums Put Things The Way They Really Are?

by Robert McC. Adams

Homelessness is one of the ominously growing social pathologies of our time. "Etiquette of the Undercaste" has been a modest but gripping attempt by the Smithsonian's Experimental Gallery to acquaint visitors with the gritty street ambiance of homelessness, guiding them toward a better understanding of harsh strategies for survival by a multitrack chorus of those caught up in it. While receiving some journalistic plaudits, it has also provoked the occasional reaction that we have gone off the deep end with taxpayers' money or are succumbing to trendiness. Given the uncertainties over how, and even whether, to deal with an important but little-understood theme, the subject may deserve a bit of further discussion here without visual aids.

The numbers of those affected by homelessness are clouded by uncertainty, but a reasonable estimate is that there now are not less than a half-million or so. This represents at least a trebling since the problem first began to attract attention during the 1981-82 recession. Perplexing civil rights issues now are coming to the fore, and the increase has begun to be met by a perceptible hardening of public attitudes.

According to a just-published study by Martha R. Burt, homelessness is rooted in a wide variety of socioeconomic ills as well as personal difficulties. Its closest links are with persistent poverty, so that corrective measures will largely be the same as those to reduce poverty itself. Beyond economic steps to raise earning potential, this focuses attention on possible enhancements in a number of social programs. In view of the federal deficit and current recession, needless to say, all currently foreseeable trends are in the opposite directions.

Poverty is more widespread than homelessness, of course, and does not inevitably lead to it. "For the very poor, life is usually precarious," as Martha Burt observes in *Over the Edge: The Growth of Homelessness in the 1980s*. "Any one of a variety of events can precipitate an episode of homelessness." An actual shortage of low-cost

housing units is a major precipitating agent in some cities. Elsewhere, housing may be available, but unemployment, low wage rates or high rates of drug addiction may be more significant.

Thus one cannot readily characterize the "typical" homeless person. Almost three-quarters are single men. Long-term homelessness and joblessness are most common within this subgroup, as are institutionalization for crime or drug dependency. Yet half have completed at least high school, and one-fifth have never been institutionalized. Two-parent families, at the

"The display
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it really was."

other extreme, account for only about 1 percent of the homeless population. Roughly paralleling their greater exposure to poverty, the proportion of black persons who are homeless is about three times higher than their proportion in the general population.

There are unsettling dynamic aspects to the personal problems associated with homelessness. Alcoholism, for example, while generally declining slowly but steadily in the population as a whole, is thought to have increased more than fivefold among the homeless. Drug dependency probably follows the same pattern. The proportion of the homeless who are chronically mentally ill also seems to have risen, a result of widespread closings of mental institutions without any alternative community support system.

When homelessness is viewed not as a hugely variable series of individual misfortunes but as a national trend of the '80s, it is difficult to escape the impression that major economic forces have been at work—and are still accelerating. Half of the 11.8 million payroll jobs created between 1979 and 1987 reportedly were low-wage jobs, in which a full-time, year-round worker could not earn enough for a family of four to rise above the poverty level. The supply of low-rent housing, especially the often decrepit but most affordable single-room occupancy units (SROs), was already inadequate and shrank further. That occurred even as poor families were decomposing into single-person or one-adult households and becoming progressively poorer and more vulnerable. Resources available through safety-net programs have also declined.

The Smithsonian first gave thought to dealing with questions of housing and homelessness a full quarter-century ago. Charles Blitzer, then one of Secretary S. Dillon Ripley's senior aides (now director of the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars), proposed installation of a crumbling "railroad flat" tenement in what is now known as the National Museum of American History. "The display of the best of the past characterizes our museums," he pointed out to a journalist, "but the best of the past is not the way it really was." Nothing came of the idea, but his view still has resonance. Now ironic in its anachronism, on the other hand, was the basis suggested for delaying the project in an ensuing *Life* magazine editorial: "It might be the better course to rescue such a flat now, then hold it in storage until we have made enough progress in housing so that it would qualify as a curiosity."

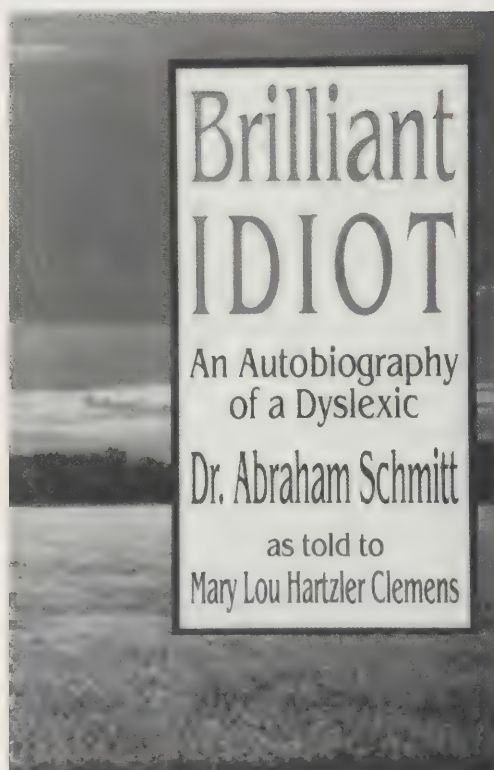
I, too, think museums are for how things really are and for what they are becoming, and not only for what we wish could be safely held at a distance as vanished curiosities.

From SMITHSONIAN, May 1992 by Robert McC. Adams

Festival Quarterly regularly offers essays and speeches from the larger world that, because of their subject, sensitivity or wisdom, are of interest to our readers.

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by Dr. Abraham Schmitt
as told to Mary Lou Hartzler

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Given the opportunity, he left and followed a relentless internal urge to correct the mental contradictions he felt so painfully.

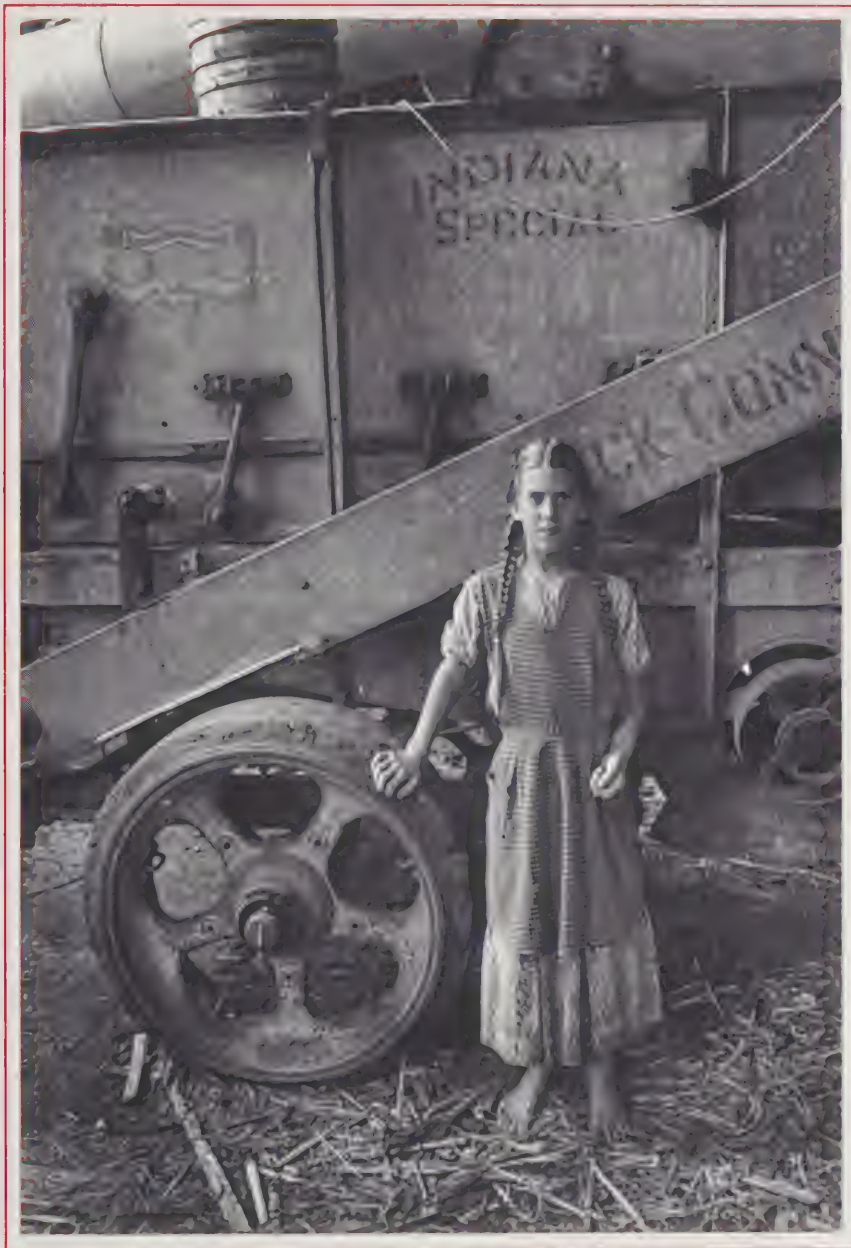
With five degrees and a successful practice as a family and marriage counselor, Schmitt finally found a name for the idiot which had plagued him.

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FESTIVAL

Quarterly



The Mennonite Eclipse

The Cook's Corner

New Spiral Binding

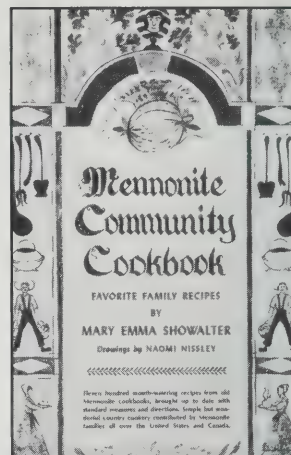
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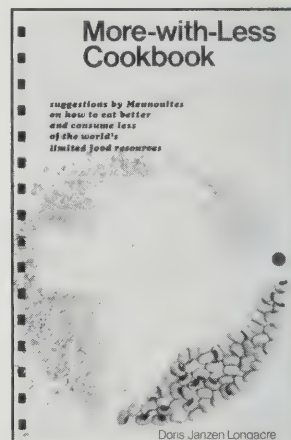


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Spiral, \$14.95; in Canada \$18.95.



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Quarterly

on the cover...

Are the Old Order and conservative Mennonites outpacing and eclipsing the mainline Mennonite groups? Steven Nolt projects that by the year 2005, they may. See his article "Mennonite Eclipse," beginning on page 8.

photo by Daniel Price



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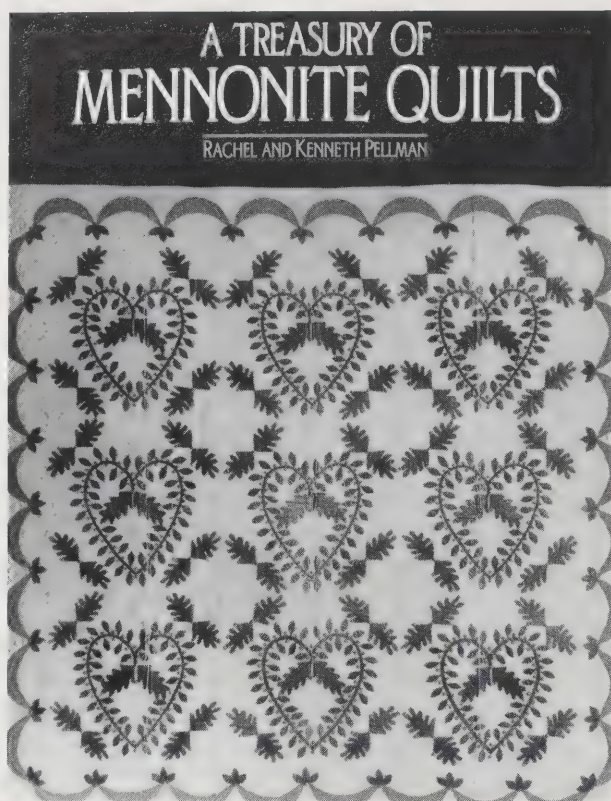
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A Treasury of Mennonite Quilts by Rachel and Kenneth Pellman

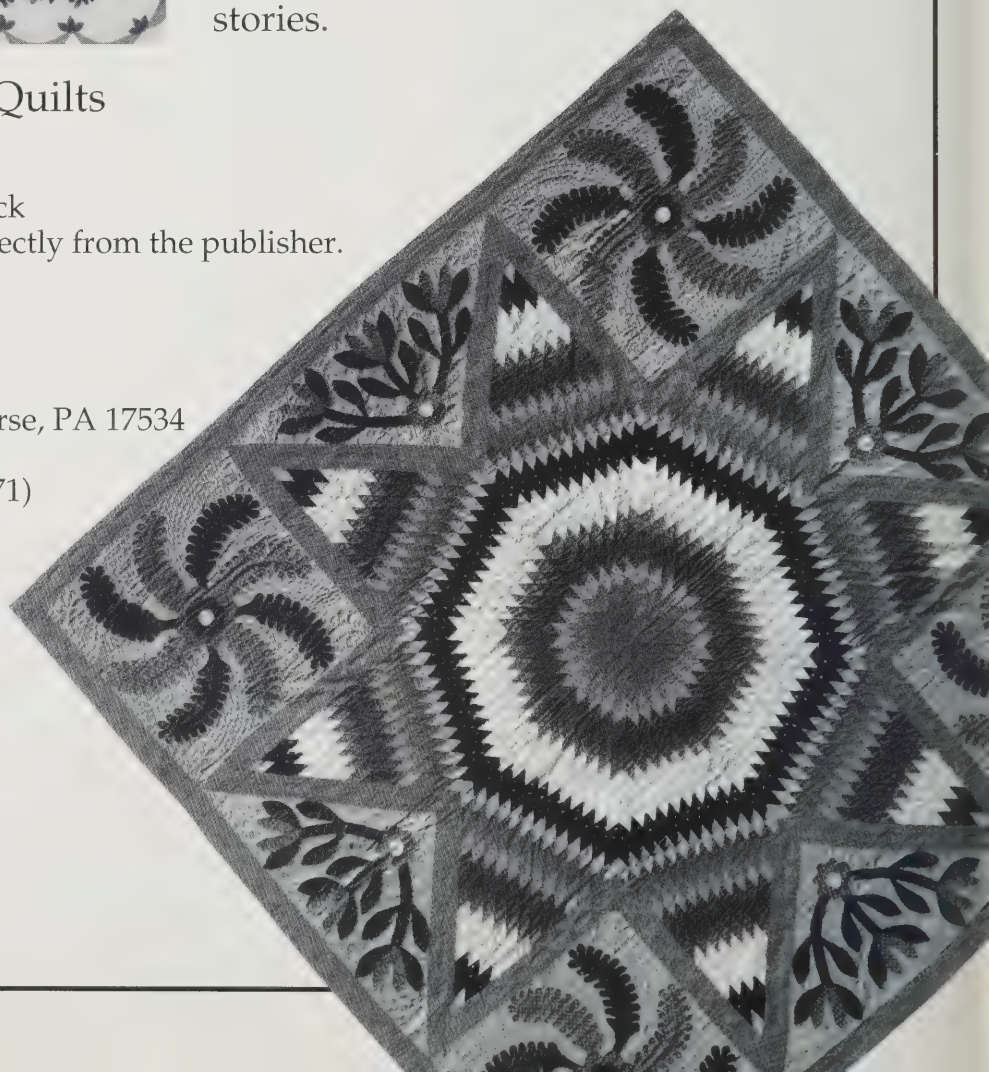
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FESTIVAL

Quarterly

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Phyllis Pellman Good, Merle Good

Just Wondering...

I find it puzzling that so many of us mainline Mennonites look with disdain on our Old Order and more conservative Mennonite cousins.

What accounts for our scorn of them, our sense of superiority, the haste with which we move to distinguish ourselves from them?

Is it that many of us lived so long with the burden of feeling backward and, having flung it off, we can grant no validity to those who seem to choose that way of life?

Is it that we truly doubt the integrity of their faith? Do we trust words to such a degree that, unless someone states what they believe in *our* lingo, we suspect their beliefs? Never mind the truthfulness of their lives.

Is our standard for them higher than our standard for ourselves? We seem to pounce upon their inconsistencies (young people's behavior, signs of materialism, views on mission), implying that we are not guilty of the same.

Do we really believe we are smarter?

More committed? That we make more difficult choices? That we have a more workable missions strategy?

Steve Nolt's provocative findings are worth a second glance and some discussion. His is a startling survey, given our plodding progress toward growth goals in the Mennonite Church.

I also find it hard to trivialize the steady stream of visitors to the community where we live (now calculated at about four to five million a year in Lancaster County alone). Most of these persons come seeking some sort of understanding of the Old Order groups. Do we refuse to see that as witness by conservative churches? Do we regard witness as witness only if it happens as a result of strategizing, committee processing and goal-setting?

If Nolt's article begins to warm you under the collar, step back for a moment and try to figure out why. We welcome your observations about any of this.

—PPG

Bev, U2 and Pavarotti

With the joy of summer comes the increased opportunity to experience the arts. This summer brought three rather different music events to our family.

The voice of George Beverly Shea has always touched a special chord with me. Even as he grows older, Shea's quality and warmth continue to reach out to listeners. And though it was raining at Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia and they weren't using the piano or organ at the Billy Graham crusade that night, Bev stepped to the mike in his humble manner, clad in a raincoat, and sang, unaccompanied, that great eternal hymn, "Amazing Grace." It was understated, poignant and unforgettable.

Several days later we sat with 12,000 others in Atlantic City to hear opera great Luciano Pavarotti fill the convention hall with his once-in-a-lifetime tenor. It was interesting to watch the crowd, the devotion and respect, the genuine passion for Pavarotti's classical music and his ability to make it live as the emotion rose and fell.

A month later found us in another stadium with vastly different music. U2, the Irish rock band known as "the band with a message," opened their national tour at Giants Stadium at the Meadowlands in

New Jersey. The volume was even louder than this middle-aged spectator expected. But the young crowd was used to it; they stood for three hours, singing, cheering and rising to the poetry and occasional banter of the band.

U2 reminds one of Simon and Garfunkel; the lyrics have a similar yearning and the music a tender wistfulness under the harsh indictment. The line of theirs which has stuck with me most through recent years speaks of "running to stand still."

What is it about music that restores us? Seeing the thousands at three very different events, the hushed faces and the shining eyes, and hearing the most gifted of God's humankind share their own style of music made me thankful anew for the gift of song.

Perhaps there's a comfort in the melody, perhaps a gentle nudge to go on, to face the dusk, to accept the promise of dawn. Perhaps the chords stirring us and filling us can both cleanse and nurture. Perhaps when conversation and language seem to imprison us, music opens the windows.

Whatever the case, this summer made me thankful for the gift of music.

—MG

Emerson Leshner's critique of the spate of tactless ads being generated by Media Ministries is valid. ("A Campaign to End Mennonite Myths," *FQ*, Winter 1992.) This negative advertising highlights who Mennonites are supposedly not and fails to mention who we are: our distinctive as an historic peace church.

Advertising is intended to assist consumer recognition of a product within a crowded market. The misleading claims of ethnic diversity and blasé "you just have to be committed to Jesus Christ and His people" places the Mennonite church smack in the muddled middle of generic American "Churchianity." The Mennonite Church's unique option for American Christians and the world is our peace position—market this.

Jalene Schmidt
Washington, D.C.

I recently received a copy of a Winter, 1992 *Festival Quarterly* article by Emerson Leshner entitled "A Campaign To End Mennonite Myths." I read his comments with interest because my firm worked with MBM to create these ads.

What we have done in this series is to address certain preconceptions that inhibit non-Mennonites from exploring the Mennonite church.

Our charter was to create resources that would serve the evangelistic mission of the church.

Ask your average American who the Mennonites are and the most likely response will be that they're the good-hearted, rural, simple, Amish, closed fellowship pictured in films like "Witness." The heart and soul of the Mennonite church should be those things *biblically* Mennonite: the church as community, the ministry of the laity, fidelity to the Sermon on the Mount through peacemaking and service to the poor, etc. If there is one thing we want the average American to know about the Mennonite church, what is it: the traditions of Mennonite culture or the vision of the Mennonite message?

Mr. Leshner writes that "the ads put down plain and conservative Mennonites and Amish." Of course, these ads don't do anything of the kind.

Mr. Leshner suggests the ads say that Mennonites "are not a tightly knit community . . . If anything, the ads suggest we are hip, we are fresh, we are state-of-the-art, we are just like everybody else." I think this is a case of getting carried away in the enthusiasm of the moment.

Mr. Leshner suggests the ads "trivialize

racial backgrounds and cultural strengths." Yes, the word "plaid" does imply the irrelevance of race; it is another thing to say that it is a put-down of the "unique contribution of each race and culture."

Mr. Leshner suggests that the ads, by including a racially diverse photo, create a false picture of the Mennonite church as it is today.

This is true; the photo pictures an ideal of racial diversity rather than the present reality. But, what would Mr. Leshner have us do?

Mr. Leshner suggests the ads "belittle some values of the Mennonite church."

The *values* of the Mennonite church aren't "Amishness" or "Mennonitism." The *values* that we should want the general public to associate with the Mennonite church is that Mennonites follow Christ.

To want the general public to think that we are Amish so that they will think we are good is to set our sights pitifully low.

Lastly, Mr. Leshner suggests the ads say less about who Mennonites are, than who they are not.

On this point he is quite right, Yet, effective ads zero in on a single message. They can't do it all. This first series of ads from Media Ministries addresses misconceptions. But, in the second series that follows, the emphasis changes to what

Mennonites believe.

Who are the Mennonites? A clear grasp of what is enduring and of what is *peripheral* in the Mennonite faith is essential as the church defines itself to the outside world.

Brian J. Lewis
Richmond, VA

It was with much astonishment that we read in Emerson Leshner's article "What's In A Congregation Name" (Spring '92 issue) that he would rather not be a member of a congregation with a name like "West Swamp." We keep wondering—is it the word "West" which he dislikes or is it "Swamp" which turns him off. I doubt if it's West as he himself worships with a congregation which has the opposite direction "East" in its name. Therefore it must be the word "Swamp," but why pick on West Swamp when there are two other Menno-nite Swamps in the Milford Township, Bucks County, PA community. In that upper Bucks community one also finds "Swamp Mennonite Church" (Franconia Conference) and "East Swamp Menno-nite Church" (Eastern District Conference). Swamp was a common name in that area in the early eighteenth century as the Reformed people also used the word swamp when naming their congregation the "Great Swamp Reformed



"We've come up with an idea for getting your stuff into caves everywhere."

Church" which continues today as a neighbor to the Mennonite Swamps.

We can't help but wonder on what basis Emerson decides where he will worship. If a congregation with an illustrious history is important to him, then we highly commend West Swamp to him. 1992 marks the two hundred and seventy fifth anniversary of the founding of this congregation (1717-1992). West Swamp along with East Swamp are the oldest Mennonite congregations in Bucks County. West Swamp was also the home congregation of the well known Mennonite pastor, John H. Oberholtzer, who served as the first President of the General Conference Mennonite Church. Pastor Oberholtzer was also a pioneer in publishing Mennonite periodicals and in establishing what was possibly the first Sunday School in a Mennonite congregation (1857). The 1873 West Swamp Meetinghouse was probably the first Mennonite Meetinghouse erected which provided dedicated space for its Christian Education program. The first floor (not basement) was for the Sunday School and the second floor for worship. Oberholtzer also liked a sense of order and therefore wrote the first congregational constitution (West Swamp, 1844) as well as the 1847 constitution of the newly established Eastern Pennsylvania Mennonite Conference. The West Swamp congregation has always had a love for good church music and was one of the first Mennonite congregations to have an organ. West Swamp also produced a number of church leaders (pastors, missionaries, administrators).

We could say much more about this significant Anabaptist Mennonite congregation which explains why we find it painful when one makes such an insensitive remark about the congregation where we once worshiped. The statement is almost as foolish as a father saying to his daughter—you may marry any man you wish as long as his name isn't "Emerson." Apologies would be appropriate to all seven of the congregations Leshner has defamed.

Agnes and Ray Hacker
East Petersburg, Pennsylvania

I read the article "Bringing Home the Work," by Julia Kasdorf in the Spring 1992 issue with feelings of sorrow for the author who has absorbed the false notion that good writing must emphasize the negative characteristics of the characters, especially in writing about one's home community. What community does not have its share of hypocrites and (excuse

me) degraded persons. In my studies in advanced literature I often felt dirty after (required) reading about hypocritical deacons, peeping tom "Christians" (?) as being characteristic of citizens of small towns and rural areas. A clergyman friend—with a doctor of philosophy degree—says it very well. "[These] writers enjoy wallowing in degradation!" In a time when many Christians prate about being more loving, how does this type of "realistic" writing exhibit true Christian love?

I'm sure that in the community referred to in Kasdorf's writing there were quiet, kindly, loving souls such as Carol Ann Weaver's "Grandma Myra" (Spring, 1992, *Festival Quarterly*, page 35), whom it was my privilege to know. She was a teacher prior to her marriage and published an article, "A Career for the Career," in the *Christian Monitor* in the early '40s when her children were almost all grown. She had found fulfillment, as have many other homemakers, in centering her thoughts on "things which were lovely . . . [and] of good report" (Philippians 4:8). I was in college with all her children and I am sure there were times when things were unlovely, as any home with children has. But she had learned Christ's way of fulfillment as Christ taught—in order to save one's life one must lose it. And Grandma Myra learned, as many other unsung heroic mothers have learned, a subordinate role in service for family and others brings rich reward, even though there are difficult times.

Ellen B. Kauffman
Harrisonburg, VA

Several items appeared in the Spring, 1992, issue which came together for me into a unified response. I would like to respond to Wilmer Martin's book review on *Recovery of Hope* from a different viewpoint than Nelson Steffy. As one who has needed to face failure in marriage, despite repeated attempts at renewal, I felt affirmed on reading Martin's review and immediately passed it on to a friend in a similar position. Martin's acknowledging separation as the only way of hope for some was healing for me.

Julia Kasdorf's "Bringing Home the Work" speaks to the same issue from a different perspective. Is it possible to be honest about one's life experience without offending the Mennonite status quo? Isn't confronting the status quo what Anabaptists were all about? And congratulations, Julia, for getting your poetry published in the *New Yorker*.

David Augsburger's "Reversals" speaks to the same theme in yet another way. Yes, too much I smugly felt myself in the right, condescendingly looking at those who didn't have it together, only to find myself in their shoes, acknowledging the impossibility of perfection and the need for grace. Our foibles may be different from the mainstream, but we Mennonites are not more perfect. Although we have often denied it by our well-kept image, we, too, are flawed like all human beings. Denying this reality in small ways only gives the negative more space to grow until it erupts in intense destructiveness.

All of this seems to me to be on the cutting edge of who we are as Mennonites, and whether we can establish a balanced identity through the challenges of our present transitions.

Lois Snavely Frey
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

The spring 1992 issue of FQ just arrived and I have read it completely. We want to support you strongly in the struggle going on in regard to the Esh farm. There is probably no place in the USA that it is as important to retain the values you are fighting for as Lancaster County, Pa. It is of no special interest to us except the principle of land use and resources that we as Christians are called to follow. We cannot imagine all the intense struggle that you went and are going through. We support you.

We read with great interest most of the articles in FQ. One of our favorite authors is Emerson Leshner. What a gift he has. Some of the other articles and subjects are somewhat foreign and peripheral to our thinking. Some provoke negative thinking on our part. The repeated listing of Museums and Galleries and the film ratings are something we could do without.

Who can be perfect this side of heaven?

Floyd L. Rheinheimer
Milford, Indiana

The editors welcome letters. Letters for publication must include the writer's name and address and should be sent to *Festival Quarterly*, 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534. The editors regret that the present volume of mail necessitates publishing only a representative cross-section. Letters are subject to editing for reasons of space or clarity.

THE Mennonite Eclipse

by Steven Nolt

In late July 1990 some seventeen thousand Mennonites descended on the city of Winnipeg, Manitoba, for the Mennonite World Conference Assembly, held every six years. World Conference was and is a celebration of many things—not the least of which is the international church. Mennonites have always known *about* their sisters and brothers in other lands, but World Conference meetings are times to truly enjoy the fellowship of Christians from other cultures. Never mind that 87 percent of Winnipeg registrants were from Canada and the United States—1990 was an especially different gathering.

For in 1990 it finally became official. After years of blood, toil, tears, and sweat, North American Mennonites had finally done it—we had finally achieved minority status. Didn't the statistics on the world membership map, passed out to Conference partici-

pants, proclaim the fact to all who looked at the new continental totals? North America was home to only 44.4 percent of all Mennonites and Brethren in Christ.

When our spiritual forbears had met in World Assembly in 1952 in Basel, Switzerland, under the presidency of North American Harold Bender, we had constituted some 60 percent of our fellowship around the globe. A drop of 16 shares in a generation was certainly something worth noting at Winnipeg.

North Americans more than noted the fact, however; they *enjoyed* it. Canadian and American Mennonites thoroughly like thinking of themselves as minority church members. Many Mennonites with whom I've spoken are downright proud that Mennonite World Conference is a two-thirds world-majority group.

But while all of this celebrating and

generally feeling good about ourselves is going on, another Mennonite eclipse is silently taking place. This one not so far from home. And maybe (if we are really honest) not so welcome.

With each passing year, the Anabaptist community of churches in the United States shifts its make-up and membership.¹ And each year the shift is the same. Self-consciously conservative and Old Order Mennonites, along with Amish groups of various sorts and Hutterites, make up a larger and larger share of the American Anabaptist pie.

Mainline Mennonite groups (the familiar MC-GC-MB-BIC gang of four) are becoming an increasingly smaller part of the whole Mennonite picture. Mainliners still hold an absolute majority, to be sure, but it is ever shrinking.

In 1936 mainline Mennonites constituted 86 percent of all those in the United States who claimed descent from Konrad, Felix, Menno and Jakob. By 1966 our share had dropped to 77 percent. Today, we represent only 62 percent.

It was fun becoming outnumbered by our international fellow believers, but many mainline Mennonites aren't so sure they want to become the smaller voice within their own country's constituency. We don't like to admit that these conservative groups are growing at a considerably more rapid rate than we mainliners.

"But wait," we protest, "Old Order and conservative Mennonites and Amish have large families. On top of that, social and communal pressure helps—at times seems to force—conservative and Old Order young people to decide in favor of church membership as they grow older. It's not fair to compare them with those of us who have 2.3 children and live at some distance from other members of our congregations and don't have time to go to



Two Mennonite women, from two different groups that are growing at quite different rates of speed.

photo by Daniel Price

Lancaster Mennonite High School

Mennonite Groups in the United States

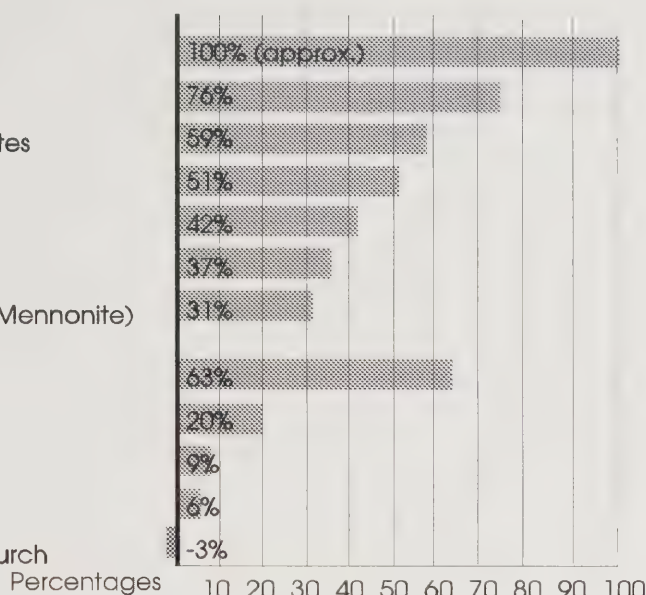
Growth in Membership, 1974-1989

Conservative/ Old Order Groups

Old Order Amish
Beachy Amish Mennonite
Independent conservative Mennonites
Old Order Mennonites
Eastern Pennsylvania Mennonites
Hutterites
Church of God in Christ (Holdeman Mennonite)

Mainline Groups

Brethren in Christ
Evangelical Mennonite Church
Mennonite Church
Mennonite Brethren
General Conference Mennonite Church



Calculations are based on figures from the Mennonite Yearbook, 1975 and 1990-91, except for the Old Order Amish and the 1974 Hutterite numbers. According to the Amish-published periodical, *Family Life*, the number of Old Order Amish church districts more than doubled from 1974 to 1991 (the growth of church districts roughly equals the growth of membership). The Hutterite membership figures were calculated by Stephen E. Scott.

church every Sunday.”

Ah, but that is not the point. The point is simply that—for whatever reasons—tradition-minded peoples *are* in fact on their way to becoming the majority of our American Mennonite family of faith. Mainline groups, in spite of our mission activities to others and our Sunday schools and Christian education programs for our own kids, are in many cases barely maintaining our own numbers.

Consider those numbers. During a recent 15 year period (1974-1989) the Old Order Amish church doubled its membership. The Beachy Amish increased their size some 76 percent, and independent and unaffiliated conservative Mennonite bodies grew by 59 percent. At the same time the Old Order Mennonites have 51 percent more members and the eastern Pennsylvania Mennonite Church added to its rolls by 42 percent. During the same period the Hutterites grew by 37 percent and, 31 percent more persons identified themselves as Church of God in Christ—Holdeman Mennonite members. Meanwhile, back on the mainline Mennonite front, Mennonite Church

(MC) membership inched up a mere 9 points in those 15 years, the Mennonite Brethren (MB) grew by six percent, and the General Conference (GC) Mennonite Church experienced a three percent decline in membership. An exception, the Brethren in Christ, have grown some 63% during the period.

A specific example from my home community highlights the shifting reality. In 1968 a group of conservative congregations withdrew from the Mennonite Church, or more specifically from the MC's Lancaster Conference, and formed the Eastern Pennsylvania

Mennonite Church. At that time they represented four percent of the Lancaster Conference membership. If the separation were taking place today, the Eastern Pennsylvania Mennonites would represent, not four, but 15 percent of Lancaster Conference. That is how much faster they have grown than the MC conference from which they withdrew.

I am not proposing a new numbers game. Bigger is not necessarily better in the world of discipleship and faithfulness, and it would be wrong to suggest that Mennonite groups should compete with one another for a larger share of the membership pie.

This is a call for mainline Mennonite honesty and integrity. Most mainline Mennonites, it seems, only see part of their family of faith. Too often we mainliners think only of ourselves when we hear or use the term “Mennonite.” We have conveniently patented the term “Anabaptist” as our own private label. Unaware that other Mennonite, Amish, and Hutterite groups are slowly eclipsing us, we mainliners continue to see ourselves as the definition of North American

**Mainline
Mennonite groups
are becoming
an increasingly
smaller part
of the whole
Mennonite picture.**

Mennonitism. In so doing, we cheat ourselves out of half the truth.

Half the truth? Consider reading a statement in a mainline publication—a Faith and Life book, for example, or a *Mennonite Weekly Review* editorial. The author will likely offer the modern Anabaptist or Mennonite position on the selected issue at hand—and chances are, the reader will only get about half the truth! What we read in our Mennonite books and church periodicals is, in almost every case, solely the opinions or assumptions of mainline Mennonite thought. Occasionally an international perspective will accidentally slip in, but virtually never will a mainline Mennonite publication admit that there might be *another* Mennonite perspective, one which is found right here in North America and one which is adhered to by a growing number of persons. Whatever the topic—church and state, commercial insurance, education, or consumer spending patterns—the perspectives of nearly 40 percent of our people go unacknowledged.²

This is not to say that mainline Mennonites need to adopt all of the opinions, positions and practices of conservative and Old Order Mennonite and

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The very opposite
is true.

Amish groups. It is to say that a church fellowship with any integrity must admit the diversity within its ranks. No longer may we make the excuse—often heard in the past and

sometimes even today—that conservative and Old Order people are simply a “marginal,” tiny segment of our church—an embarrassing fringe which will eventually dissolve, given time. The very opposite is true. And that fact makes us mainliners all the more arrogant in our continued pretending that they aren’t really there.

How will the coming Mennonite eclipse affect us mainliners? Take a rather mundane, everyday example: how would a mainline Mennonite answer a non-Mennonite neighbor who asks if Mennonites drive horse-drawn vehicles? “No,” the quick mainline response would be. “Mennonites don’t drive buggies. Years ago that was true, but not anymore.”

Really? That certainly would be news to several thousand adults who call themselves Mennonites (not Amish, but Mennonite) and *do* use horse-drawn transportation. A more accurate response to the neighbor’s query would include an acknowledgement that some Mennonites do drive carriages—in fact, every year more Mennonites drive horse-drawn vehicles than the year before, and every decade they make up a slightly larger percentage of those who call ourselves



photo by Daniel Price

Most mainline writers, speakers, scholars and leaders ignore the perspectives of 40% of our people when they answer questions or address issues such as church and state, commercial insurance, education or consumer spending patterns.

Mennonite!

If such an answer sounds strange to us, perhaps that indicates how narrowly self-focused we mainline Mennonites have become—and how woefully ignorant we are of our co-religionists.

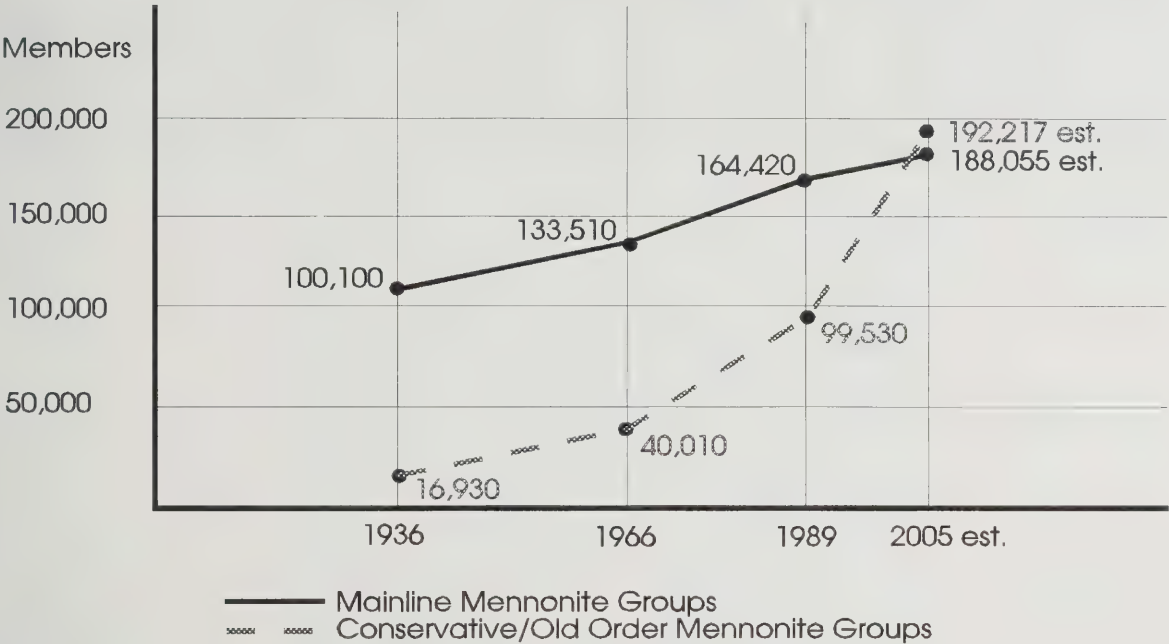
Or what about plain clothes? There

are an ever growing number of North American Anabaptists who dress according to traditional clothing standards. It is common for mainline Mennonites (especially “old” Mennonites) to sum up the issue of dress something like this: “Mennonites used to dress plainly in my grandparents’ genera-

tion, but we don’t now.” A more honest answer would be: “Most Mennonites in my grandparents’ day dressed plainly. Most do not today. But probably most will dress plainly again in my great-grandchildren’s generation.” Sound strange? It sounds honest. There are many other, perhaps

Numerical Growth in U.S. Mennonite Membership

A Comparison and a Projection, 1936-2005



1936		
Mainline Mennonites:	100,100	86% of the total
(Includes Brethren in Christ, Central Conference Mennonite Church, Evangelical Mennonite Brethren, Evangelical Mennonite Church, General Conference Mennonite Church, Krimmer Mennonite Brethren, Mennonite Brethren, Mennonite Brethren in Christ and “old” Mennonites, now known as the Mennonite Church)		
Old Order/conservative Mennonites:	16,930	14% of the total
(Includes Beachy Amish, Church of God in Christ-Holdeman Mennonite, Hutterian Brethren, Old Order Amish, Old Order Mennonites)		
1966		
Mainline Mennonites:	133,510	77% of the total
(Includes Brethren in Christ, Evangelical Mennonite Brethren, Evangelical Church, General Conference Mennonite Church, Mennonite Brethren, “old” Mennonites, now known as the Mennonite Church)		
Old Order/conservative Mennonites:	40,010	23% of the total
(Includes Beachy Amish, Church of God in Christ-Holdeman Mennonite, Hutterian Brethren, Old Order Amish, Old Order Mennonites)		
1989		
Mainline Mennonites:	164,420	62% of the total
(Includes Brethren in Christ, Evangelical Mennonite Church, General Conference Mennonite Church, Mennonite Brethren, Mennonite Church)		
Old Order/conservative Mennonites:	99,530	38% of the total
(Includes Beachy Amish, Church of God in Christ-Holdeman Mennonite, Eastern Pennsylvania Mennonite Church, Hutterian Brethren, Old Order Amish, Old Order Mennonite, independent or unaffiliated conservative Mennonite congregations)		

Sources for total figures: 1936—James Juhnke, *Vision, Doctrine, War: Mennonite Identity and Organization in America, 1890-1930* (Scottsdale, PA and Waterloo, Ont.: Herald Press, 1989), p. 304; 1966—*Mennonite Yearbook* 1967; 1989—*Mennonite Yearbook*, 1990-91; Brethren in Christ memberships for 1936 and 1966 estimated from Carlton O. Wittlinger, *Quest for Piety and Obedience: The Story of the Brethren in Christ* (Nappanee, IN: Evangel Press, 1978), p. 557.



It will take as much courage and resolve to listen to and learn from the more conservative and Old Order groups as it did a generation ago to listen to and learn from Mennonite Indonesian and Zairian perspectives.

more profound, issues which will be (or should be) affected by the coming American Mennonite eclipse. For example, what will we do when an inter-Mennonite group like MCC has a board of directors made up of persons representing only a minority of its constituency?³ What do we mean when we talk about "education in the Mennonite tradition"? How arrogant is a book on "Mennonite theology" if it only includes the views of mainline Mennonites? Or, what will we write in articles and editorials claiming to be "the contemporary Anabaptist understanding" of church organization, or group discernment, or political involvement? Will we be honest enough to say that, at points, this statement is only about 60 percent of our understanding of a particular topic?

It took courage and resolve to admit that we in North America were becoming a minority voice in Mennonite World Conference. Having relinquished our majority status within that body, we have—to a certain degree—learned to enjoy and even relish the diversity which the larger Mennonite world is. We are now able to draw from many international streams, freeing ourselves from our mental habits and imprisoning assumptions to be challenged by Zairian, Indian or Nicaraguan believers.

Now comes the second test. Do we have the courage and resolve to accept our (apparently) eventual minority status within the United States An-

abaptist community? Are we willing to drink from different streams here at home? Listening to Old Order and conservative points of view would be a very different discipline and exercise, indeed, for most of us mainline Mennonites. In fact it would be as differ-

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ent as it was for a past generation of our church who first listened to Indonesian and Japanese perspectives.

As we enter the twenty-first century, will we mainline Mennonites have the courage to consider an Old Order Mennonite perspective on

church construction and building expansion? Would we include an Hutterite viewpoint in a book on the meaning of ordination or baptism? Could we listen, openly and humbly, to a Holdeman Mennonite minister share his convictions about dress standards or appropriate recreation? Would we allow an Old Order Amish member to critique our Washington and Ottawa position papers?

If we are to be honest, we must. It won't be easy. It wasn't easy to hear Latin American Mennonites first talk to us about our defense dollars at work in their communities. It won't be easy to listen to a Beachy Amish appraisal of that home entertainment center we just bought, either.

¹I would welcome someone undertaking a similar study of Canadian Anabaptist groups. My numbers are for the U.S. only.

²At times, of course, books or articles serve as official denominational position statements and therefore should present the mainline point of view.

³The Beachy Amish do currently have one member on the Mennonite Central Committee (MCC) and one member on the MCC U.S. Board.

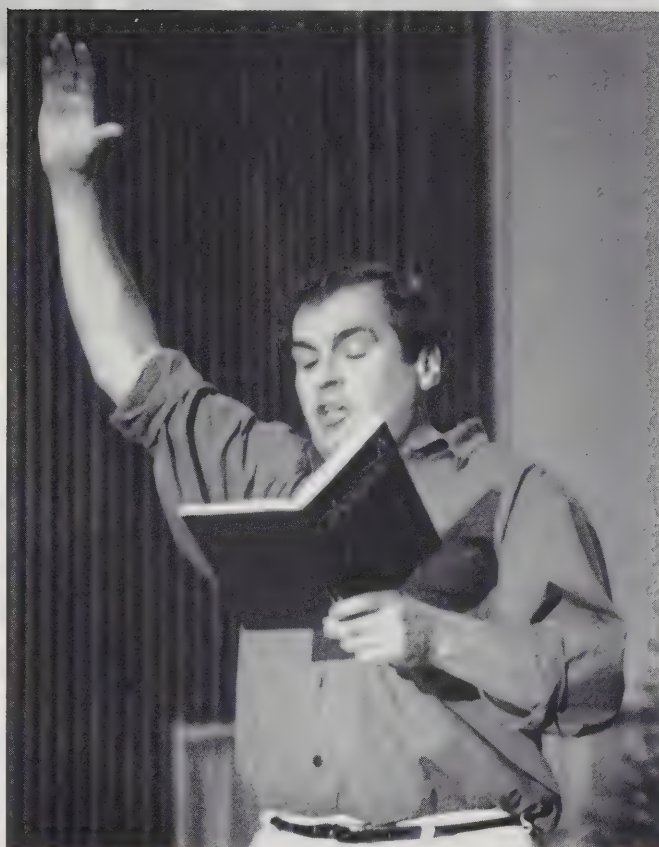
Steven Nolt, Willow Street, Pennsylvania, is a staff person at The People's Place and a part-time seminary student. He has published a number of articles in the field of Mennonite history. His book *A History of the Amish* has just been published by Good Books.

How Does a New Hymnal Happen? *and will it fly?*

by Phyllis Pellman Good

It has been billed as the publishing event of the century! While that grand pronouncement may most reflect the consuming (and exhausting) experience of the Committees who supervised its production, the new *Hymnal* by and for Mennonites is an occasion worth noticing. Increasingly uncertain about how to adequately define their identity, many Mennonites agree that singing hymns together is a critical part of who they are. The release of a new *Hymnal* is thus likely to become a defining moment. Or will it?

Have the music committee and the text committee (and all those innumerable other committees) assigned to assemble a book for broad congregational use throughout several Mennonite denominations (and the Church of the Brethren) managed to create a hymnal appropriate for these churches today? "Only time and the people will tell," says Ken Nafziger, music editor for the project and professor of music at Eastern Mennonite College in Harrisonburg, Virginia. In a way, a hymnal should both follow and lead the people who use it. Both actions appear to be at work with this new book. Observed Nafziger in a recent interview with *Festival Quarterly*, "People were ready for change. In many places, change had already come. Many styles of music have found their way into



Kenneth Nafziger, music editor of *Hymnal*

congregations—through the popular Christian movement, but also through Mennonite World Conference. Our exposure to that variety of music, first at the Mennonite World Conference Assembly in Wichita in 1978, and then again at the Assembly in Winnipeg in 1990, along with the publication of the *World Conference Songbook*, began to open us to this spread beyond our own specific denominational experience.

"We are now a vastly diverse people. I've seen in the relatively short time we've been working on this hymnal that people are ready to embrace our diversity. Furthermore, we've begun to realize we don't have to be only one thing musically."

While the *Hymnal* urges its users to learn music from beyond their traditional borders, it also re-introduces songs from their past. "We have claimed some hymns that were not in the 1969 *Mennonite Hymnal*" [the most recent major hymnal before the release of the 1992 *Hymnal*], explained Nafziger. "In Thy Holy Place We Bow" is the second hymn in the new book. That is a joyful reclaiming of part of who we are. [The song did appear in the 1902 *Church and Sunday School Hymnal* and the 1927 *Church Hymnal*.] For those who didn't know it before, they seem to find it fitting. I am always interested in what we seem to hold in our collective memory as a people. Even if particular individuals don't know a song, have never heard

Photos by EQ/Kenneth Pellman



it before, they seem able to sense through some sort of visceral knowledge, that it is appropriately ours!”

Determining what fits in a worship book/hymnal for Mennonite congregations across North America today was the critical crux in the committee’s assignment. After trying to delicately balance theological differences, inclusive language concerns, literary quality and musical styles, it was frequently intuition that steered the committees’ choice of selections. “One can become too objective about such a process,” asserts Nafziger, “too intent on being able to defend one’s choices with carefully processed data.

“Being prophetic was part of this project. We needed to both probe our own tradition—and explore all of hymnody—to discover those points we should be growing toward. We needed to sense that intuitively. There was an enormous amount of trust in us, we who were to make these choices on the part of people we don’t even know, many of whom aren’t even born yet.”

The committees did not do their work sequestered away from the people and active church life, however. In fact, they spent countless days and weekends in congregations and retreat settings, listening on many levels to persons’ responses to particular music. “I listened not only to what people chose to sing, but *how* they sang,” reflects Nafziger. He also credits the *Hymnal Sampler*, a small paperback collection of a sampling of hymns under consideration for inclusion in the 1992 *Hymnal*, issued in 1989 for use at district conference and churchwide assemblies. “That booklet gave people a foretaste of what was to come. They understood that their responses to it were heard, and taken seriously.” That kind of give-and-take informed the committees’ choices, at least to a degree.

One selection failed a major committee’s evaluation, but ended up in the *Hymnal*, as the first song in the book, nonetheless. “‘What Is This Place’ is a hymn I first learned at the American Hymnal Society Convention just after the Roman

Catholic Church had released its new hymnal. I thought, this belongs to me and my people. I could feel it inside, in that place that expands when you let it!

“Some on the text committee felt it wasn’t appropriate for a hymnal of ours. It was a theological critique. But those of us who had a positive intuitive response to it persisted. Now it is the first hymn in the book—and that’s stupid, rationally, to put a hymn that’s new to our tradition in such a position. But people sing it—have sung it since they’ve been introduced to it—as though they’ve known it always.

“It was a corrective to have committees that were a mix of the rational and the intuitive,” Nafziger quickly adds. “Some of us needed to be reined in!”

Nafziger believes that the *Hymnal*’s organization should enhance congregations’ worship life. “It is arranged according to our *actions* of worship. In that it is a pretty accurate reflection of what Mennonites and members of the Church of the Brethren do when they get together for worship.

“We’ve routinely ignored our time of actually *gathering*, for example. Things are usually wonderfully noisy; we’re truly glad to see each other at church on Sunday. That social element is valuable to us, and the *Hymnal* honors that in the hymns it offers.

“Of course there are songs for the more formal elements of our time together also. I think the book will help worship planners significantly, who are freed to do much more what they want these days.”

Enlivened congregational music is not a gift to keep to ourselves, Nafziger asserts. “Our congregations do music well,” he believes. “If we took that as a call, and offered that to our communities, especially our urban churches, that would be true mission work. I firmly believe we don’t understand what a strength we have and what possibilities there are for us in it to make connections with our neighborhoods. If we could free that, it would be significant for us and the communities where we gather and worship. It is an

enormous challenge.”

Stage one of *Hymnal, A Worship Book* is finished. Initial sales of the book have exceeded marketer's expectations. How deeply it will now be owned is yet to be discovered. “All of us together—not just we who made it—will have to decide how faithfully this *Hymnal* represents who we are as a people,” reflected Nafziger.

“We on the committees tried to listen to everything we needed to, attempted to pay attention to all the details that mattered, but the project finally developed its own life. We had to chip away the rock to discover what was already hidden. It was ready to be found.

“It is not as though we undertook a creative project to produce a book for our people. We started out, I think, with assumptions about what was going to be! This was to answer all language concerns, for example. I'm sure we each had private dictums about what would or would not be. I'm glad I never said mine aloud!

“Along the way I decided I don't have to like every piece of music equally, and that was freeing for me. I think I've counted only 50 songs I'll probably never use, and that's only a few, given the vast number there are. There is so much variety in the book that I'm convinced there's a sizable body of music for every congregation to discover and make their own.”

Learning to know the new *Hymnal* will likely bring churches everywhere face-to-face with an area that's been neglected during the last generation, Nafziger observed. “This *Hymnal*—and the next one—are going to need leaders to help this music become part of us. One of the greatest mistakes we've made in our congregations is not developing leaders, shunting the young people off to do their kind of

music for themselves.

“I'm optimistic that we can begin now to cultivate those leaders, but it will take work.”

The new *Hymnal* is not being thrown at congregations cold. A variety of supplemental materials are in different stages of development to help congregations use the book in all its breadth and richness. Three 90-minute cassette tapes, including 360 of the newer hymns, have been recorded by groups and choirs from across North America. “They are sound models, not just notational models,” Nafziger explained.

An *Accompaniment Handbook* offers keyboard, drums, and other instrumental accompaniments. In addition, it gives ideas for how to use particular songs—which ones can be sung as rounds; which ones' textures vary if they are sung in two parts rather than four, for example, or if they are sung in an African-American style.

Worship and the *Hymnal* are addressed in two other publications—one, the *Hymnal Companion* (a text), and the other, *Hymnal Resources* (a collection of monographs).

A series of workshops using the *Hymnal* are being planned by the Mennonite Board of Congregational Ministries to be held during 1993 for leaders of worship and music.

Clearly, the makers and publishers of this *Hymnal* see its appearance as a significant moment in church life. They are intent, now, on helping it become useful to all congregations, no matter their size or make-up. While the editors grant that the *Hymnal* cannot fix who we are, their hope is that it not only reflects who we are, but helps us become more of whom we mean to be. And, as Nafziger acknowledged early on, “only time and the people will tell.”



My Arrival

Delivered to JFK like the airmail,
I came to you at fifteen,
straight from Addis Ababa via Amsterdam
bearing the stamp
of a five year African tan.

More used to Ethiopian earth,
my airsick legs wobbled me through customs
while you watched from the balcony glass,
the line moving like a stubborn conveyor
past officials who opened
and pawed my things.

Grandpa bought me cornflakes,
the kind in a tiny box,
and milk that tasted like wax
from a small box, too,
but I couldn't eat—so many
airborne hours having tied me
up in knots.

"How are you, Betty?" you asked
across the little table,
your kind eyes taking in the grandchild
turned adolescent in her absence,
wrapped in an all-weather coat
and self-conscious bonnet.

And then we were driving along—
four hours to Aunt Ada's on the Lititz Pike
where waiting relatives received me warmly
with a summer supper
under the weeping willows.

And finally upstairs to bed
in a wallpapered room with open windows
and you to tuck me in.
I folded myself in the sheets,
the sound of flying traffic on Route 501
sending me off to sleep
express.

Clothing Me

Like a row of naked maidens
the parking meters wait
where I leave my car in the public garage
and enter the maze,
each alluring lane of the department store
enticing me ever deeper
into its wonder world of racks and cubicles
where merchandise in sumptuous colors
gushes from every opening.

The mannequins leer at me
from odd and intimate angles, and my own
reflection floats soundlessly beside me
the whole way up the escalator
and past the perfect plants,
the Muzak all the while,
a beguiling blur.

I remember well my first foray
into this kind of place at fifteen,
my grandma guiding me through
where I would surely have lost myself
in the lavish labyrinth

discovering needs I'd never had—
a winter coat, two wardrobes
(one for hot and one for cold),
stockings for my suddenly
self-conscious legs, deodorant.

At every turn, a voice by rote:
"Can I help you?" with a memorized smile,
and Grandma would speak for me.
Then: "What size?" they'd always ask
and gaze at me knowingly,
producing contraptions to measure
my feet (so big the boys at boarding
school called them shovels),
or a measuring tape

A Fine Memory

for my thighs and breasts.
Grandma sent me my first bra
in the mail, tampax, saddle shoes,
and bought dresses to wear
to the American School in Addis Ababa
when I outgrew our missionary barrel cache.

I loved her for rescuing me
from my homemade look.

But in the store, she was by my side,
leading me through the muddle
of shops and shapes and sizes—
clothing my budding body
and my awkward feet,
even while she often said,
“I wish I knew better
what young girls are wearing.”

When we dismantled the contents
of your home, Grandma,
after you slipped away
in your 88th year and Grandpa
had moved into the retirement home,
there was no expensive china,
not one piece of furniture
that affluence brings,
no furs or jewelry to price and divide.

There were plants, afghans you'd made,
your praying chair
and sewing basket, simple dishes
for serving the tramps or seamen
Grandpa brought in.

The family Bible and feather pillows
are mine now, a few kitchen things,
your pinking shears
and on my arm is the one fine thing
you ever owned—a delicate gold watch.

Grandpa tells the story with a shine
in his eyes, how he surprised you
one day while you stood on market...

a priceless memory distilled
from your lives together
like a glistening drop of water.

“My Arrival,” “Clothing Me,” and “A Fine Memory” are part of a group of poems entitled “Grandma Poems.” They were written by Betty Wenger Good about her grandmother, Sara Oberholtzer Weaver. Betty presented the poems as a gift to her mother, Sara Jane Wenger (daughter of Sara Oberholtzer Weaver). Sara Jane Wenger and her husband Chester, along with their children, spent many years as missionaries in Ethiopia. Currently, Betty lives and works in Washington, D.C.

The *Spirit* of ART

by Louise Stoltzfus



In September of 1989 the director of Lancaster Mennonite High School's art department, Mary Lou Houser, embarked on a long awaited studio leave. During that year, Houser spent much of her time in a specially designed studio space at her picturesque farm home several miles south of Lancaster City. It became a year of searching and maturation not only for her but, ultimately, for another group of Mennonite-related visual artists as well.

Houser, who has been teaching at the Lancaster high school since 1977, says, "I began the time by thinking about how I could cultivate the art spirit within me. Not much has been written or said about how spirituality affects creativity. So I simply started by spending regular time each day in prayer and personal writing before I went into my studio. It was amazing.

The images came faster than I could deal with them."

She began painting, using watercolor and conté. Over the next year, the images in her spirit developed into a series of work which connected her past experiences to her life and understandings today. Many of the pieces are called *Comforter* and involve people and places from Houser's life—past and present—with an old comforter.

She also decided to test another long-held dream—organizing an artists' support group for people exploring the integration of faith and the visual arts. Early in August of 1989 she started calling people. By the middle of that month, she had compiled a list of 37 people who said, "Yes, let's do it." The first meeting was held at Community Mennonite Church of Lancaster near the end of September. Houser says, "Seventeen curious and, eventually, enthusiastic people showed up."

They set some goals and offered suggestions for future meetings, giving Houser the incentive to plan several additional evenings. Since then "Artspirit" has met once a month (except during summers), engaging in activities as diverse as studio nights, when persons actually create works of art, to evenings led by a particular member, such as "An Evening with Howard Wenger, Teacher, Sculptor and Painter." Average attendance hovers around 15 people with a solid core of about eight to ten regulars.

In October of 1991 the group opened its first exhibit to the public at Community Mennonite Church as part of "Art Sunday"—an annual gallery walk sponsored by downtown Lancaster studios and businesses. The "Artspirit" exhibit filled the sanctuary of the versatile city church, while live music lulled people as they moved through the space, meeting the artists and admiring their work. Twenty-three artists and a dozen musicians participated. Houser says, "For us the exhibit was a very bonding event. We are committed to doing it again next year."

Several months later on a cold, February evening in 1992 members gathered for a time of exploring "Art as Meditation" with Ruth Ann Kulp. An "Artspirit" member, Kulp is a well-known Lancaster area singer and musician who also happens to be a visual artist. She says, "For me the various



arts all interrelate. I find I can't keep my hands out of the visual arts along with my music."

Following an opening meditation led by photographer Paul Brubaker, the group of about 15 gathered in a circle of chairs. Beginning with the words, "Imagine a warm, safe, comfortable place," Kulp slowly led participants through a series of deep relaxation exercises which included reading a poem and listening to music. At several points in the evening the focus shifted to tables where paper, watercolor and pencil crayons awaited the artists' hands. Regarding the visualization of place, Bob Worth told of picturing a woman lying in the light of an attic dormer, a spot in the house of friends which he considers "the perfect space." Joanne McIlvaine painted with verve and vigor as the strains of Pachelbel's *Canon in D* filled the room. Commenting on the images evoked by a Denise Levertov poem, Houser said, "The one line in it really bugged me." Before she could finish her observation, Michael Eby-Good and Beth Oberholtzer both chimed in, "Yes, the thing about the acorns!" In an amazing display of connectedness and mutual understanding, several other people around the room nodded or spoke their agreement.

As the evening ended with hot drinks and cookies, Susan Gottlieb, a teacher at Pennsylvania School of Art & Design, explained how she got involved with "Artspirit" and why she continues, "Mary Lou and I have been friends since the days when she taught at Conestoga Valley High School. I have started inviting my students—many of whom are not Mennonite—to come to the group. If I can excite and energize them, that's what matters." Kathy Yoder, a Philhaven therapist, added, "For me the best thing about the group is having contact with other artists who share my faith."

Mary Lou Houser has been back in her Lancaster Mennonite High School classroom, now in a stunning new fine arts center, since September of 1990. She balances her frustration "that my students get to produce and I don't" with her pride in helping to open doors for the young people whose lives she touches. She also feels a gratifying momentum of trust and creativity emerging among the members of "Artspirit" which is now beginning to carry the group.

Leonidas Saucedo's Vision *for the* Church as a Family

by Elizabeth Weaver Kreider

Leonidas Saucedo is a Bolivian Mennonite church leader with a vision for the community of God. The church is the true community, he says. Church is family.

Saucedo recently spent a year in Mennonite Central Committee's (MCC) International Visitor Exchange Program, working with Mennonite church programs in the United States, gaining more experience in church leadership and learning more about the church in North America. Spending time in the United States helped him to gain a perspective on the people and culture of the Mennonite church in the United States; now he can better understand the North American Mennonites in Santa Cruz, Bolivia, where he lives.

There are both German-speaking and Spanish Mennonite churches in Bolivia. The two groups have little interaction, says Saucedo. The Spanish Mennonite church is located primarily in the department of Santa Cruz; it grew out of Mennonite Central Committee work, and has been nurtured by Mennonite Board of Missions (Elkhart, Indiana) and the General Conference Commission on Missions (Newton, Kansas). The German-speaking Mennonite col-

ony churches are located in rural areas and are made up of primarily Canadian immigrants. The Bolivian Mennonite Church is quite small (about 250 people in five different churches in Santa Cruz), and many Bolivians think of the

German speakers when they hear the word "Mennonite."

Saucedo says that people are surprised to learn that he is a Mennonite—"You aren't tall; you don't have blue eyes," they remark.

The Bolivian Mennonite Church, says Saucedo, has a dynamic, community-oriented faith. "The church is a true community," he says. People in the Bolivian Mennonite Church help each other. Church members help to meet the physical needs of the poor in their communities. If one person needs help with construction of a house, the church community helps to build it.

Saucedo grew up in a Catholic home, and was introduced to

Anabaptist ideas by his uncle, a Mennonite who lived in the rural area outside of Santa Cruz. Saucedo was drawn to his uncle's understanding of the church as a family. And he was attracted to the nonresistant perspective on loving one's enemies. He soon joined the Mennonite church in Santa

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FQ/ Elizabeth Weaver Kreider

Cruz and is now the moderator of the Spanish Bolivian Mennonite Church.

Mennonite Central Committee sponsors a visitor exchange program through which young adults from different countries can spend time learning about the Mennonite church in other countries. Saucedo took the opportunity to learn about the church in the United States. He spent his first semester in Goshen, Indiana, working as a pastoral intern at the Indiana/Michigan Conference Center. He also participated in Goshen (Indiana) College's Hispanic Ministries program as a tutor. During the second half of his experience, he lived with a Lancaster, Pennsylvania, Mennonite farm family while he did some administrative work in a youth program at New Holland Spanish Mennonite Church. He also taught Bible in New Jersey and Reading, Pennsylvania, with Concilio-Hispano, an organization based in Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Two of Saucedo's personal interests are video production and church history. He took a university course on video in Santa Cruz, and while he was in Pennsylvania a church group gave him a video camera for use in the Bolivian Men-

nonite Church. He intends to begin to use it to record information about the history of the Bolivian Mennonite congregations, interviewing missionaries and Bolivian Mennonites who were part of the early church in Bolivia. At the same

time, he is writing a book about Bolivian Mennonite Church history.

The Bolivian Mennonite Church, says Saucedo, is growing spiritually and in numbers. One of his goals is to see the church begin to plant more congregations in different countries. He would like to see the Bolivian Mennonite Church send missionaries to other South and Central American countries, and to the United States and Europe.

The church needs to train more leaders—especially in Anabaptist theology, he says.

Saucedo believes that the church offers an alternative for a new society, an alternative for new relationships be-

tween people—between men and women, between parents and children. He hopes that the Bolivian Mennonite Church can continue to place emphasis on relationships, on helping each other, on being a true family.

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What I Learned from the Jews about NONCONFORMITY

by Margaret Loewen Reimer

Being the only Jewish family in a small town has been tough." The woman was speaking to a group of Mennonites and Jews who met last November to talk about our experiences as religious minorities in a pluralistic society.

Raising your children to be different from everyone else is a lonely experience, said this Jewish mother. It involves considerable sacrifice. "We were often all alone—we had no car pool to take our children to Hebrew school every day."

Her husband noted how important it was for him to be honest about his identity—he was aware that he represented "a whole race" in that small community.

The meeting came about when the women from the local synagogue asked women from my congregation to join them in discussion. Many of the comments by these Orthodox Jewish parents sounded familiar to us Mennonites, but I was surprised by how deliberate they are about remaining different.

Perhaps we "liberal" Mennonites feel less distinctive because our faith is part of the main forces that have shaped our culture. Or perhaps we are so assimilated that we seldom notice our differences anymore.

Our Mennonite speaker noted that Canadian pluralism has been superseded by individualism and relativism. When every belief is as acceptable as every other belief, differences don't really matter, goes the thinking today. In such a setting, how can we maintain our religious distinctives?

Nurture Their Differentness

These Jewish families obviously nurture their differentness with great care, but still feel part of Canadian culture. The Jewish speaker used the analogy of weather.

"We provide secure homes to protect our bodies from the cold," she said, "but that doesn't mean we can't enjoy the beauty of winter." The notion of "protection" takes on literal meaning when one is truly a minority.

My Mennonite children get teased in school about using horses and buggies. Her children, said this Jewish woman, learned the first day at school that they will never be forgiven for killing Jesus.

Knowledge about their tradition helps children develop "security and pride in themselves," said these Jewish parents. Hebrew school is essential for them, but the heavy schedule takes its toll. These families are interested in establishing more Jewish elementary schools to integrate their children's education.

Summer camp provides an "invaluable hedge against the outside world," they said. They expressed deep concern about increasing intermarriage and the dwindling numbers of faithful Jews.

Half of all "American Jews" are fully assimilated, they estimated. (Jewish Canadians, they noted, put their Jewish identity before the Canadian.)

Some of the Jewish participants shared the pain of families torn apart by a member marrying outside the faith. Again I was startled to realize how thoroughly my tradition has aban-

doned its commitment to communal preservation.

How Separate to Be?

It is only recently that we have given up our ethnic/religious identity as "a Mennonite people" to become a diverse denomination. The change is appropriate in our situation, but it is not without its losses.

Mennonites and Jews may both be "religious minorities" in Canada, but our positions are very different. Any vestiges of Mennonite nonconformity are rapidly evaporating, except among the smallest groups, and we are at ease in the world.

Orthodox Jews cling tenaciously to separation, realizing how easily it can slip away.

We do agree, however, on several important things. Over latkes (potato fritters for Hanukkah) and coffee, we recognized our common attraction to "stomach religion," as our Jewish speaker described it.

More seriously, we agreed that passing on the faith to our children is of supreme importance. They have done better than we on making the home central in this task.

We also agreed that a strong faith can lead, paradoxically, to a greater understanding of those unlike ourselves.

Margaret Loewen Reimer, Waterloo, Ontario, is the associate editor of Mennonite Reporter. This article originally appeared in Mennonite Reporter, "Editor's Journal," February 24, 1992. Used by permission.

What to Do with Energy from A Hot Planet

by Kenton K. Brubaker

We live on a thin shell covering a very hot planet. Last week I was profoundly impressed with the heat energy beneath my feet as I stood on the crest of the Kilauea Caldera on the Big Island of Hawaii. All around steam was rising from rifts in the lava surface. Nearby were recent lava flows which made their way to the ocean, obliterating forests and villages as they went. Particularly impressive was the *pahoehoe*, that ropy, glassy type of lava with its incredibly high temperature. Kilauea Caldera is on the west slope of Mauna Loa, one of the highest mountains in the world if measured from the ocean floor. We were standing not very far from the summit of this mighty furnace, this remote vent of the hot core of our planet.

How successful have we been in harnessing this energy? This earth's heat may be used directly for space heating in places like Iceland, or it may be used to generate steam to turn electricity-generating turbines. At this point, only those countries endowed with geologic "hot spots" have

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much potential for using geothermal energy. These countries are those surrounding the Pacific Ocean, including Central America, and the African nations of the Rift Valley. (*World Watch* magazine reports that electrical generating capacity nearly tripled from the seventies to the nineties, with the United States, the Philippines, Mexico, Italy and Japan leading the world in kilowatts produced.)

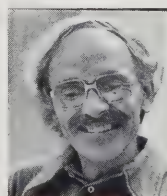
Even though the world's geothermal reserves are unevenly distributed, they are immense. *World Watch* estimates that many countries have more than 100,000 megawatts in geothermal energy poten-

tial, enough to meet all electricity needs of local regions. Currently, for example, geothermal fields furnish more than six percent of northern California's electricity.

There are numerous problems to be considered in the harnessing of the heat energy of the earth's core. Many are technological. Recent drilling into the steam-generating core of Mauna Loa in Hawaii resulted in hitting an explosive pocket of steam which expelled the drilling machinery with rocket force. Harnessing the heat of the earth also requires a fairly large commitment of funds, a resource which is very scarce in poor nations. Political strife and war have been major deterrents to development in Central America and Africa. One of the sites for prospective geothermal drilling in the Philippines, Mt. Apo, is being resisted by the local residents because of religious and ecological considerations.

Mt. Apo is holy to the 460,000 Lumads (indigenous peoples of Mindanao) who live there and consider it their ancestral home. To them this sacred mountain is the home of their gods and the source of all water and land. The Kinaiyahan Foundation of Davao City, Mindanao, says that Mt. Apo is equivalent to the Muslims' Mecca and the Christians' cathedrals. Furthermore, it has been declared a national park and heritage site. It is the major watershed (the Philippines' highest peak) for several provinces, the fountainhead of 28 rivers and creeks, one of the richest botanical sites in southeast Asia, and the last stronghold of the endangered Philippine eagle. Converting such a treasure into an electrical generation facility has gigantic cultural and ecological costs.

Nevertheless, for many countries, geothermal power can be the key to a brighter future, freeing them from fossil fuel dependency and decreasing the carbon dioxide release that accompanies conventional electrical generation.



Kenton K. Brubaker is professor of biology at Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, Virginia.

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MUSEUMS

Illinois

Mennonite Heritage Center of the Illinois Mennonite Historical & Genealogical Society, P.O. Box 819, SR 116, Metamora (309-367-2555). Mid-Apr.-mid-Oct. Fri.-Sat. 10-4, Sun. 1:30-4:30. Admission: donation. Museum of early Mennonite life in Illinois; historical, genealogical libraries, archives. Information on annual Heritage Series available on request.

Indiana

Menno-Hof, SR 5 South, Shipshewana (219-768-4117). Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Closed Sundays. Admission: donation. Interpretation center. Displays and activities about early Anabaptists and present-day Mennonite and Amish groups.

Mennonite Historical Library, Good Library 3rd Floor, Goshen College, Goshen (219-535-7418). Mon.-Fri. 8-12, 1-5, Sat. 9-1. Closed Sundays, holidays, Saturdays during college vacations. Admission: free. Primarily for researchers in Mennonite history and genealogy; holdings also include rare and other unusual Mennonite-related books.

Kansas

Kauffman Museum, Bethel College, N. Main & 27th, North Newton (316-283-1612). Mon.-Fri. 9:30-4:30, Sat.-Sun. 1:30-4:30; closed major holidays. Admission: adults \$2, children and youth 6-16 \$1, group rates available. Cultural, natural history of Central Plains with focus on Mennonites; restored 19th-century homesteader's cabin, farmstead with house, barn.

Mennonite Heritage Museum, Highway K-15 & Main, Goessel (316-367-8200). June-Aug.: Tues.-Sat. 9-5, Sun. 1-5; Sept.-Dec., Mar.-May: Tues.-Sat. 1-4. Admission: adults \$2, children 12 and under \$1, large groups please call ahead for appointment. Artifacts from early households, farms, schools, churches; restored historic buildings; Turkey Red Wheat Palace.

Pioneer Adobe House Museum, U.S. Highway 56 & Ash, Hillsboro (316-947-3775). Mar.-Dec.: Tues.-Sat. 9-12, 2-5, Sun. and holidays 2-5. Admission: free. Restored Dutch-German Mennonite immigrant adobe house, barn, shed; displays on adobe house culture 1847-1890, Turkey Red wheat, Hillsboro history.

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"Don't Leave Us Now"

by Peter Dyck

The Baptist church in Zaporozje, Russia, was packed to the last seat. People were standing in the aisles and outside, listening through the open windows. The preacher was doing a fairly good job weaving Mennonite and Baptist history together with biblical passages.

Suddenly he was silent. It was obvious he was not finished. Nor was he silent because he didn't know what to say. It was a pregnant silence—filled with all that he had said about Mennonites having rocked the cradle of the Baptists in Russia; about Mennonites having stirred the Baptists to an awakening in the Ukraine a hundred years ago; about Jesus saying to Philip, "Follow me," and Philip bringing Nathaneal to Jesus. Evangelism.

And still the preacher was silent. His eyes searched the congregation as if he were looking for someone. At last he spoke. In a voice that was both clear and yet filled with earnest pleading he said, "Mennonites, please don't leave us now!"

But the Mennonites had already left. First they had been driven out of the Ukraine forcibly by Stalin during World War II, and now they were leaving the Soviet Union altogether because they didn't trust the future. The large Baptist congregation in Zaporozje heard the plea of their pastor, looked around momentarily to see if perchance a stray Mennonite was present, then continued to give their full attention to the pulpit. The pulpit built and used by Mennonites for almost 200 years. The pulpit in the former Schoenwiese Mennonite Church.

Before the Mennonites came to Russia in 1789 the Evangelical movement had already begun. The Orthodox Church was in a sad state, spiritually, and people longed for renewal. When Pietism came at the beginning of the nineteenth century it found a ready soil especially among the educated and elite members of society. Soon they organized the Russian Bible Society and by 1819 had already translated the New Testament into modern Russian. By 1860, the year of the birth of the Mennonite Brethren Church, colporteurs traveled about the country selling Christian books to the peasants.

In later years Baptists frequently told about Mennonites having been their mentors. In many ways they had been their

tutors. They had inspired them to a life of discipleship, even to pacifism. And now Mennonites were leaving and Baptists were moving into their churches and preaching from their pulpits.

"They called us 'brother' and 'sister,'" the preacher went on to say. "And we called them by the same names. We are children in the same family of God. Relations between Baptists and Mennonites in Russia have always been good."

The preacher knew that about a thousand Mennonites a month were leaving the Confederation of Independent States (CIS), the former USSR. He talked about *glasnost*, openness, pointing out that this did not only mean that the doors were now open to leave the country but that the doors were open to evangelism and mission, something forbidden for seventy years under communism.

Finally the long and passionate sermon came to an end. It was a strong and dramatic conclusion. "Brothers and sisters, stay in Russia. Stay here and evangelize. Stay to witness." There was a brief pause. "Listen to the call of God," he said. "Amen."

And who is to say that they are not listening? Perhaps God has told them that their cup of suffering is full, that they have a new opportunity in Germany to pass on the faith to their children, and witness to an affluent but secularized society in which only about five percent of the people still go to church.

And if Mennonites in North America still ask questions about faithfulness and staying in the CIS to witness, what is to prevent them from going there themselves to witness? Not on a blitz tour and certainly not on a crusade, but seriously, to evangelize in a sustained manner the way our brothers and sisters there have been trying to do it under indescribable conditions for seventy years. *Glasnost* is not a one-way street! It is not only for our brothers and sisters there.

Perhaps the appeal of the preacher to "listen to the call of God" is also for us.



Peter J. Dyck has spent a rich life shuttling refugees to new homelands, overseeing relief programs and telling wise and witty stories. He and his wife, Elfrieda, live in Akron, Pennsylvania.

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Warkentin House, 211 E. First St., Newton (316-283-0136 or 283-7555). June-Aug.: Tues.-Sat. 1-4:30; Sept.-May: Fri.-Sun. 1-4:30. Admission: adults \$2. Sixteen-room Victorian home, built 1886 for Bernhard Warkentin, who was instrumental in bringing Turkey Red wheat, as well as Mennonite settlers, to Kansas from Russia.

Manitoba

Mennonite Village Museum, Steinbach (204-326-9661). May: Mon.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5; June: Mon.-Sat. 10-7, Sun. 12-7; July-Aug.: Mon.-Sat. 9-8, Sun. 12-8; Sept.: Mon.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5; Oct.-Apr. by appointment only. Admission: adults \$2, students and senior citizens \$1. Restoration of 19th-century southern Manitoba Mennonite village with houses, church, schools, more.

Maryland

Penn Alps, National Road (Alt. Rt. 40), Grantsville (301-895-5985). Memorial Day—mid-Oct.: Mon.-Sat. 9-8; mid-Oct.—May: Mon.-Thurs. 11-7, Fri. 11-8, Sat. 9-8. Situated between a still-functional 1797 grist mill and a nationally-renowned 1813 stone arch bridge. Working craftspeople (summer only), restored historic buildings.

Ohio

German Culture Museum, Olde Pump St., Walnut Creek (216-893-2510). June-Oct.: Tues.-Sat. 1-5. Admission: by donation. Costumes, furniture, fraktur, quilts and other artifacts from eastern Ohio Germanic folk culture.



Mennonite Information Center, Inc., 5798 County Road 77, Berlin (216-893-3192). Mon.—Sat. 10-5. Admission: free, donations. Information, books and literature about local Amish and Mennonite culture. Slide presentation on local community. 10' x 265' mural illustrating Anabaptist history. Admission to mural hall: adults \$3, children 6-12 \$1.50.

Sauder Farm & Craft Village, SR 2, Archbold (419-446-2541). Apr.-Oct.: Mon.-Sat. 9:30-5, Sun. 1:30-5. Admission: adults \$4.75, children 6-18 \$2.50, children under 6 free. Collection of artifacts, rebuilt log homes and shops of settlers in mid-1800s; working craftspeople.

Ontario

Brubacher House, c/o University of Waterloo, Waterloo (519-886-3855). May-Oct.: Wed.-Sat. 2-5; other times by appointment. Restoration and refurbishing of Mennonite home of 1850-90, slide-tape presentations of Mennonite barnraising and settling of Waterloo County. Admission: \$1 per person, Sunday school classes \$.50 per person, under 12 free if accompanied by parent.

Heritage Historical Library (Amish), c/o David Luthy, Rt. 4, Aylmer N5H 2R3. By appointment only; primarily for researchers in Amish history and genealogy.

The Meetingplace, 33 King St., St. Jacobs (519-664-3518). May-Oct.: Mon.-Fri. 11-5, Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1:30-5; Nov.-Apr.: Sat. 11-4:30, Sun. 2-4:30. Feature-length film about Mennonites, by appointment. Admission: \$1.25 per person for groups making reservations; others by donation. A Mennonite interpretation center; 28-minute documentary film *Mennonites of Ontario*.

Pennsylvania

Archives of the Brethren in Christ Church and Messiah College, Grantham (717-766-2511, Ext. 388). Mon.-Fri. 8-5, Sat.-Sun. by appointment. Admission: free. Collection of artifacts; e.g., plain clothing, church furniture, love feast utensils, Bibles.

Germantown Mennonite Information Center, 6133 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia (215-843-0943). Tues.-Sat. 10-4, Sun. for groups by appointment. Admission: donation. Meetinghouse and artifacts related to the Germantown Mennonite community, oldest in America. Also available for tours: Johnson House, 18th-century Quaker home in Germantown; 1707 house of William Rittenhouse, first Mennonite minister in America and responsible for first paper mill in colonies. "Images—The Germantown Mennonite Meetinghouse," continuously-building exhibit of photos, sketches, paintings, other depictions of Germantown church.

Historical Center, HCR 63, Richfield (717-694-3211). Tues. 7-9 p.m., Sat.

9-4. Admission: free. Family Bibles, fraktur, tools, clocks of Juniata County Mennonites; archives and books.

The MeetingHouse, 565 Yoder Road, Harleysville. (215-256-3020). Tues.-Sat., 10-5, Sun., 2-5. Admission: donation. Mennonite Heritage Center presents interpretive video of local Mennonite story in room designed to resemble an early meetinghouse; permanent exhibit: "Work and Hope"; fraktur room. Historical Library and Archives house more than 100,000 books and documents relating to church history and genealogy.

Mennonite Information Center, 2209 Millstream Rd., Lancaster 17602 (717-299-0954). Open 8-5 daily except Sundays, Thanksgiving and Christmas. Admission: varying. Film, *A Morning Song*; guided tours of Lancaster County; Hebrew Tabernacle Reproduction.

The People's Place, Main Street, Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open 9-5 daily except Sundays, major holidays. Admission: varying. Amish and Mennonite information and heritage center; 3-screen documentary *Who Are the Amish?*; hands-on museum, Amish World, including Henry Lapp, Aaron Zook folk art collections; full-length feature film, *Hazel's People* (May-Oct. only).

The People's Place Quilt Museum, Main Street, Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open 9-5 daily except Sundays, Christmas. Admission: \$3 adults, \$1.50 children. Antique Amish quilts and crib quilts; small collection of dolls, socks, mittens, samplers and miniature wood pieces. • "A Treasury of Mennonite Quilts," featuring antique Mennonite quilts from across North America, as well as toys, doll quilts and sewing favors, through November 14, 1992.

Springs Museum, Rt. 669, Springs (814-622-2625). June-Oct.: Wed.-Sat. 1-5. Admission: adults \$1, children \$.50. Artifacts from homes, farms, shops of early settlers in Casselman Valley; extensive rock and fossil collection.

1719 Hans Herr House, 1849 Hans Herr Dr., Willow Street (717-464-4438). Apr.-Dec.: Mon.-Sat. 9-4, closed Thanksgiving, Christmas; Jan.-Mar. by appointment only. Admission: adults \$2.50, children 7-12 \$1, children under 7 free, group rates available. Restoration and refurbishing of oldest building in Lancaster County; "Lancaster Mennonite Rural Life Collection."

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South Dakota

Heritage Hall Museum and Archives, 748 S. Main, Freeman (605-925-4237). May-Oct.: Sun. 2-4; Nov.-April by appointment. Admission: adults \$1.50, \$.50 Grade 7-12; Grade 6 and under free. Cultural artifacts; South Dakota natural history; historic church, school and pioneer home with functional Russian oven. Archives on Mennonite history with emphasis on Hutterite colonies.

GALLERIES

Indiana

Goshen College Art Gallery, Good Library, Goshen College, Goshen (219-533-3161). Jan.-June, Sept.-Dec.: Mon.-Fri. 8-5, Wed. 8 a.m.-10 p.m.; Sat. 9-5, Sun. 1-5; July-Aug.: special hours. Admission: free.

Kansas

Bethel College Fine Arts Center Gallery, Bethel College, North Newton (316-283-2500). Sept.-May: Mon.-Fri. 9-5, Sun. 2-4. Admission: free. Hesston College Gallery, Hesston College, Hesston (316-327-8164). Feb.-May, Sept.-Dec.: Mon.-Fri. 9-5, Sat. 11-5, Sun. 2-5. Admission: free.

Ohio

Kaufman Gallery, Main St., Berlin (216-893-2842). Apr.-Dec.: 1-5 p.m. Admission: free. Works of contemporary Mennonite artists and Amish folk art.

Marbeck Center Gallery Lounge, Bluffton College, Bluffton (419-358-8015). Daily 8 a.m.-11 p.m. Admission: free.

Pennsylvania

Aughinbaugh Art Gallery, Climenhaga Fine Arts Center, Messiah College, Grantham (717-766-2511, Ext. 276). Mid-Sept.-early May: Mon.-Thurs. 9-4, Fri. 9-9, Sat.-Sun. 2-5. Admission: free.

The People's Place Gallery, The People's Place, Main St., Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open daily 9-5 except Sundays, Christmas. Admission: free.

Virginia

Eastern Mennonite College Gallery, EMC, Harrisonburg (703-432-4000). Sept.-Apr.: Mon.-Thurs. 7:45 a.m.-11 p.m., Fri. 7:45-5, Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5. Admission: free.

If you know of additional museums and galleries displaying work by or about Mennonites and related peoples, please send information to Festival Quarterly, 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534.

Extinct Emotions

by David Augsburger

What if emotions became extinct?

I have known persons who lacked certain emotions—shameless, guilt-free, blithe, angerless, one of several of the above—but they were deviations from the norm. Shame, guilt, anxiety, anger are still with us.

But what if an emotion disappeared from human society? Became extinct? Appeared only in literature and history? What if we lost its name? Which emotion would you nominate for obsolescence? Which would you recommend for extinction? Rage? Prejudice and bigotry? There are several central human emotions of the past which have entered extinction. For this brief psychological nomination I shall choose one, the emotion of *accidie*.

Accidie. You may well have never heard of it, and probably never felt it.

Accidie was a central concern of medieval moral psychologists, of Christian thinkers, teachers and writers. It was the major spiritual failing, the primary counseling concern from the fifth to the fifteenth centuries.

Accidie was disgust in fulfilling obligations, duties, particularly religious duty. It had two sides: negligent slothful failure to carry on with a tiresome, uncomfortable or boring task, which was coupled with misery, bitterness and weariness of heart.

Since the 1500s, people do not feel a single specific emotion attached to laziness or procrastination in the carrying out of drudgery duty demands. Instead our feelings rise from the thought of being reprimanded for laziness or criticized for negligence, and these range from embarrassment through guilt and resentment.

But in medieval times, negligence was a sin against the moral order (one's duty to God), and feeling misery, bitterness, weariness of heart in resistance to doing what you must (not ought) do linked laziness and misery in the emotion of *accidie*. It was not resolved by simple obedience, fortitude, compliance.

Dutiful behavior without joy was not an adequate response. *Accidie* was only overcome and the heart right when delight in the exercise of one's obligations to the world and to God had fully reformed. One needed to find one's joy in dutiful behavior, feel rewarded by one's tasks, fulfilled by filling obligations.

The monks of the fourth and fifth centuries were the first to write of this emotion. Evagrius (346-49) named it the "noonday demon" which distracts the faithful hermit from delight in doing the duties of ascetic belief in a moral order demanding spiritual exercises which are owed as a duty to God.

(Are Mennonites and Amish relics of this medieval past, dutiful servants of God who suffer from *accidie* and eschew idleness and procrastination like spiritual dodos long thought to have disappeared? No, quite to the contrary, our drivenness and work compulsions rise from a different moral order, a blend of an ethics of material production and communal competition.)

An emotion can become extinct. When the context, the moral order, the social contract changes, a major shift in human feeling may occur. Individualism is rapidly pushing us toward the end of shame. Tragic. Narcissism has destroyed the emotion of hubris (ever hear of it?) and is now wiping out pride. ("I deserve it," "I'm an exception to all rules," people say without a trace of embarrassment.)

What emotions need to go? Didn't Jesus nominate rage, greed, vengeance and lust?

It's much more likely that we are losing emotions from the other end of the spectrum, such as joy. We've replaced it with pleasure or happiness. One can feel pleasure all alone, or be happy without, in spite of, in defiance of others.

But joy is a relational emotion that rises from trusting intimacy. Joy is the enjoyment of being enjoyed. It is my enjoying your enjoyment of my enjoyment of you.

We've lost the capacity, in Western culture, for such joy, oh...several generations ago. A man with the capacity for such intimacy is not only rare, he's one dodo dude, as they say in Los Angeles. Women are losing it too, so we may have to settle for pleasure, just as *accidie* is gone and we feel boredom and ennui.



David Augsburger has entered the Anabaptist missionary corps by becoming professor of pastoral care and counseling at Fuller Theological Seminary, Pasadena, California.

• Patrick Friesen's sixth poetry collection is *You Don't Get to Be a Saint*, published by Turnstone Press. Friesen, whose earlier works include *The Shunning* and *Flicker and Hawk*, was featured in the Spring 1992 issue of *Prairie Fire*, a literary journal in Manitoba.

• David Waltner-Toews has collected a series of his meditations on science, religion and environmental issues in *One Animal Among Many: Gaia, Goats & Garlic*. The book includes some previously published material from *Harrowsmith* magazine; it is published by NC Press.

• Anne Konrad ("Translucence," FQ, Winter 1991) has collected a series of her short stories in *Family Games*, published by Netherlandic Press. The stories are centered around an immigrant Mennonite family in Alberta.

• In *Going to the Root*, Christian Smith outlines nine recommendations for radical renewal in the church. His ideas include building intentional community, "doing" church without clergy, decentralizing leadership and decision-making, opening up worship services, overcoming the edifice complex, cultivating a "grace-ful" spirituality of everyday life, practicing lifestyle evangelism, working for social justice and "doing" grassroots ecumenism. Published by Herald Press.

• *On Being the Church* is a collection of essays on theology, arts and the church published by Conrad Press. A *festschrift* in honor of John W. Snyder, retired pastor of Ontario's Rockway Mennonite Church, the book was written by various authors, including Mary Oyer, J. Lawrence Burkholder, Paul Minear, Walter Klaassen and various members of the Rockway Mennonite Church.

• A series of essays by Mennonite Brethren leaders from around the world are collected in *Committed to Mission*, by Victor Adrian and Donald Loewen. The various writers discuss such issues as Mennonite Brethren distinctives, strategies of church growth, leadership, internationalization of mission, baptism and church membership, social responsibility, divorce and remarriage, peace-making and political involvement. Published by Kindred Press.

• Essays by Paul M. Zehr and Jim Egli are interchanged with responses by various authors in *Alternative Models of Mennonite Pastoral Formation*, published by the Institute of Mennonite Studies. The two writers present two different models for pastoral preparation in the Mennonite church.

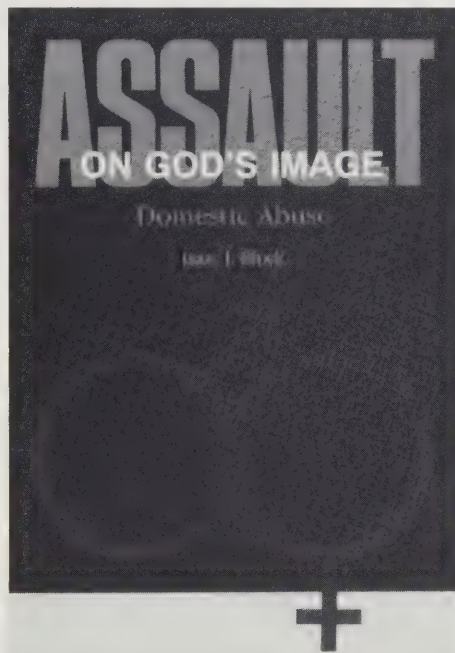
• Another compilation of essays is *Your Daughters Shall Prophesy: Women in Ministry in the Church*, edited by John E. Toews, Valerie Rempel and Katie Funk

Wiebe, published by Kindred Press.

• *The Flowering of Old Testament Theology: A Reader in Twentieth-Century Old Testament Theology, 1930-1990* is a survey of Old Testament theological perspectives in the last sixty years, edited by Ben C. Ollenburger, Elmer Martens (of Mennonite Brethren Biblical Seminary) and Gerhard F. Hasel. Published by Eisenbrauns.

• D. Edmond Hiebert, Professor Emeritus at Mennonite Brethren Biblical Seminary, is the author of *Working with God Through Intercessory Prayer*, published by Bob Jones University Press. He also authored *The Epistles of John: An Expository Commentary* (Bob Jones).

• Isaac I. Block questions whether domestic abuse is prevalent in Mennonite homes in *Assault on God's Image: Domestic Abuse*, published by Windflower Communications. Using Winnipeg, Manitoba, as his



control community, Block sent questionnaires to a random sampling of Winnipeg Mennonites. He begins his analysis with a theological framework for relationships, interprets the results of his survey and finishes with a proposal for pastoral intervention in abusive situations.

• *The Meaning of Peace* is a recent collection of essays edited by Perry Yoder and published by Westminster/John Knox Press. This second book in the series of Studies in Peace and Scripture includes the writings of 10 biblical scholars.

• Philip McManus and Gerald Schlabach are co-authors of *Relentless Persistence: Nonviolent Action in Latin America*, published by New Society Publishers. The authors have collected stories on active non-violence in many Latin American countries;

they include introductions to the various countries presented in their case studies, as well as maps and suggestions for further reading.

• Wilma Derksen shares the account of her daughter's abduction and murder in Winnipeg, Manitoba, several years ago in *Have You Seen Candace?* The book, which also tells the way the family responded to the tragedy from their Christian background, was published by Tyndale.

• Teacher, writer and long-time leader in the Mennonite Brethren church, the late John A. Toews is the subject of *A Man of His Word*, by Elfrieda Toews Nafziger. Toews, in the words of publisher Kindred Press, "symbolized the Anabaptist/Mennonite heritage in the North American Mennonite Brethren Conference for many years."

• *Rx for Adventure: Bush Pilot Doctor* is the autobiography of Elmer E. Gaede, a medical doctor and airplane pilot for many years in Northern Alaska. Written by Gaede, with his daughter Naomi Gaede-Penner, the book is published by Great Northwest Publishing in Anchorage, Alaska.

• *Two Worlds for Jash* is a children's book about a ten-year-old boy who survives the Russian revolution and moves with his family to Canada. Published by Windflower Communications.

• *Benji Bear's Race* is a new children's book by Ingrid Shelton, illustrated by Ruth Wiens Block. It is published by Kindred Press.

• *Mennonite Your Way Directory 7* is scheduled to be published in spring of 1993. Nancy and Leon Stauffer, publishers of the book, are collecting travel and hospitality features for the new edition, which will cover the years 1993-1996. Write to Mennonite Your Way Directory 7, Box 1525, Salunga, PA 17538 (phone: 717/653-9288 or 717/653-0990) for information on becoming a host family. Registration deadline is December 15, 1992.

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Theology in Postliberal Perspective,
Daniel Liechty. Trinity Press
International, 1990. 128 pages, \$10.95.

Reviewed by Gerald Shenk

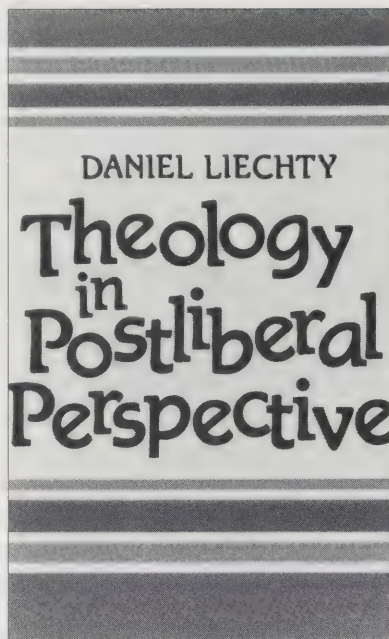
Some of us will soon be 40-something, and it is time we accept full responsibility for the weight of Christian tradition and its historical consequences. For my old friend Dan Liechty, this task requires a critical deconstruction of theology, with radically humanist commitments. He sets out to overcome what he sees as dire effects of "absolutism" and "exclusivism" in various branches of the Christian past and present.

In this work, Liechty rejects transcendental categories of truth. Human constructions of God refer not to real beings behind or beyond our human experiences, he asserts, but to symbolic articulations of our own experiences. His "postliberal" approach to thinking religiously exhibits methodical skepticism toward all authorities, including secular, but especially religious authority. With embarrassment, Liechty rests the authority for these views, characterized as "an anarchism of theology," on himself as author (xi).

With postliberal theology, Liechty intends to make peace not only with impending death, but also with human diversity, religious pluralism and ideological relativism. The way we talk about God, he claims, should not be allowed to get in the way of making common cause with anyone else who is prepared to practice a proper ethic, usually moving toward pacifism. Instead of orthodoxy, Liechty's orthopraxis means it doesn't matter what you believe if you're living right.

In order to face these encounters with people who believe differently or not at all, Liechty is prepared to give up many aspects of the Christian heritage, though other Christians have deemed them central: in particular, the uniqueness of Jesus Christ as God's preeminent self-disclosure and as cosmic Lord of history. The author professes sympathy for those early Christians who, in facing hard times and questing for meaning, set about changing Jesus from a good teacher into a "Lord and King."

The classic Christian confession fares most poorly of all in Liechty's treatment. By association with all the ills of Western civilization, traditional beliefs in an "all-powerful and commanding" deity, "that great tyrant of tyrants in the sky," are seen



as producing mistrust, fear, hatred and individualistic self-absorption. Among the responses Liechty appears to prefer: rebellion, an active atheism to reject misguided beliefs of the past, anarchy and suspicion of authorities.

I found Liechty's postliberal theology a pale and contradictory construction; I expect it will have little or no power to achieve spiritual vitality in this generation. Liechty's "utterly unknowable" God would probably not appreciate being addressed in prayer as a Being Out There Somewhere who could rescue postliberal critics. So let this benediction suffice, in reply to Liechty's "God in the Nexus of Human History":

LET NOTHING PERPLEXUS
A GODSELF PROTEXUS
THO EVIL AFFEXUS
A SPIRIT CONNEXUS

Gerald Shenk is Associate Professor of Church and Society, Eastern Mennonite Seminary, Virginia (US) and adjunct professor, Evangelical Theological Seminary, in Croatia (formerly Yugoslavia).

FQ price—\$8.76
(Regular price—10.95)

Violence and Mercy, Sarah Klassen.
Netherlandic Press, 1991. 108 pages,
\$9.95.

Reviewed by Jay B. Landis

Good poetry from Mennonites being in rare and precious supply, one enters gratefully the company of Sarah Klassen's second volume. This collection of 67 poems indicates an eminently gifted and respected poet. Klassen lives and writes in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The poems are presented in five sections, each the title of one of the poems in the group: "Doing time," "Outpatients in October," "Wind and shadow," "In such circumstances," and "Wingspan." With "violence" and "mercy" Klassen is identifying the world she and we live in, often raging and chaotic but touched always by grace and song.

While the sounds delight, the figures too are sharply and graphically drawn. Poems observe and celebrate the poet's high-school students, her father and mother, Chinese people and places, contemporary world figures and events, more or less famous or obscure Biblical characters, and the inimitable creator Leonardo da Vinci. Subjects range over pain, danger, loss, the human spirit, the colorful world.

Although the poems often appear uneasy at first, their simplicity makes an intensity that is strongly felt. A live social consciousness pervades the work. Klassen leads us into surprises by her disarming naturalness. Teachers, for example, will love the third witch in "witchcraft," the poet herself poised wearily with her blood-red pen ready to descend upon her students' *Macbeth* exams.

Like Leonardo, Sarah Klassen has an "airborne dream/ that pinions" her, and I for one am caught in the "tenuous net" she lowers for her students/readers.

Jay B. Landis, Harrisonburg, Virginia, is a professor of English at Eastern Mennonite College.

FQ price—\$7.96
(Regular price—9.95)



Messianic Ethics, Ben Wiebe. Herald Press, 1992. 224 pages, \$15.95.

Reviewed by J. Daryl Byler

Messianic Ethics, by Ben Wiebe, explores the relationship between Jesus' proclamation of the kingdom of God, and the ethical response which he hoped to elicit.

Wiebe notes that, while most scholars agree that the kingdom of God is central to Jesus' teaching, there is considerable difference of opinion as to the nature of that kingdom. Is the kingdom a future event, unconnected to Jesus' life and teachings? Or has Christ already initiated the kingdom, thus opening a window for us to shape how we, the community of God's people, now live?

Wiebe builds a bridge between kingdom eschatology and ethics: 1) He offers detailed summary and analysis of major scholarship on this issue.

2) Wiebe then details the historical context for Jesus' proclamation of the kingdom—i.e., what eschatological understanding did Jesus' Jewish hearers bring to his proclamation? 3) Finally, Wiebe outlines the "proper response" for those who accept Christ's kingdom proclamation. They will live as a community of faith in expectation of the future complete reign of God. But even now, that "messianic community" will be committed to the way of Jesus, the messianic proclaimer.

Wiebe concludes that Jesus' ethics is "an ethics for a specific community, and there can be neither a messianic ethics nor a messianic community without the Messiah."

Messianic Ethics is a scholarly work, heavily referenced and footnoted. It will likely prove a provocative piece for other biblical scholars and theologians, but a very tedious piece for the average reader.

J. Daryl Byler and his spouse live with their three children in Meridian, Mississippi. Daryl is pastor of Jubilee Mennonite Church and a staff attorney with a legal firm that serves indigent clients in east central Mississippi.

FQ price—\$12.76
(Regular price—15.95)



Shalom at Last, Peter Dyck. Herald Press, 1992. 128 pages, \$5.95.

Reviewed by Rachel Miller Jacobs

Peter Dyck has always been famous in our family for the good stories he tells, and *Shalom at Last* is no disappointment.

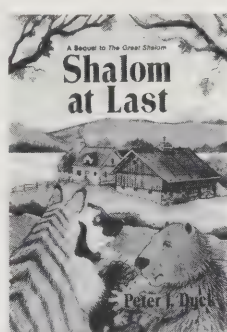
Written for early grade-school children, *Shalom at Last* is also a good read-aloud book for older preschoolers. It is preceded by *The Great Shalom*, in which the forest creatures prevent the farmer from cutting down their forest but without the peace the title promises.

Shalom at Last picks up where *The Great Shalom* leaves off. Without giving away too much of the plot, let me just say that the animals have a good many conversations about "hot war" and "cold war," and that the knowledge that "like produces like," that hate produces hate and peace produces peace, finally gives them the impetus to talk face to face with the farmer. Though it isn't easy, they are able to find a way to meet both their needs and the farmer's, and to be environmentally friendly in the process. It's clear, however, that making peace is not without its dangers and its costs.

I liked *Shalom at Last* a good deal, although the beginning chapters moved a little slowly because of the extended discussions about peace. While this exposition is important both to the plot and purpose behind the story, I wonder whether it doesn't try the patience of young readers a little too much. But it doesn't take long for things to pick up and talk is interspersed with action in an entertaining way throughout the rest of the book. I recommend this book highly for home and church libraries.

Rachel Miller Jacobs is a long-time admirer of Peter Dyck's stories who spends her days at home with two pre-school children.

FQ price—\$4.76
(Regular price—5.95)



Passing on the Faith, Donald B. Kraybill. Good Books, 1991. 315 pages, \$11.95.

Reviewed by Jewel Showalter

I didn't expect a history book to captivate me as did Kraybill's fifty-year history of Lancaster Mennonite High School. Kraybill chronicles the dramatic changes that characterized the school's growth from a small separatist school of 155 American Mennonite students in 1942 to the large diverse student body of 693 in 1992.

He tells the story skillfully, against the backdrop of current events and the larger Mennonite church (especially Lancaster Mennonite Conference). I doubt that a pure historian would have given the space to sections such as "Headgear Changes Among Women" or "Policy Changes, 1977-79"—a period of rapid social change when suddenly instrumental music, slacks and free-flowing hair for women, wedding rings for faculty, facial hair for men, public drama and instrumental music burst upon the LMH scene. But he freely admits that the story is "shaped by my sociological interests. . ."

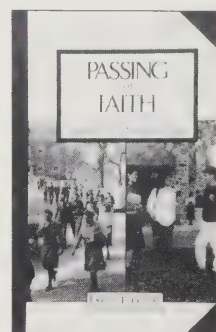
While one senses that Kraybill approves of the changes in the school, he reminds us that each generation is held captive to the impulses of its times.

Throughout the story Kraybill wonders if the founding fathers would rejoice at the sight of their Mill Stream enterprise today. Has the fifty-year-old vision "to give young people an appreciation of true values, expressed in loyalty to the church and a life of service to God and our fellow men" continued strong?

Well-researched and crammed with photos, charts and graphs, the book is a gold mine of information and commentary for all who are concerned about "passing on the faith."

Jewel Showalter, Irwin, Ohio, a 1965 graduate of LMH, works as a staff writer and editor for Rosedale Mennonite Missions and Rosedale Mennonite Institute.

FQ price—\$9.56
(Regular price—11.95)



Meditations for Adoptive Parents, by Vernell Klassen Miller. Herald Press, 1992. 88 pages, \$6.95.

Reviewed by Jeryl Hollinger

This cozy book has thirty short meditations divided into three sections which correspond to the adoption process.

Meditations for Adoptive Parents is clearly the product of careful thought and research. These meditations demonstrate how adoption is a unique experience for each set of parents who have their own reasons for adopting, questions about adoption, process of adoption and circle of friends and relatives into which they adopt. When we adopted, I was surprised at the new insights I received. Reading this book was like conversing with a good friend who understands those experiences and emotions that bring a new richness.

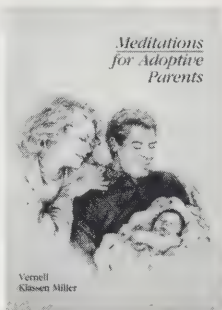
I would have preferred that less of an attempt be made to equate adoption with birthing. A major issue that adoptive parents need to work through is the prejudice that exists in strong family systems against non-biological children. Statistics and studies are put before us to challenge the negative biases that exist. While these may be helpful and soothe our worried hearts, they also sustain the myths in the need to constantly compare the two.

I found myself wanting to get other family and friends to read these reflections. This book might be most helpful to adoptive parents if it were read by all parents. It holds secrets of which we are reluctant to speak.

But the parental joy and satisfaction that comes with adoption is clearly celebrated in these pages. The endnotes offer an array of fine resources.

Jeryl Hollinger, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, is a pastor with the Charlotte Street Mennonite Church. He and his wife have two daughters, one by birth and one by adoption.

FQ price—\$5.56
(Regular price—6.95)



With Jesus in the World: Mission in Modern Affluent Societies, Linford Stutzman. Herald Press, 1992. 144 pages, \$9.95.

Reviewed by John D. Rempel

The decisive concept in Stutzman's argument is the "social location" of the missionary and the church. What he means by this is where the church worker is situated within society and with whom she identifies.

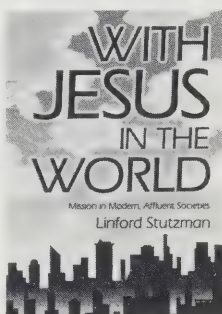
Stutzman proposes a social location of solidarity with the marginalized, in the company of those in the majority who oppose the status quo. He sees this "incarnational approach" in the ministry of Jesus, the early church and Anabaptism. His profile of society has three entities: the marginalized minority, the majority and the establishment minority. The majority of the majority align themselves with the ideals and wishes of the establishment. The movement for change emerges from dissenters among that majority.

Jesus did not suffer the tragedy of complete marginalization but he was able to offer the marginalized hope through his proximity to them. The disenfranchised can become participants in change when they enter a community that is in solidarity with them but which has the power and hope their circumstances have taken from them. The church, then, is an alliance between those on the margins and those in the majority who protest injustice and embody justice.

This, I think, is the gist of Stutzman's proposal. It is a treatise appropriate to the times. For centuries Mennonites of European extraction either were or depicted themselves as powerless dissidents who had neither the social position nor the mission to offer an alternative to the injustices around them. Now we have both a mission and the social position to exercise it. Stutzman gives us a theory that is worth turning into action.

John D. Rempel is the minister of the Manhattan Mennonite Church in New York City. He is also a theological writer, especially on worship and mission.

FQ Price—\$7.96
(Regular price—9.95)



Johnny Godshall: A Pilgrim's Process, Glenn Lehman. Herald Press, 1992. 211 pages, \$8.95.

Reviewed by Melanie A. Zuercher

The main problem I have with most so-called religious fiction, what little of it I've read, is that authors and, apparently, editors and publishers, seem to believe the message is enough. In other words, no matter that the plot is scattered, the characters shallow and the ending defiant of reality—if the message is moral and uplifting, Christians ought to read it.

Well, I don't buy it, and I won't. I'll read it because I'm asked to review it—maybe!

Johnny Godshall, sadly, isn't much of an exception. And it is sad, because a metaphor can positively sparkle coming from Glenn Lehman's word processor, and because he takes accurate aim at a lot of modern religious pietism, something I feel is never out of line.

As the book's title suggests, super-evangelist Johnny Godshall, in the company of Christian, takes a Bunyanesque journey from a communication seminar led by a New Age guru to Mount Zion Resort, encountering, and more or less overcoming, all kinds of obstacles along the way.

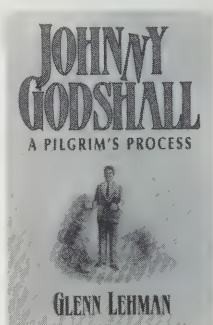
But I'd rather read the latest Sara Paretsky detective novel, even though I might be in better spiritual health after a book like *Johnny Godshall*. Paretsky gives me characters who, while flawed, I believe are real. *Johnny Godshall* doesn't, and I don't mean the allegorical ones. I had a hard time believing in Johnny himself. And his views on women, and therefore the book's treatment of them, made me furious!

Someone who has previously read Bunyan's *A Pilgrim's Progress* might get more out of *Johnny Godshall* than I did. But how many Herald Press readers have, especially younger ones?

I hope Glenn Lehman tries again. He has a gift that I feel was not fully displayed here.

Melanie A. Zuercher, a writer and editor for the citizens group Kentuckians For The Commonwealth, lives near Whitesburg, Kentucky.

FQ price—\$7.16
(Regular price—8.95)



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Learning to Sing Another's Hymns

by Mary Oyer

The *Mennonite Hymnal*, 1969, included six non-western hymns—four Chinese, one Japanese and one Indian. There was an experimental quality about them. The questions which arose suggested an awkwardness about their presence. For whom were they included? Who would use them? Can we sing them “right” or will we offend the people who know them well? Are there suitable occasions for their use? Should we print them in four parts to carry on the tradition of the majority?

A few of the six caught on immediately—“Heart and mind, possessions, Lord” and “Here, O Lord, thy servants gather,” for example—and they were valued far beyond the exclusive use in missions meetings some people had envisioned. The songs seemed to open up new ways of thinking about the world-wide church, and they pointed to further and fuller collections of hymns which included non-western materials.

The most remarkable and pioneering of these was the *International Songbook* of the Mennonite World Conference, published for the Wichita meeting in 1978. Its editors, Rosemary Wyse and Clarence Hiebert, gathered songs from Mennonites of five continents and secured translations in three or four languages, introducing the possibility of singing in several languages at one time in large cross-cultural gatherings. Most of our supplemental type of books since 1969, such as *Sing and Rejoice* and *Assembly Songs*, have introduced non-western songs. Now the Mennonites and the Church of the Brethren have increased dramatically the number of these hymns in *Hymnal: A Worship Book*, 1992.

And yet, in visits to Mennonite congregations I still hear the uneasy questions of the 1960s and '70s. Questions of why, when, how and for whom persist. I would like to speak to two of these.

1. Why should we sing hymns from outside our own culture? Specifically, why should a congregation of homogeneous European background try to sing a Cheyenne hymn?

Such an act would at least acknowledge the unfairness of evangelizing within a totally western framework. In early missions the ancient songs of the missionized people were often discounted. By praising with their texts and music, in Cheyenne

style, for example, the possibility of mutual respect increases. The wisdom and beauty of Cheyenne songs enhances the European's worship. These songs come to us as a gift. With some reluctance the Cheyenne permitted the General Conference Mennonite publishers to notate and print their valued oral tradition in a hymn book (*Tsehe-Ma'heone-Nemeotôtse*, ed. David Graber, 1982) and even translate a few hymns into English. I cannot sing “Father God, you are holy” or “Jesus Lord, how joyful you have made us” without remembering gratefully their willingness

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of a
non-western melody.

to share their culture, in spite of the risk of misunderstanding.

Another way to answer the question is to reflect on the power music has to capture and express the character of a people. It becomes one of the keys to understanding a culture. Through many years of studying African music I have discovered a strong sympathy for those who make music there. We become friends through music. I was sad during the Gulf War that American people in general and I in particular knew so little about Arab music, and thus of Arab life. Experience

with their world may have tempered some of our rhetoric.

Beyond this, the process of learning to sing another culture's hymns makes demands on the learner. Experiencing the downward melodies of the Cheyenne, the slides between the notes, and the free-flowing rhythm stretches the mind and spirit.

2. How can we sing hymns outside of our own culture? Can we sing them “right”?

The songs look bare and uninteresting on the page. We need help to bring them to life in sound. We are fortunate if we can hear and imitate a person who knows and loves the style; this is the most direct way to learn. A videotape is useful or even an audio tape, though the latter cannot capture the participation of the whole body which characterizes much music-making.

Writing about how to do it is less successful because we lose direct illustrations, but there are possibilities in this mode. The Methodists in their book of Asian hymns, *Hymns from the Four Winds*, 1983, introduced a new kind of editing. They invited I-to Loh, an ethnomusicologist and hymnologist, to make written suggestions on how to perform Asian hymns: which instruments would sound right, what would be a good tempo, how the leader could best introduce a new song. Fortunately an accompaniment book will be available for *Hymnal: A Worship Book*, 1992, in which suggestions of this sort will appear in both words and musical notation.

Outsiders to a culture cannot create an “authentic” sound or style; they cannot do it “right.” But if they respect cultural differences, they can find reasonable and fair ways to release the true character of a non-western melody. As long as respect and an honest attempt are present, insiders to the style will not be offended. I believe that the quickest way to offend would be to ignore the music altogether—to fail to acknowledge its worth.



Mary K. Oyer has enriched Mennonite life through her teaching, editing, worship leading and study of African music.

- The **London (UK) Mennonite Centre** is forming an **Anabaptist Institute**, made up of academically-trained people, to sponsor conferences, provide supervision for doctoral theses and host an annual conference. The Centre has developed a mailing list of 100 people of many denominations throughout the UK who are interested in Anabaptist concepts; 65 of those on the list now meet in study groups, which are growing in number. Editors **Stuart Murray** and **J. Nelson Kraybill** are compiling material for the first issue of **Anabaptism Today**, a periodical scheduled to make its premiere in the fall.

The aim of the Anabaptist initiative in the UK, according to Mennonite volunteer **Alan Kreider**, is "for Anabaptist understandings to be helpful in providing a theological and ecclesiastical framework for English Christians in the late 20th century, moving them in the direction of being communities of radical disciples."

- The **Amsterdam Summer University** is offering a short course at the end of August, titled "**Mennonites in the Netherlands: From Martyr to Muppy**," featuring six lecturers from the Netherlands, United States and Poland. The course will explore "the question of how the unworldly movement of the Mennonites became involved in worldly affairs," including a study of the history of Dutch Mennonites.

- The **House of History**, a museum scheduled to open in Bonn, Germany, next year will include an exhibit of close to 65 cans of lard, chicken meat and beef which were prepared and packaged by **Mennonite Central Committee (MCC)** 45 years ago for war relief in Europe. MCC contributed nearly one-third of the 26 million pounds of relief sent to Germany in 1947. The cans bear the words, "Food for Relief, In the Name of Christ" along with the names and addresses of the churches which helped to can the food. The House of History is being built by the German government to portray the changes that have taken place in the 44-year-old history of the Federal Republic of Germany.

- An **historical organization** is forming in Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana to preserve local Amish and Mennonite history. The group plans to sponsor meetings, workshops and tours, collect records and publish periodic newsletters. The stated pur-

pose of the group is to "promote the recording, gathering, systematizing, preserving, interpreting and publishing of Mennonite-related historical materials, and to improve understanding of the Mennonite and Amish culture, heritage and faith. For more information, write to **Thelma Martin**, 10289 McKinley, Osceola, IN 46561.

- **Nevin Miller**, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, reads a variety of scripture passages from fourteen books of the Bible on audiocassette. Miller, who played a Mennonite bishop in the 1990 television drama, "Silence at Bethany," is



a Mennonite preacher and an active member of the Screen Actors Guild. "The interesting thing," says Miller, "is that a professor at an Ohio state university got me to see reading scripture as an art." The tape was engineered by **James Hodgkins**, and is available from Harmonies, 34 West Eby Road, Leola, PA 17540.

- **Lauren Friesen**, Goshen (Indiana) College drama professor, won the first and second place prizes in the San Jacinto College National One-Act Competition. Names of the authors of the 62 entries were kept from the judges, who did not find out until after prizes were awarded that Friesen was the playwright of the two top entries. "The Urban Puma" (first place) and "Wildflowers" (second place) were produced during the June and July performance series at San Jacinto College in Houston, Texas. Friesen is also editor of *Theatre and Religion*, a journal

published by the Theatre and Religion Forum Group of the Association for Theatre in Higher Education.

- **Amy Kauffman**, of Topeka, Indiana, is one of 20 high school students in the nation to be named a **Presidential Scholar in the Arts**. Kauffman, a violinist, is a Bethany Christian High School senior who has received musical honors from the Music Teachers' National Association-Yamaha competition, *Seventeen Magazine*-General Motors competition and Fort Wayne Philharmonic, Indianapolis Symphony and Kalamazoo Symphony

competitions. Influential teachers of the Presidential Scholars are also honored as Scholars' Distinguished Teachers; Kauffman elected Bethany Christian High School German teacher **Irene Gross** as her most influential teacher.

- Artists **Rosemary Nachtigall-Friesen** and **Ginger Mallette** design and donate the logos for signs, mugs and T-shirts for the West Coast Mennonite Relief Sale and Auction. They are the owners and operators of Squaw Valley Herb Gardens, formerly Zwiebach's, a garden, nursery and art studio in Squaw Valley, California.

If you are aware of musicians, visual artists, writers or other creative people of Mennonite or related background whom you would like FQ to consider featuring in Did You Know That . . .?, please send information to Festival Quarterly, 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534.

Hymnal Society Features Hymnal: A Worship Book in Hymn Sing by Elizabeth Weaver Kreider



photos by FQ/Elizabeth Weaver Kreider

Each year at its annual meeting, the Hymn Society in the United States and Canada features several of the year's new hymnals at its evening hymn festivals. At the Society's 1992 Annual Conference at the National Presbyterian Church in Washington, D.C., one featured hymnal was *Hymnal: A Worship Book*, produced by the Mennonite and Church of the Brethren denominations in 1992.

During the hymn sing on July 6, Nancy Faus and Ken Nafziger, both on the *Hymnal* committee, took turns leading a variety of songs. Rebecca Slough, also on the committee, was the worship leader. The leaders emphasized the book's usefulness as a worship book, noting that its organization—gathering songs, praise songs, songs of confession, songs of proclamation, affirming the faith, prayer songs and benedictory songs—follows a typical wor-

ship service (see "On the Table of Contents of a Hymnal" by Mary Oyer, FQ, Winter 1992).

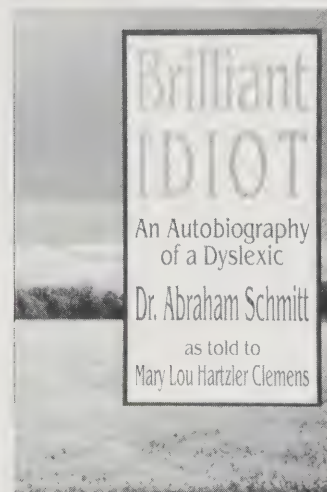
A choir of Washington area Mennonites and Church of the Brethren singers, along with several instrumentalists, helped to accompany the assembly and assisted in teaching new tunes. The leaders encouraged creativity in the singing, leading chants and canons, rearranging the voice parts and asking the congregation to create their own harmonies to a basic melody.

The music chosen was from many nations and time periods, and followed many streams of style and thought. Gathering and praise hymns opened the service. Bible readings interspersed throughout the singing dealt with the theme of the people going out into the land. Psalm 66:1-8 was read during the praise songs. In an Old Testament reading from 1 Kings 2:1-19a, Queen Jezebel ordered her thugs to stone Naboth so that King Ahab could have Naboth's vineyard. This story was read during a group of songs about forgiveness: "Forgive our sins as we forgive," "Father God, you are holy" and "Let God, who called the worlds."

After the reading of the New Testament passage, Luke 10:1-12, in which Jesus sends the disciples out into the land to proclaim that the kingdom of God was close, the songs were songs of proclamation. Then the body sang songs of affirmation of the faith, and prayer songs. The meeting closed with a benedictory hymn: "To God with the Lamb and the Dove."



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Taking Children Along

by Jewel Showalter

The little girl sat shyly in the big green arm chair hugging her doll with white yarn braids. Her father had dropped by our home to chat with a visiting missionary friend and she came along.

Two little boys, four and two years of age, walked into the Rosedale Mennonite Mission (RMM) Board headquarters where I work. They'd gamboled a quarter of a mile to escort their daddy home from work.

Preschool-age children usually want to go anywhere their parents are going. They clamor to be included, noticed. They want to help with the baking and washing projects before they're old enough to know that work is something they have to do.

We worked to include our children whenever possible, but it hasn't always been easy, especially when they grow up and don't beg to go. I often think wistfully of the togetherness fostered by life on a farm. But just because most of us don't live on farms any more doesn't mean we shouldn't work at working together.

During the 12 years Harold Miller served as secretary of Rosedale Mennonite Missions and Director of Latin American Ministries, he took each of his three children on separate deputation trips to South and Central America. At the height of the voluntary service program, there were as many as 30 persons under his leadership. His wife, Betty, often accompanied him and was along on the trips that included the children.

"So what did you and the children do all the time Harold was in meetings—dealing with personnel problems, hassling with budget questions, setting goals for program?" I asked.

"Oh," Betty explained, "Sometimes we sat at a table in a restaurant and read or the children did homework they had brought along. Sometimes I visited friends and the children played with missionary or national playmates."

"We all knew this was different from a family vacation," Harold added. "I told them I wanted them to understand my work and my frequent absences from home. They took a real interest and I felt their support when I was gone." He told of the day their eleven-year-old daughter, Luceeta, spent in a rural health clinic in Nicaragua. She helped the nurses with

jobs such as packaging medicines. "It left an indelible impression," Harold said.

Millers explained that they took the children along before they turned twelve and needed to pay adult air fares. "We paid for the trips with personal funds, but it was worth every penny," Harold said. "All three of the children (who are young adults today) continue a high interest in missions."

When missionary friends spent time stateside, the Miller family enjoyed hosting them and could talk intelligently about the work in Costa Rica, Nicaragua and Ecuador. Luceeta has since taken two trips to Ecuador on her own, once with a Summer Witness In Mission youth team and once with her young husband who hadn't yet been abroad but shared her love of missions.

When Don Showalter accepted the job of Director of Personnel and Public Relations for the Northern Light Gospel Mission he and his wife Marilyn decided to include their children whenever possible. For two to three months every year they travel together representing the mission in churches from Canada to Delaware to Iowa. The whole family sings together and the oldest daughter, Carol, delights audiences with a ventriloquism routine with her dummy friend, Henry. Carol also plays the keyboard. Kevin plays bass, Keith the guitar.

"The children look forward to the PR trips," Don said. "We often pull a house

trailer which makes it possible for us to keep up our family times together and continue with home schooling," he explained.

Rather than dreading all the visits to strange churches, Don says the children are not bashful and mingle well. "They enjoy giving their analyses of the different churches too. 'No one talked to me there,' or 'That was really a friendly church!'" they'll say after a program.

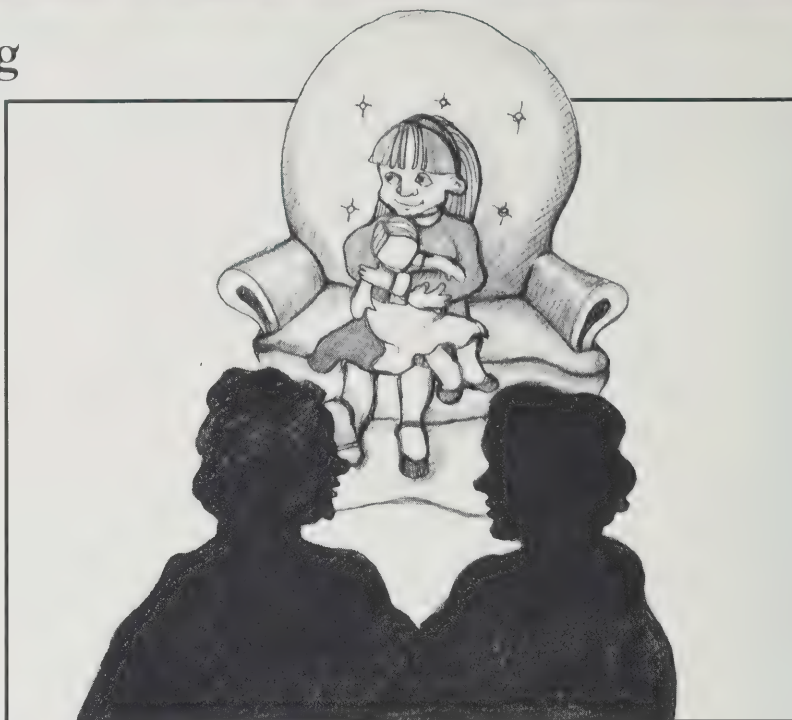
"Going as a family is much more effective than going alone," Don added. "Audiences warm up to us right away when the children are along."

There's no doubt in my mind that the Miller and Showalter children felt included, important, interested in the vocations to which their parents had been called. Once in a while I think I have a problem with James Dobson and Focus on the Family. We love our family and focus on it, but our highest focus is "seeking first the kingdom of God"—as a family. Can a focus on the family be selfish at times? I'm convinced that when we learn what it really means to put "the kingdom" first, our families will know a deeper happiness than a mere family night.



Jewel Showalter lives in Ohio with her husband and three teenage children. She works part time in information services at Rosedale Mennonite Missions.

illustration by Cheryl Benner



The Best Intentions—A powerful, poignant story about a penniless theology student who falls in love with an upper-class girl. An excellent movie based on a screenplay by Ingmar Bergman (don't let that scare you—this film is not all allegory and symbolism like some of Bergman's have been). Class struggles, theological conflicts and romance! In Swedish. (9)

Bob Roberts—A witty, biting portrait of a bigot who uses the techniques of the '60s and the themes of the '80s to run for the Senate. Openly biased. A pity. The story lacks depth because of the propaganda. (5)

Boomerang—A disappointing movie about an advertising executive who "loves women," only to meet his comeuppance from his new female boss. (3)

Death Becomes Her—A conceited actress and a vengeful writer compete over a plastic surgeon. Half-funny, half-weird satire of our society's intoxication with staying young. (3)

Diggstown—A tough-talking, bare-knuckles ex-con takes on the crooked landlord who owns most of the little town. Fine writing and superb acting. (6)

Enchanted April—Two weary women in dreary London decide to vacation together at a medieval castle in Italy. Perceptive, witty portrait loses some of its steam as it progresses. Enchanting, nonetheless. (7)

Glengarry Glen Ross—Top-flight cast, cramped into a real estate office, devour each other as sales suffer. Seems like a filmed play. Excellent script marred by constant overdose of profanity. (6)

Hero—Dustin Hoffman delivers another meticulously etched characterization. An airplane crash offers a redemptive moment in the life of a failed crook. Someone else takes the credit. Delightful story about redemption and manipulation. (8)

Honeymoon in Vegas—Hey, if you try to get married in Las Vegas during a convention of Elvis impersonators, avoid the mobster who recently lost the wife he loved. He might try to steal your wife-to-be in a poker game. Very funny at spots. (5)

Howards End—An extraordinary film, wistful for an England fast disappearing, ripe with free thinking and revolution. The rich, mysterious manner in which the story is told creates a magnificent perspective. A somewhat limited millionaire loses his reflective wife and marries one of two sisters who enjoy ideas. (8)

Husbands and Wives—A series of highly original scenes laced together into a slow, meandering tapestry. Woody Allen explores marriage and relationships. Not his best; not his worst. (6)

The Last of the Mohicans—What was it like to be there in the French and Indian War, caught between the French and the British, caught between roving Indian war parties?

Few movies have ever captured the exhilaration and confusion of war so well. This film does not navel gaze or write sonnets; it's about survival when the world's a blur. Thoroughly enjoyable. (8)

A League of Their Own—A highly enjoyable, very amiable story set during the first season of the All American Girls Professional Baseball League. (6)

L'Elegant Criminel—A character study of a witty, elegant criminal who won many hearts in spite of his crimes and lack of remorse. In French. (5)

Man Trouble—A dud. A singer with security problems. (2)

Mr. Saturday Night—Billy Crystal stars as a failed, aging comic whose wish to be the clown wrecked most of his real-life relationships. Funny, in spite of the schmaltz. (6)

Night on Earth—A wonderfully inventive series of five movies within a movie. Conversations between five cab drivers and their passengers in five different cities. (7)

Patriot Games—A less-than-effective action yarn about a CIA man and his endangered family. (3)

Rapid Fire—Half-winsome, small flick about a college student who uses martial-arts to survive a mess. (3)

Sarafina!—A fairly successful drama with music set in South Africa. A young girl tries to find hope among the violence and oppression. Refreshing and touching. (7)

School Ties—A sensitive, worthwhile study of a working class quarterback who receives a scholarship to an upper-crust WASP prep school. Will they discover that he is Jewish? Thoughtful. (7)

Singles—An episodic yarn about single life, the fear of falling in love and hesitation in general. (4)

Single White Female—A B-grade stalker-thriller about the roommate who answers the ad of an unsuspecting Manhattan businesswoman. (3)

Sneakers—One of the most intelligent caper movies in years. Great script, superb acting and engaging pace accent this high-tech thriller about security and secret codes. (8)

A Stranger Among Us—A disappointing mystery set in Brooklyn's Hasidic Jewish community. Miscast, mis-everything. (2)

Twin Peaks: Fire Walk with Me—Not for average moviegoers. Director David Lynch wields a diabolical lens on life. Quirky and malevolent. (2)

Unforgiven—A classic Western odyssey, creating a myth by trying to destroy other myths about the old West. Clint Eastwood's excellent as actor and director. An attempt at realism. (6)

Films are rated from an adult FQ perspective on a scale from 1 through 9, based on their sensitivity, integrity and technique.



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Bloopers and Whoopers

by Katie Funk Wiebe

• Typos do creep in, admits the *Mennonite Brethren Herald*. It once turned a "Funk" into a "Fink." Around Christmas, they achieved an amazing victory over evil by transforming "Satan" into "Santa." They stated that a conference board had presented a "daft proposal" (draft) and in an obituary they reported that the deceased woman had "loved to sin in the choir."—*Mennonite Brethren Herald*.

• Mennonite Economic Development Association (MEDA) went one better. The minutes of the MEDA Board of Directors, Lancaster, November 14, 1991 state: "Executive Session: The board met in an execution session."—John A. Lapp, Akron, PA

• At the MCC Relief sale at Goshen in fall 1991, one booth sold round cookies decorated with yellow frosting and the words: "Operation Desert Storm." Money-maker, no doubt.—Theron F. Schlabach, Goshen, IN

• Tabor College received some backhanded notoriety in the Campus Comedy department of the June 1991 issue of *Reader's Digest*. Lori L. Lohrenz, a 1980 graduate, wrote: "I was reluctant to answer my six-year-old daughter when she asked how I met her father. Actually, it was a late-afternoon lecture at Tabor College in Hillsboro, Kansas, when I took the seat

next to his. As the professor droned on, we both fell asleep and awakened only when class was dismissed. I turned to my future husband with a slightly embarrassed smile, and he said, 'Don't worry. Even though we've just slept together, I still respect you.' For now I'm just telling her we met in college."

• A complicated and extensive restructuring of the Mennonite Brethren General Conference took place at a conference convention in 1990. It passed with limited opposition. "We don't use guns, but we do shoot straight," was one leader's comment after the dust had settled.

• *Mennonite Ethics Department*: How to decide whether to fan or not to fan when the air conditioning is either nonexistent or inadequate, especially during prayers. Here are your options: (a) Play the martyr role, patiently enduring the discomfort of the heat; (b) Play the good neighbor role and wave your Sunday school quarterly with enthusiasm, cognizant that the breeze you create benefits those around you; (c) Play the pious Christian role by opening the hymnbook to an appropriately pious piece, so that the cool breezes are sanctified by reverent words.—Ivan Emke from the Normal, Ill. Assembly Newsletter

• From the *Mennonite Lexicon*:

Mennotropolis: any center of Menno-

nite activities, which has gained prominence for producing and distributing large amounts of printed materials.

Mennostatician: anyone involved in keeping Mennonites properly categorized as ethnic Mennonites and non-ethnic Mennonites, and who gets terribly upset when confronted with a Mennonite name like MacDonald, which can't be slid into a neat slot.

Menno-intendo: a video game only for those with very high IQs. Players are expected to match acronyms for Mennonite churches, agencies, boards and committees, such as MDS, MCC, AMBS, MBBS, MMA and so forth, with job descriptions. Only people with large amounts of computer memory should play this game.



Katie Funk Wiebe, author of many books and articles, is a freelance writer living in Wichita, Kansas.



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Curing America's Road Fever

by Stephen B. Goddard

A 76-year-old Federal policy of feeding American roads while starving its rails has led to traffic gridlock, highway carnage, air pollution and dependence on foreign oil.

Congress last year took the first timid steps toward reversing those trends. Over the next five years, the Government plans to spend \$205 million on high-speed rail, mostly between Boston and Washington. But that is barely more than 1 percent of the Federal transportation budget and a thousandth of what the European Community will spend on its rail network over the next 20 years.

As America faces economic competition from a unified Europe as well as Japan, our competitors' ability to move people and goods efficiently is far ahead of ours—and the gap is widening. While the U.S. has been slow to spend money to upgrade the obsolete tracks of the Northeast Corridor, France has moved five million passengers a year since 1981 on its 185-m.p.h. trains—the TGV. Germany and Japan each have invested \$1 billion in research on trains that float on air above tracks.

Europe never abandoned its railroads to the marketplace as America has done. The pressure on the European Community to curb cars is coming less from governments than from the people. Citizens, upset about the building of more highways, are taking matters into their own hands.

In April, the British Minister of Roads lost a parliamentary election to his Labor opponent after a ruckus over the construction of a new motorway. Local planning authorities, even in Conservative strongholds, have turned back recent efforts to build new highways.

In Germany, the Bundestag is expected

to adopt a master plan to spend more money on railways than roads, partly in reaction to numerous lawsuits by citizens who are blocking new extensions of autobahns.

The French Government wants to expand a major auto route to handle the expected heavy traffic from the English Channel tunnel, which opens later in this decade, but grass-roots citizens' groups vow to prevent the toll highway from ever being built.

Both
Germany and France
seek to introduce
further high-speed travel
that is beyond
the imagination
of most Americans in
speed, luxury
and convenience.

European governments have learned that people want a balanced transportation network—one that moves people in a cost-effective way and coordinates road and rail. Most European cities link downtowns to airports by rail—something that Boston and Washington have done but New York City has yet to do. You could once take “the train to the plane” from Manhattan to Kennedy International Airport, but the trip involved a bus connection and the service was discontinued.

The nationalization of the German and French railroads was a military decision, not high-minded public policy. But years of large-scale governmental promotion of train travel has created habits that are two generations old. Millions of people in both countries are accustomed to rail travel at a time when both seek to introduce further high-speed travel that is beyond the imagination of most Americans in speed, luxury and convenience.

The French TGV system turns a net 15 percent profit, debunking the idea that passenger railways only lost money; it has become a cash cow that subsidized older, less-efficient lines. Germany expects profits from its new 165-m.p.h. Inter-City Express system, which features such amenities as audio and video consoles, conference rooms, phone booths and computers, enabling travelers to book hotel rooms and rent cars.

High-speed passenger travel in the U.S. faces obstacles. The curvature of most East Coast tracks is too great to accommodate TGV-type trains, but Amtrak is testing a 150-m.p.h. Swedish train designed to lean into turns to counter centrifugal force.

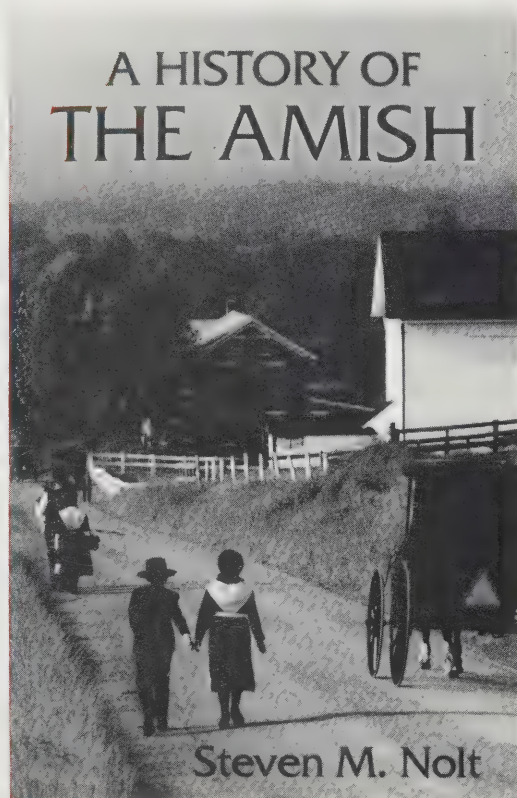
One hundred years ago, Federal officials barnstormed the country constructing short stretches of paved road to generate support for a national road-building program. Similarly, if European rail passenger cars could be brought to our major cities to demonstrate their pleasures, imaginations would be kindled the way they were when the first horseless carriages chugged down our streets.

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Festival Quarterly regularly offers essays and speeches from the larger world that, because of their subject, sensitivity or wisdom, are of interest to our readers.

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by Steven M. Nolt

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This book brings together for the first time in one volume a thorough history of the Amish people. Authoritative, interestingly written, **A History of the Amish** presents the deep, rich heritage of the Amish people.

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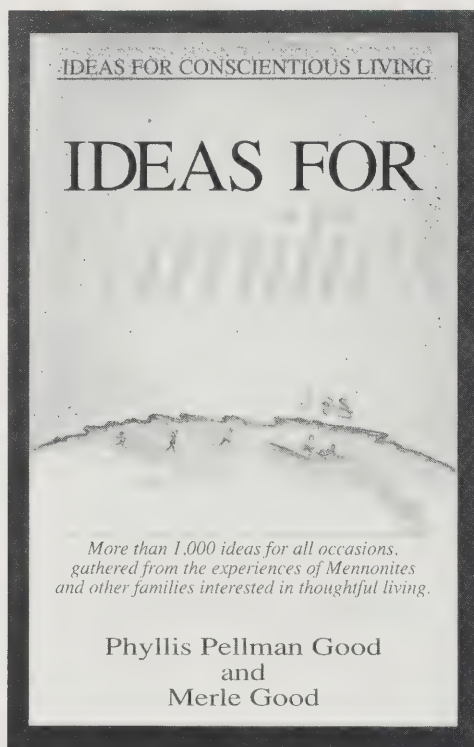
Quarterly

Jan 1992



Dilemmas of a Mennonite Architect

IDEAS for FAMILIES



Ideas for Families by Phyllis Pellman Good and Merle Good

252 pages • \$9.95, paperback

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Where do thoughtful parents turn for concrete ideas about activities to do with their children which are joyful and family building?

Ideas for Families is just that—a full collection of resources for routine days, moments of celebration, and troublesome matters like managing TV and allowances. The book is a virtual catalog of specific practices and traditions gathered from “experts.” All ideas have come from parents who have either used them or observed them at work.

Here are ideas for:

- Creating a sense of family, despite everyone’s schedule pressures;
- Having fun together, even though ages and interests vary;
- Making mealtime and bedtime occasions for building belonging;
- Passing the time in the car;
- Happily occupying children at home;
- Inspiring responsible handling of chores;
- Staying in touch with grandparents and extended family members.

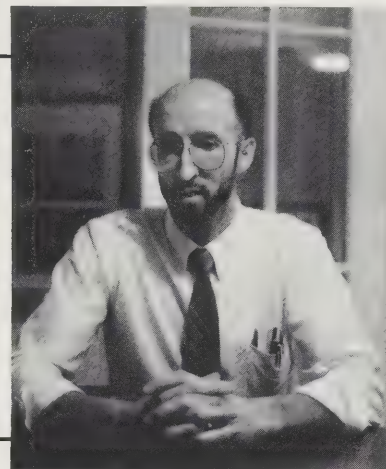
Organized for easy access to specific practices and traditions, **Ideas for Families** espouses fun, values, community, belonging, and faith, in contemporary families.

FESTIVAL

Quarterly

on the cover . . .

Active architect. Active member of a Mennonite congregation. Dale Kaufman is both, and the two parts of himself are in endless conversation. "Dilemmas of a Mennonite Architect."



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The Cook's Corner

New Spiral Binding

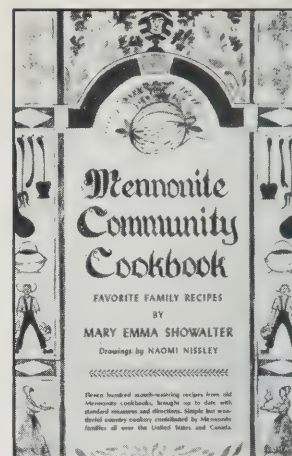
Mennonite Community Cookbook

Is the hardcover binding on your *Mennonite Community Cookbook* worn from years of frequent use? We have a convenient new edition with plastic-coil binding at \$4.00 off the hardcover price. The cover is laminated for extra protection against kitchen spills. Inside is the same delicious, traditional Mennonite cooking that many of us grew up on.

Mary Emma Showalter introduces each chapter with her own nostalgic recollection of cookery in grandma's day—the pie shelf in the springhouse, outdoor bake ovens, the summer kitchen. Beautifully illustrated with color photographs and drawings by Naomi Nissley.

Spiral, \$16.95; in Canada \$20.95.

Still available: hardcover edition, \$20.95; in Canada \$25.95.

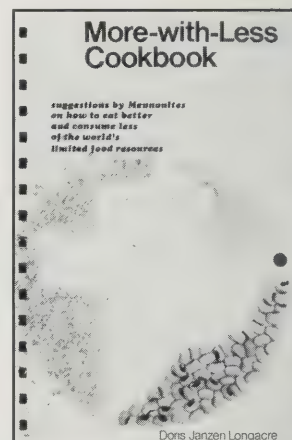


More-with-Less Cookbook

We have also improved *More-with-Less Cookbook* by replacing the metal spiral binding with continuous plastic coil and by adding protective lamination to the cover.

This popular cookbook by Doris Janzen Longacre calls for simpler living, including the foods we eat, and begins to introduce us to new foods from the worldwide Mennonite family. Sales of well over a half-million copies have resulted in \$475,000 in royalties for Mennonite Central Committee to use in service and relief projects around the world.

Spiral, \$14.95; in Canada \$18.95.

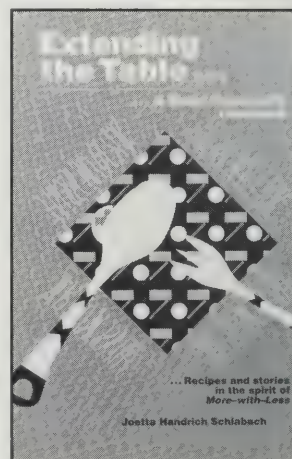


Extending the Table: A World Community Cookbook

Celebrating the diversity of other cultures and sharing our tables with others are the themes of this cookbook by Joetta Handrich Schlabach with recipe editor Kristina Mast Burnett. From over 80 countries come recipes and stories about food and hospitality. The continuous plastic-coil binding, which allows all the pages to lie flat no matter where you are in the cookbook, is convenient for easy use.

Spiral, \$14.95; in Canada \$18.95.

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FESTIVAL

Quarterly

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EDITORIALS

Going Which Way?

It's a confusing day for Mennonite institutions. Those muscular organizations that seemed to take on more heft as we left behind the old practices that used to distinguish us as Mennonites seem suddenly to be going flabby. Budgets are bottoming out. Enthusiasm—beyond the ranks of their staff members—seems to be in short supply.

So who's to blame? The economic recession? Loss of imagination on the part of the institution? Fading loyalty from the constituency, particularly us Baby Boomers, who are painted as being highly demanding, choosy onlookers, moving into mid-life and, presumably, money? Or are we simply witnessing the natural life cycle of any institution?

Ever concerned with efficient productivity, Mennonites of the last several generations gathered their money and their missions together and built tidy structures that got lots of jobs done. They talked of "pioneering," of "frontiers," of "new fields" in missions and medicine and education.

For many, these projects of promise brought something additionally inviting—a new understanding of what it meant to be a Mennonite. No longer defined by detailed rules, regulations and expectations, Mennonites found new identity in their institutions—some within their district conferences, some at the denominational level, and others in inter-Mennonite efforts. Budgets soared, staffs grew, programs amazed.

Now, support has gone wobbly. Those of us who proved capable of building institutions are faced with structures that have voracious appetites—for money, for time, for energy, for space—and dwindling dollars and interest.

Before we pour more dollars and more days into hatching ever more clever strategies, I wish we could spare the time to reflect on some critical questions.

Can the institutions which provided significant identity for one or maybe two generations of Mennonites continue to do the same for those coming on? I suspect that structures and organizations can neither create nor sustain our identity.

What looms, in addition, are matters of succession. Whose organizations are these? Who wants them? Do they de-

serve to continue? In what form? Are they "us," as we understand the church to be? The younger, oncoming generations may not *announce* the dismantling of the institutions that have been so deliberately and carefully built during the last several decades, but by their disinterest, their distance, their preoccupation elsewhere, they are having that effect.

Should we assume, therefore, that the organizations we in the church build will have their current, basic shape for, at the most, a generation? Is that, perhaps, especially appropriate for the church?

From where does passion to give and to support come? Are the current structures reeling from a breakdown in stewardship education, or too much distance between their programs and their audience? (Many of us and our younger brothers and sisters don't have a memory of missionary slide shows.)

What fuels ownership and involvement? Are our organizations open to both the scrutiny and the ideas that current generations of church members have to offer? Can these structures, which have grown increasingly "expert" and "professional" in their staffs and approaches, yield to the advice and opinions a more involved constituency would bring? Untidy though it may be, that openness may be the only way institutions can continue beyond the generation that gave them birth.

Economic recovery has only a little to do with these matters. More at the heart of it is what it means to be an active and participating Mennonite. That, it seems to me, is the place to begin the round on the future of our organizations and structures.

—PPG

I just received the Summer 1992 issue of *Festival Quarterly*. Steven Nolt's article, "The Mennonite Eclipse," is eye-opening, to say the least. Thanks for bringing it to our attention.

Melodie Davis
Harrisonburg, Virginia

Today I got your article, "The Mennonite Eclipse" in *Festival Quarterly* and, to say the least, I was favorably impressed! I have long maintained that since our Old Orders, both Mennonite and Amish, people oppose aggressive behavior—they thus produce perhaps only 1% of the Mennonite literature, while the "mainlines" produce 99%—this is bound to give a distorted image in the end. You are the first to come out in a magazine and say that, but I think you are right to admit to this fact. Thanks, Steven, for your courage.

Amos B. Hoover
Denver, Pennsylvania

Your recent article, "The Mennonite Eclipse," in *Festival Quarterly* is most interesting. Could you do the same analysis for the conservative wing of the Prussian-Russian grouping? I suspect the graph would be similar.

You ask the question about having representatives from the "Old Orders" on MCC. They have had the option since 1940 but have decided part of their being "Old Order" is not to be part of such structures! They do participate on regional boards (East Coast, Great Lakes, Central States) and several MCC Canada provincial organizations. We are very appreciative for their local involvements in many fund raising activities, as well as material aid gathering. They are very active as MDS volunteers.

Not to detract from your point, it is worth observing that there are cycles of change in the Mennonite family. I've observed that Old Order Mennonite youth culture today seems similar to what I knew of Lancaster Conference in the 1940s. At least it will be interesting to see the cycle of change among the several groupings.

John A. Lapp
Executive Secretary,
Mennonite Central Committee
Akron, Pennsylvania

Thanks for the wonderful Summer 92 *Festival Quarterly* issue. Of particular joy was the double spread of Betty Good's poems. Her ability with words thrilled me. The words make me see pictures . . . "a memory distilled . . . like a glistening drop

of water"!! Wow. (I called her immediately.) Hope we'll see her in print again.

Jewell Gross Brenneman
Rockville, Maryland

Regarding Emerson Leshner's article "What's in a Congregational Name?" he missed a category of church names he could have called, "Congregations Named after a Bull."

When the railroad company rejected an earlier suggestion for the name of the newly established town submitted by the land owner, the disgruntled farmer sent in the name of his prize bull, Kalona, which was accepted. Kalona, Iowa is now the hub of one of the oldest Mennonite communities west of the Mississippi River, and Kalona Mennonite Church is a congregation of some 330 plus members.

Some spin-offs of Kalona Mennonite that would reflect its true roots, character and fellowship could be:

Shoot the Bull Mennonite Church
Bull Session Mennonite Church
Mennonite Church of Bull Sessions
Bullish on Mennonites Church
Ed D. Miller
Wellman, Iowa

I just read in the Summer 1992 issue of *FQ* Agnes and Ray Hacker's response to Emerson Leshner's article in the Spring '92 issue, "What's in a Congregation's Name," in which he implied he would be uncom-

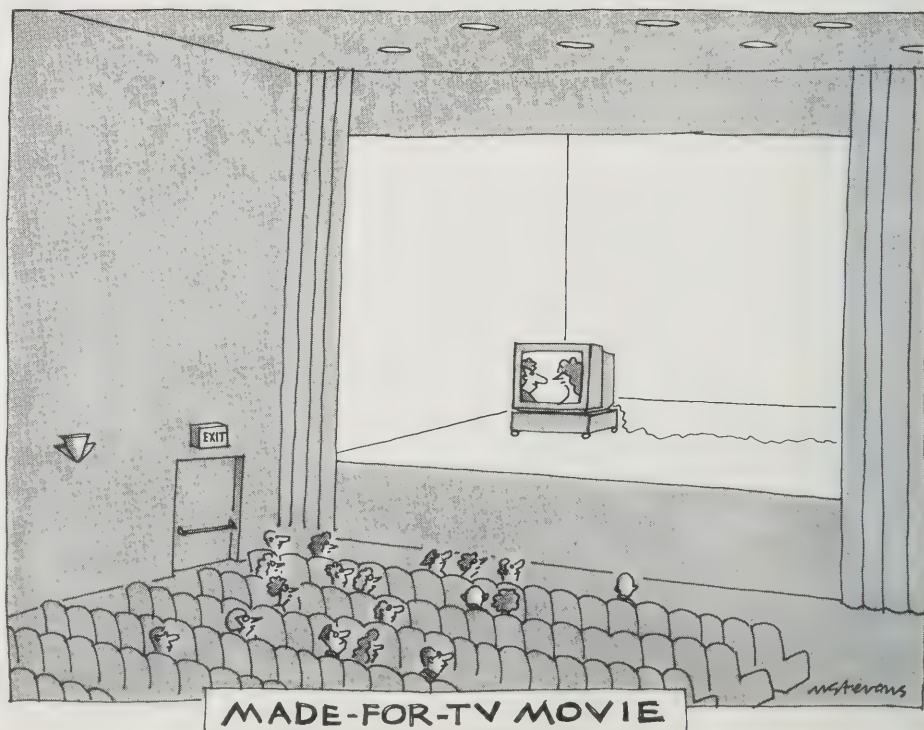
fortable in a congregation with a name like "West Swamp."

The Hackers' response, implying that to marry a man with a name like Emerson Leshner would be worse than attending a church with a name like West Swamp, made me laugh out loud. Great comeback! Best laugh I've had in a long time. And I'm sure Emerson wouldn't mind as he himself has produced some good healthy laughs.

Since my mother was from the Franconia area I know something of the Swamp churches. They are full of good people—like the Leshners. Wouldn't it be interesting if someday a person with a name like Emerson Leshner were to attend a church with a name like West Swamp Mennonite Church? What a great combination that would be!

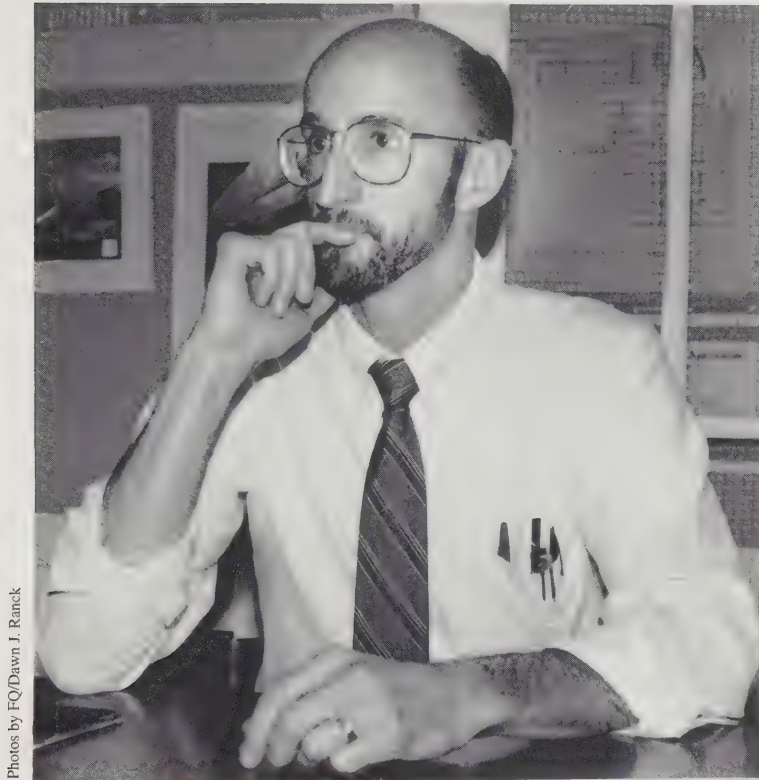
Ruth L. Burkholder
Harrisonburg, Virginia

The editors welcome letters. Letters for publication must include the writer's name and address and should be sent to Festival Quarterly, 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534. The editors regret that the present volume of mail necessitates publishing only a representative cross-section. Letters are subject to editing for reasons of space or clarity.



Dilemmas of a Mennonite Architect

by Phyllis Pellman Good



Photos by FQ/Dawn J. Ranck

There is no question about his artistic strengths. There is no doubt about his faith convictions. And within Dale Kaufman, the two forces seem to work in a basic and profound harmony. In fact, the two intertwine continually in his practice, his conversation, and his time away from his office.

This man does not design buildings in the shape of a cross. Nor does he douse his structures with pious symbols. Instead, he insists continually on integrating what his eye and imagination see with what his heart and mind believe. Yet it is not always an easy alliance.

What ethical dilemmas confront an architect who is a Mennonite? "This industry is always producing new and better things. And if you want to develop an impeccable reputation, and have your results be as perfect as possible, you need to have full artistic control. For that, you need clients who can pay. My profession tends to have wealthier clients because they can afford professional services. So, a lot of organizations and persons I believe in get excluded because they simply can't pay."

That fact has shaped Kaufman's architectural practice. "That's why I went into business for myself, so I can offer services to organizations that others might pass by. Consequently, we do a lot of residential design, which I like. It allows me to do a lot related to energy concerns—specifying energy—efficient appliances, for example, which eventually pay for themselves. And some artistic designs can become extremely complex, so I have a standard of trying to simplify structures, and emphasizing quality materials."

On another front, Kaufman finds himself tangling with folks who are preparing to build their "dream" home. "A lot of clients—including Mennonites!—want to build large homes. They're spending their money on space. I try to influence them instead to invest in better quality materials that have a longer life and that are more energy efficient with savings in maintenance. And I'm a strong advocate of using space in multiple ways."

His advice meets with varied responses, even when offered to his fellow church members! "I'll encourage the use of solar/passive heating or building smaller. I'll say it

several times, in several different ways, and if I'm not heard, I'll give in and go on. I think I've learned when to go on!"

Dale Kaufman, now of Strasburg, Pennsylvania, came to the Mennonite church as an adult. He brought with him a fresh eye for seeing what more long-term members either assume or downplay. For him, the traditional Mennonite meetinghouses, so common throughout the eastern part of the United States, are not ugly hulks, but simple, strong, sound structures that communicate the faith-life of the people who use them. He smiles when asked about the renovations and additions, as well as new buildings, undertaken by many congregations in the recent past. "There was a time when there weren't many Mennonite architects. Those buildings reflect that with their steeples and complexities."

But it is not nostalgia that shapes Kaufman's views on Mennonite churches. It is his ever-present understanding that beauty and structure express meaning. "A problem I've had with the old church buildings is their complete lack of landscaping, their barrenness. It's a cold look. It's not inviting. It is maintenance-free, that's true. No one needs to come in midweek to trim the ivy! People would never do that to their homes. Mennonites love nature. They have beautiful yards. But they let their church exteriors be cold."

What should congregations who are setting out on a new building program be alert to? Without giving specific architectural advice, Kaufman first speaks to a particular passion of his. "I would recommend that church buildings be close to their members, and, ideally, close to or within small towns and cities to encourage persons to walk or bike to church. When I think about the Catholic Church and its parishes—although it's mandated—I like the fact that the physical and spiritual communities are connected. That's why I encourage new churches to be built near to existing communities."

How the church should be "in the world" is a theme that plays continually behind this architect's personal choices and professional advice. While he has affiliated with a church that has traditionally been wary of involvement with the larger world, Kaufman believes, in fact, that Mennonites belong in certain public positions and that they should seek interchange with their communities rather than withdrawal.

"While we've said we're somewhat set apart from the larger world, in many ways we haven't been at all—economically, for example. I don't see the economic structures we're willing to live with being ones that show our concern for peace and justice. Furthermore, our lack of participation in local concerns means that others who are less spiritually inclined make the decisions that affect the disadvantaged."

"If we are to be salt and light in society, we need to get to know others in that society. To the degree that we don't get involved, we set ourselves up to be judgmental."

Dale has submitted his idealism to the public process for years, serving a five-year stint on the Lancaster City Planning Commission (one year as Vice Chair and two years as Chair). In that role he worked with neighborhood groups on black improvement projects and on developing consensus about how to use federal money that they received to build and sustain community life.

"Apart from farmers, I think we should live close to existing communities, for energy reasons, for interpersonal reasons, for self-discipline reasons. If we live out away from others, we don't come into contact with persons of need—we're removed—and we lose a certain richness that that exchange brings."

"It also leads to the abuse of the automobile. We are social creatures, so we seek the company of others. (Yet we somehow believe that it's better not to live too close to others!)

We've been concerned about the excesses of TV and have worked hard to control its use, but with the automobile, we've shown very little control. We use it to excess."

Dale's convictions have also been shaped by where he has lived. He grew up in a small town; then as an adult bought an old rowhouse in the city of Lancaster. He lived in that neighborhood for nearly 17 years, leaving it four and a half years ago when he and his wife Stephanie and their elementary-aged children, Ashley and Zachary, returned to Dale's childhood home to care for his aging mother.

"As a kid, I could walk or bike to my friends, the

playgrounds, everything I needed. I never experienced the loneliness, the feeling of remoteness that one of my friends had who lived out of town.

"When you live in a community, you don't need to each have your own ping-pong table, or pool table, or weights. There are usually neighborhood game rooms or community swimming pools, so people can have smaller homes and yards without sacrificing recreation or social exchange."

"The automobile has been a very destructive force in our society. It has isolated economic groups; it has permitted the separation of economic communities and eliminated the interchanges that the old communities allowed. Furthermore, if we all insist on living out in the country, we'll do away with "country!" Our roads are increasingly cumbersome because of all the driveways exiting onto them."

This architect has serious questions about the kind of housing which society—and Mennonites, as well—are

“Apart from farmers,
I think
we should live
close to existing
communities,
for energy reasons,
for interpersonal reasons,
for self-discipline reasons.”

providing for the elderly. "Nursing homes are needed these days," he grants, "but most of the kinds we are building are extremely expensive to maintain." The location of many of these complexes rankles him equally as much. "We build them out in idyllic, rural settings, but that also means they are *removed* and isolated. It's hardly biblical to select the most peaceful settings we can afford, is it?"

"There are alternatives that are far less expensive, that would allow greater involvement for the residents in community life, if they were built in or next to towns. You can create shared living and accessory apartments in existing buildings. If there are zoning problems, that's the kind of place where persons with peace and justice concerns should become involved. I've experienced that. If we don't become part of these structures, there are persons who will, who don't necessarily have those concerns."

The Kaufmans put their own ideals to test by building an apartment for his mother onto the rear of the house where Dale grew up. That allowed her to stay in her own community, keeping her church and friendship connections alive, although it did mean uprooting the younger family from their home in Lancaster. It was a difficult experiment, especially as the older woman suffered from Alzheimer's disease, but they believe it cost less emotionally than if they had not made the move. (Dale's mother did eventually enter an Alzheimer's unit at a local retirement home just a few weeks before her death.)

Dale knows that his point of view is out of step with prevailing trends in society and the church. "We've been brainwashed by salespeople involved in development," he believes. "We must emphasize the benefits of community living," he states, enumerating several. "They are both economic and social. We can avoid being professional chauffeurs. We can allow our young people and older adults independence; we can permit them to walk and not be reliant on driving."

Having just lived through his own mother's aging and death, Kaufman is particularly alert to the well-meaning injustices we often inflict on the elderly. "When you move older people away from their friends and neighbors, you frustrate them. When you force people to get into their cars to go visit them, they get fewer visitors. It also makes it harder for retirement home residents to contribute to the church and the larger community. Then they lose a sense of worth or purpose. They get older faster when they're not tied into things."

Kaufman sees hope for the Mennonite church in its still-vital impulse toward active service. But rather than training our eyes primarily on crisis needs and emergencies, Dale dreams of Mennonites intentionally yielding their profes-

sional skills to the well-being of their communities. "I want to keep searching for ways to express peace and justice in our neighborhoods. I want to be seen as different for the ways we *are* involved, rather than being different for not being involved."

"Alternatives for housing is something our office works at continually. That often means the renovation of small spaces, which is less lucrative economically. But I believe firmly that as a church we need to be concerned about housing—good, wholesome, low-cost housing for all who need it—including young persons who work for the church and can't afford housing at going market rates. Good, affordable housing can cut down on conditions that lead to all kinds of abuse."

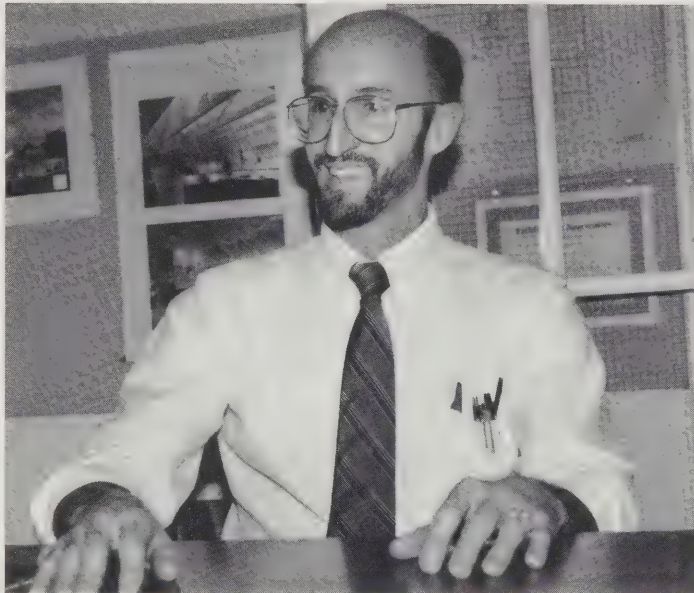
One other ingredient in Dale's experience adds power to his convictions. In addition to serving in the Army himself, he comes from a family who has been active in the military and with veterans' interests. "If we as a church feel concern

for justice, we need to involve our youth in service projects in times of peace, as well as war. It's only fair to do that when our neighbors have to go to war. We have been granted a privilege by society, and that leaves us with a large debt to society, to serve it peacefully. As parents, we need to pass on that sense of responsibility to our children.

"A lot of the wealth that exists in the Mennonite community today is owed to the fact that during World War II, family businesses could go on; they could be continually tended. The rest of society had to sacrifice not only wages, but also the maintenance of jobs and businesses. So Mennonites have had distinct advantages, and incurred another kind of debt. I think that having every young person do a year or more of community service would be quite appropriate—both for the growth it would bring our youth, and the contribution it would make to the larger community."

For all his sense of Christian propriety, Dale Kaufman has not permitted his creativity to be curbed. Most of his plans and drawings—and certainly his conversation—reflect the two sides of himself. About church buildings, he says, for example, "I encourage simplicity, but always a close relation between the interior and the exterior of a building. Make a courtyard, find an orientation that helps with solar/passive energy interests, but also the interplay of light."

His commitments have not throttled him artistically. They have, instead, created certain boundaries within the works—imaginatively. "I feel a dichotomy—art takes time, and time is money. So I arrive at a simpler approach to design. My interest in cost containment is tied to stewardship. It's a discipline against getting caught up with everything I see in all the magazines!"



MENNONITE SPIRITUALITY

A Collection of Writings Through the Years

Suffering's Challenge

Dagne Assefa, United States, 1983

An Ethiopian Mennonite describes renewal in his congregation in Addis Ababa. The Ethiopian church is called Meserete Kristos Church (MKC) meaning "Christ Foundation Church."

The spiritual renewal of Bole MKC began with worship. There was a new life and openness in the worship services that had not been characteristic of the congregation. The Sunday morning worship was not only too formal and structured, but also lacked inspiration and flexibility. Then the congregation, because of charismatic influences, turned away from its prescribed pattern of worship to a more spontaneous and diverse style of worship. For a while, the change created a tension between the "old" and the "new" members. Out of this tension and other experiences, the congregation was able to appreciate not only one but different forms of worship.

There was more praying and singing outside the formal church setting. Believers gathered together in households to pray and share testimonies of God's work in their lives. They prayed for courage and love when they were mistreated and persecuted by the enemies of their faith. Through all the harassments they received, both from the government and the society, they showed a persistent faith in what God can do in their lives.

Along with this conscious and active seeking of God's will in prayer also came a new hunger for the word of God. The congregation began to study the Word and listen to each other's interpretations. They examined the Scripture to find out what it meant to live under a regime that attacked their faith. They asked themselves how one could be honest to the teachings of the Scripture and at the same time live in peace with the Socialist Government.

The Bole MKC, because of its willingness to suffer for Christ, became a power that the Government had to reckon with. The more the Government infringed upon the freedom of the Church to worship and to spread the Gospel the more the work of God was done. When the Government restricted the Church from going out into the world in any manner, the world came to the Church to see what God was doing in her midst. The Church could not go out to carry out her "Great Commission" but nothing could stop her from being a witness to what God was doing in the world. It was this challenge that the Government could not deal with. They finally resorted to using force to close down all the Mennonite congregations and put their leaders behind bars without any charges.¹

Each One

Swiss Brethren, Switzerland, ca. 1540

A listener is bound by Christian love (if something of edification is given or revealed to him) that he should and may speak of it also in the congregation, and again thereupon be silent, according to the text which reads: "How is it then brethren? When ye come together, every one of you hath a psalm, hath a doctrine, hath a tongue, hath a revelation, hath an interpretation. Let all things be done unto edifying," etc. And again, "Let one or another prophet speak (that is prophesying) and the other judge. If anything be revealed to another that sitteth by, let the first hold his peace. For ye may all prophesy one by one, that all may learn and all may be comforted. And the spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets. For God is not the author of confusion, but of peace, as in all churches of the saints."

*

And he enjoins them thereupon to permit all this to be done—that is, to apply or to use—to the edification of the congregation which comes together, so that it may be a bright light in spite of the presumptuous attacks of the adversaries. And it is Paul's intention that if one sitting by or listening receives a revelation or is moved to exercise his spiritual gift or to prophesy, then the first shall hold his peace; and Paul says that all may prophesy, one after the other, and wants that at all times the spirit of the one who prophesies or teaches or preaches first shall be subject to, and silent before, the one from among those seated or listening who has something to prophesy, and shall not show himself discordant or unpeaceful.

*

When someone comes to church and constantly hears one person speaking, and all the listeners are silent, neither speaking or prophesying, who can or will regard or confess the same to be a spiritual congregation, or confess according to 1 Corinthians 14 that God is dwelling and operating in them through his Holy Spirit with his gifts, impelling them one after the other in the above mentioned order of speaking and prophesying?²

Sunday Worship in London

Eleanor Graber Kreider, England, 1990

During our ninety-minute meeting, our worship comprises three parts. In the first part we sing, read the Scriptures and pray in ways that people of all ages can participate. Sometimes we present Bible stories in dramatic readings. We like using flannelgraph and other visual aids. Almost every week we sing birthday blessings to someone with a song, "[Name], Jesus loves you!" Simple thank-you prayers and a song complete the first section of praise and worship. At this point the children go to a side room for their special activities.

The second part is the prayers. For many of us, this is the heart of the worship. As members of a local Christian church we are members of the body of Christ, participating in its mission. That mission includes listening to the world, mourning over its pain and interceding for its leaders. We pray about local housing issues, about European environmental questions, about unemployment or housing needs of individual members, about friends who do not yet know Jesus. Jesus taught us to pray for our enemies and for our neighbors, to bless each other, to ask for healing. Jesus promised us overflowing life. In our prayers we get a foretaste of the promise. In our prayers we find Jesus in the middle of our circle. We know that answered prayers may yield surprises and perhaps give new shape to our corporate life. To pray together is our work, and it is our joy.

The concluding part of the worship varies. Once a month it is a communion service. The communion service flows on from the prayers by the peace greeting (holy kiss) and singing. We stand to hear the words from Scripture. Then two members give thanks over the bread and the cup. First we break and serve to each other the unleavened bread. Then we all drink from the common cup. On other Sundays of the month, a sermon comprises the final part of the service. We have elders, but they are not always the preachers. A number of members are gifted Bible expositors. We have relatively few outside speakers. The elders oversee the choice of topics and biblical texts, and also attempt to elicit the prophetic, the free and Spirit-given word that emerges through the life of the church.

We baptize in a small lake in Hampstead Heath, North London. Its public character makes an outdoor baptism an opportunity for witness to passersby. We usually have members at the edges to explain what is happening to joggers and people out walking their dogs. Many will stand and watch.

Worship in our church is characterized by its familial atmosphere, with numerous common meals, and by its emphasis on corporate prayer. In worship the community discerns God's word through expository and prophetic gifts of the Spirit. In worship we express our joy and thankfulness, our weakness and need. In worship, as in no other way, we the church become the living body of Christ.³

Rational Behavior

Thieleman Jansz. van Braght, The Netherlands, 1660

Meenen is a beautiful little town in Flanders, three leagues from Rijssel, on the road to Bruges, built on the edge of the Leye. In this town there lived a God-fearing man, Piersom des Muliers, with his wife Claudine le Vetre, who through the preaching of Leenaert Bouwens, and by reading and studying the Word of God, were turned from papal idolatry.

Learning of this, Titelmannus, Dean of Ronse, and inquisitor of the faith, came thither with bailiffs, thinking to apprehend the aforesaid Piersom in his house. But a pious man of the council of Meenen had warned Piersom to flee from the inquisitor, which he did, betaking himself into a certain piece of woods not far from his house. But his wife being engaged with her four little children (one of whom is still living) tarried a little too long, and had just left the house with a child on the arm when the bailiffs entered, who tumultuously asked the children and the neighbors where the husband was; and when they could not learn it they prepared to leave.

Perceiving this, one of the neighbors, kindled with an evil and perverse zeal, said: "Men, there goes the wife with a child on her arm." They therefore forthwith caught her and delivered her into the hands of the aforesaid inquisitor.

*

She was taken from Meenen to Ypres, where many lay in prison for the faith that is because they could not understand that there was another Mediator and Savior than Jesus Christ alone, who was offered up for our sins on the tree of the cross; and could not believe that God had any pleasure in images of wood and stone or silver and gold, but believed rather that such worship was prohibited in the Word of God. And because they also did not believe that dead men can hear our prayers and help us; but much rather that we are to call upon no one but God alone, who alone is the discernor of our hearts and thoughts and knows what we shall pray for even before we have poured out our prayer.

*

At one time a large number broke out of prison and escaped, so that Claudine also could have made her escape, but she would not leave her child; so also a pious brother, who remained with her in prison unto the end, dying with her for the truth, at said place. But Claudine did not apostasize, notwithstanding manifold assaults, continuing one year, but remained steadfast in the faith, refuting, from the word of God, all that the priests and monks were able to bring forward against her, as appeared from diverse letters which she wrote to her husband from prison.

Finally, when they could not prevail upon her, they endeavored to move her by her maternal love for her infant, which hitherto had been nourished at its mother's breast in prison. The child therefore was taken from her and put out to a wet nurse, which was the greatest affliction she suffered during her imprisonment, and on account of which she wept many a tear, constantly praying God for power and strength against such temptation and assault of the flesh, in order that she might not fall, even as many of her fellow believers fell in her presence. God Almighty heard her prayer, for the Duke of Alva, having in the meantime entered the country,

and commanded to clear all prisons from heretics, she also was crowned with the crown of the godly, without Ypres, A.D. 1568, and with her a brother, who was also burnt for the truth at said place.

Her husband Piersom often said of his aforesaid wife that it was astonishing how well she was versed in the scriptures. For whenever he could not find a passage, he would ask his wife Claudine, who would at once clearly indicate to him what he sought.

It is understood that the child which was taken from her in prison was from that time on seen no more, without the father and the friends ever knowing what became of it.

*

Claudine was beautiful of person, and a good singer, so that she moved the bystanders by her singing. Especially on the last day of her life, people stood before the prison, to hear her sing with a joyful heart, when death was announced to her. One who related it to me had heard her sing with a clear, strong voice the 27th psalm of David: "Le Seigneur est la clarte qui m'adresse."

And the people firmly believed that if they had not gagged her when they brought her to the place of execution she would have departed life singing and praising God.

*

Piersom, at the time of the imprisonment of his aforementioned wife betook himself to a miller who lived in or near his mill which stood close under the walls of Ypres, in order to be able there daily to get tidings from his beloved wife, which, gleaned from street rumors, were brought to him by the miller's wife, as often as she returned from town, though without knowing that it was his wife or that he was an Anabaptist.

She judged Claudine not to be in her right mind because she had allowed herself to be rebaptized and let so many sufferings be inflicted upon her on this account, and would rather die than do what the priests said. This every time pierced Piersom's heart like a dagger and often compelled him to step aside to give vent to the deep feelings of his heart.

The day when Claudine was to be offered up, the miller's wife, desirous of seeing her being executed, asked Piersom whether he did not wish to go along and behold the scene, which he declined, requesting her kindly to pay strict attention to everything in order to give him an account of it afterwards. When she returned home she related to Piersom how valiantly and undauntedly Claudine went to death, what she said, and how she conducted herself; everything, however, with the idea, that Claudine had not acted rationally. Thereupon Piersom, having warmed up, took heart and disclosed himself to the miller and his wife, saying that he was of the same belief, and that the one put to death was his beloved and very rational wife, and upon what foundations of truth they founded their doctrine and life. This so deeply affected the miller and his wife that they also resolved to amend their life. They were baptized upon their faith, and shortly after sealed the truth with their blood.⁴

A Ministry of Reconciliation

Vincent Harding, United States, 1962

Our calling as ministers of peace has led us often to Albany, Georgia—now the focal point of the struggle for justice and freedom in the deep South. It was in the midst of this particular ministry that I was arrested and placed in jail on Monday night, July 23.

*

During the afternoon of that day, a young woman who happened to be a Negro was visiting some friends who had been placed in jail in a town near Albany as a result of their earlier participation in public protests against segregation in Albany. A policeman of the town in which the jail was located kicked the young woman—Mrs. Marian King—from the back, and another then struck her a sharp blow in the face, knocking her to the ground, unconscious for a moment. The policeman who happened to be white, did this simply because Mrs. King would not move quickly enough in response to their orders. However, it was difficult for her to move too quickly, for she was six months pregnant and was carrying her three-year-old daughter in her arms at the time.

When the Negroes of Albany heard of this later in the day, a great wave of anger swept over the community. There were many persons who felt that the only alternative to frightened silence was the returning of violence for violence. Some individuals were evidently ready to do bodily harm to any white person they encountered. Others wanted to go by car to the town where this had happened and retaliate in some way.

In the midst of this potentially explosive situation, it seemed clear to a few of us that some public act of protest and mourning needed to be performed. The Negroes of Albany needed to be shown some way of reacting that would be basically Christian and non-violent in its expression. The young woman who was attacked was a dear friend of my wife and me, and I decided—in conference with others—to go to City Hall that night and pray there.

*

Six other persons joined me.

We talked and prayed together on our way downtown, and though we did not go to seek arrest, we realized that the city was in a tense enough situation to make arrest very possible. We decided to continue still. Shortly before eleven that night, as more than 100 policemen and state troopers looked on, we stood to pray in front of City Hall. The Chief of Police, a personal friend of mine, sought to dissuade us, but we believed it was right for us to pray there at such a time. So he arrested us. I was in jail three nights and two days, basically rejoicing in the privilege of sharing an experience that many Christians had known before me.

*

As I sat in the confinement of my cell in Albany, and considered my responsibility as a speaker here at World Conference, I was sorely tempted to stay there indefinitely—for the benefit of my Mennonite brothers and sisters. I was tempted to stay there and to write a letter from prison, confessing to you how weary I sometimes get of talking and talking and talking about the church and race. For I do get weary, and I considered seriously staying in my four-man cell and send-

ing to all of you a short, gracious note of invitation, urging you to come down to Albany and share the experience with me. For behind all the other circumstances and peripheral issues, I knew that I was in jail because I believed that segregation is deeply sinful, and I was convinced that many of us here really know this too.

We know it in terms of what it does to human lives. We know that it scars the human spirit and defaces the image of God, and makes the victim feel less than human, and makes a spiritual murderer out of the perpetrator. We know that it makes one group believe that God has cursed them with a darker skin, and makes another group believe that God has especially blessed them with a light one; and both of these are blasphemies against the God who looks only upon the heart.

We know from Scripture that segregation and discrimination and racial prejudice are wrong.

*

We know, too, that the greatest vision of the kingdom of God in the Scriptures is one that speaks of the redeemed as those who come from “every tribe and tongue and people and nation” (Revelation 5:9). We know that a God who intends to have no segregation around His throne surely is not pleased with segregation in our communities and even in our churches.⁵

I Could Not Think That You Had Said That

John F. Funk and Jonas Martin
United States, ca. 1890

Excerpts from a series of letters which passed between bishops John F. Funk and Jonas Martin.

Funk: I see in the several papers there is a report about you and I want to know whether it is true. The saying is that you should have said you would rather see your children go into the grave than see them go to a Sunday school. Now I am a friend to Sunday schools. I think you know that; but I am also a friend to you, and I would not like to have you laying under such a stigma if it were not true. Will you kindly write me and tell me if this is true? If it is not true, I will write to the papers and tell them so.

*

Martin: I have received your letter this evening and can say with a clear conscience that there is not a word of truth about it, what I should have said about Sunday school; but I can say that I am no advocate of Sunday school. I have always said that I would do nothing for it nor against it.

*

Funk: Your kind letter was duly received, and am glad to hear from you that what has been said is not true. That was what made me write. I could not think that you had said that. Of course, if you are not in favor of Sunday schools, you have a right to say so, and if you do not want to do anything for them, you have the right to do so. We cannot compel a man, nor ask a man to do different from what he

believes, and we cannot make a man believe different when convictions lead him to believe so or so. I hope I have not hurt your feelings in asking you the questions I did. I believe this is the Scriptural way to do, and I hope God will bless you in your work and help you in the many cares and trials you have in your church. I sincerely sympathize with you in these troubles. I hope all the dear brethren on both sides will be patient and let brotherly love continue in all things, and may the peace of God which passes all understanding keep their hearts and ours.⁶

One New Village

Z. Marwa Kisare, Tanzania, 1984

At first I could not accept that God wanted me to become the brother of the missionary, that God wanted me to account the missionary to be of the same village with me. How could I accept that, when I felt the missionary's own ethnic pride so keenly?

The Holy Spirit also showed me that I must honor and respect the Luo people on the Shirati station who were not from my father Kisare's village. How could I accept to do this when I knew all about the gossiping and hypocrisy which stood between us as we struggled for place with the missionaries?

But that evening we all saw Jesus. By that I mean that we saw the crucified Lamb of God whose blood removes the walls that separate people from each other and from God their Father. A great light from heaven shone on us and each saw his own sin and each saw the new village of God. We all saw this revelation together, so it was easy to confess to one another and to forgive one another.

We now saw each other in a different way. Earlier such things as theft, adultery, lying, malicious gossip, and jealousies were not so bad if they were directed against people of another village. But if all were members of the same new village, then we needed to hold the character of each other person as sacred. We needed to ask forgiveness and make things right even with those of a different ethnic background.

*

It was only because of Jesus' blood that Elam Stauffer and I were able to recognize each other. Without that sacrifice he was nothing to me. If he was just an ethnic Mennonite holding to the ways of his Mennonite ancestors, holding to his Swiss-German heritage, then he was no different from what I was when I held to the ways of Kisare's village. My ethnic heritage was as rich and meaningful as his.

An ethnic heritage may be a blessing to us. But there is no salvation there, no new village, no church. Ethnicity alone leaves us separated from God and each other. It is only through Jesus' sacrifice that we can become sons of God and can live within his blessing. It is only through Jesus' sacrifice that we can call each other brother.⁷

A Fair Chance

Nancy Sauder, Canada, 1987

Three of my friends and I sat waiting in the back of the Grey Coach bus. Nearly all the other passengers got off at this terminal and we were waiting for a different driver. Two young girls boarded the bus. They eyed us curiously and settled down two seats ahead of us. The one wore a black coat, shirt and jeans. Her hair was tousled loosely in stiff wisps on her head. A rubber alligator about a foot long dangled from the collar of her coat. Her companion looked rather different, too, with her hair dyed to an orange color and eyeshadow to match. A strip of hair above her ears was clipped and the rest cut short.

Unable to hide their curiosity the girls began to ask questions. "Where are you from?" they asked.

"We live on farms near Kitchener."

"Why, your dresses are nearly alike. What are you?"

"We're Mennonites," we answered.

"Mennonites! Mennonites, wow that's weird," exclaimed the girl with the orange-dyed hair. She leaned across the armrest of the bus seat and gaped at us.

"Have you ever heard of Mennonites?"

They shook their heads. "What do you stand for?"

We tried to give a brief and simple explanation of our religion.

One of the girls said, "My mother's a Catholic, but I don't have any religion." Then she asked me, "Do you go to school?"

"No, we only go to grade eight."

"What do you do then?"

"Oh, we work on farms."

"Well, don't ever move to the city. There's too much murder and stuff going on," and she went on to tell how a friend of hers had been murdered.

"Do you ever watch _____ on TV?"

"We don't have TV."

"Oh!" gasped the girls, "You're missing out on a lot. Do you ever have fun? Don't you have any music?"

"Shall we sing a few songs for you?" we asked.

"Yes, do." And they listened intently while we sang a number of our familiar hymns.

"Do you people eat normal food?" burst out one of the strangers.

"Oh, yes," we answered, suppressing our grins. "But we do grow a lot of our own food on the farms."

After a pause, the girl with the orange-colored hair asked, "Have you ever heard of punks? I'm a punk."

"What do you stand for?"

"Rebels," she answered simply. "We have no use for authority, like government or even police." She popped a bubble with her gum. When no one made further comment, she said, "Your singing was great, do you know any more?" and they settled back in their seats to listen while we sang some more.

"How old are you?" they asked looking at us from one to the other. We told them and they were surprised.

"My, but you look young," said one of them.

"I know why," added the other. "They don't have on any makeup."

We could not deny it. These girls did look much older than their fourteen and fifteen years. Their faces held a hard look and makeup marred the innocent look of youth.

"Do you ever get drunk, or smoke? What about using drugs?"

"We don't believe in misusing our bodies like that."

"Do you swear or is that bad too?"

"No, we don't swear."

"But what do you do when you get mad?"

"We are taught that according to our works, we will be judged some day. Do you believe in eternity?"

"What's that?"

"A hereafter. Life after death."

"Oh yes, and I want to be happy then. Do you really think the world is going to end in the year 2000?"

"God alone knows that."

"How do you think the world began?"

We put the question back to her: "How do *you* think the world was made?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I wasn't there."

The girl dressed in black got out her purse and began touching up her makeup. Before long they arrived at their destination. They bade us farewell and got off the bus. Very likely we will never see them again.

Now those girls are to be pitied. Do they have a fair chance?

Are we thankful enough for our heritage? We have been given a fair chance. Will we take it or leave it.⁸

These essays are part of Readings From Mennonite Writings, New and Old, a book of daily readings from Mennonite spiritual literature, by J. Craig Haas and published by Good Books, 1992.

¹ Dagne Assefa, "Dis-Quest," *Festival Quarterly* 10, no. 4 (November, December, 1983, January, 1984): 14, 15.

² Paul Peachey, ed., translated by Shem Peachey and Paul Peachey, "Answer of Some Who Are Called Anabaptists Why They Do Not Attend the Churches," *The Mennonite Quarterly Review* XLV, no. 1 (January): 5-32.

³ Dieter Götz Lichdi, ed., *Mennonite World Handbook 1990: Mennonites in Global Witness* (Carol Stream, IL: Mennonite World Conference, 1990), 71-73.

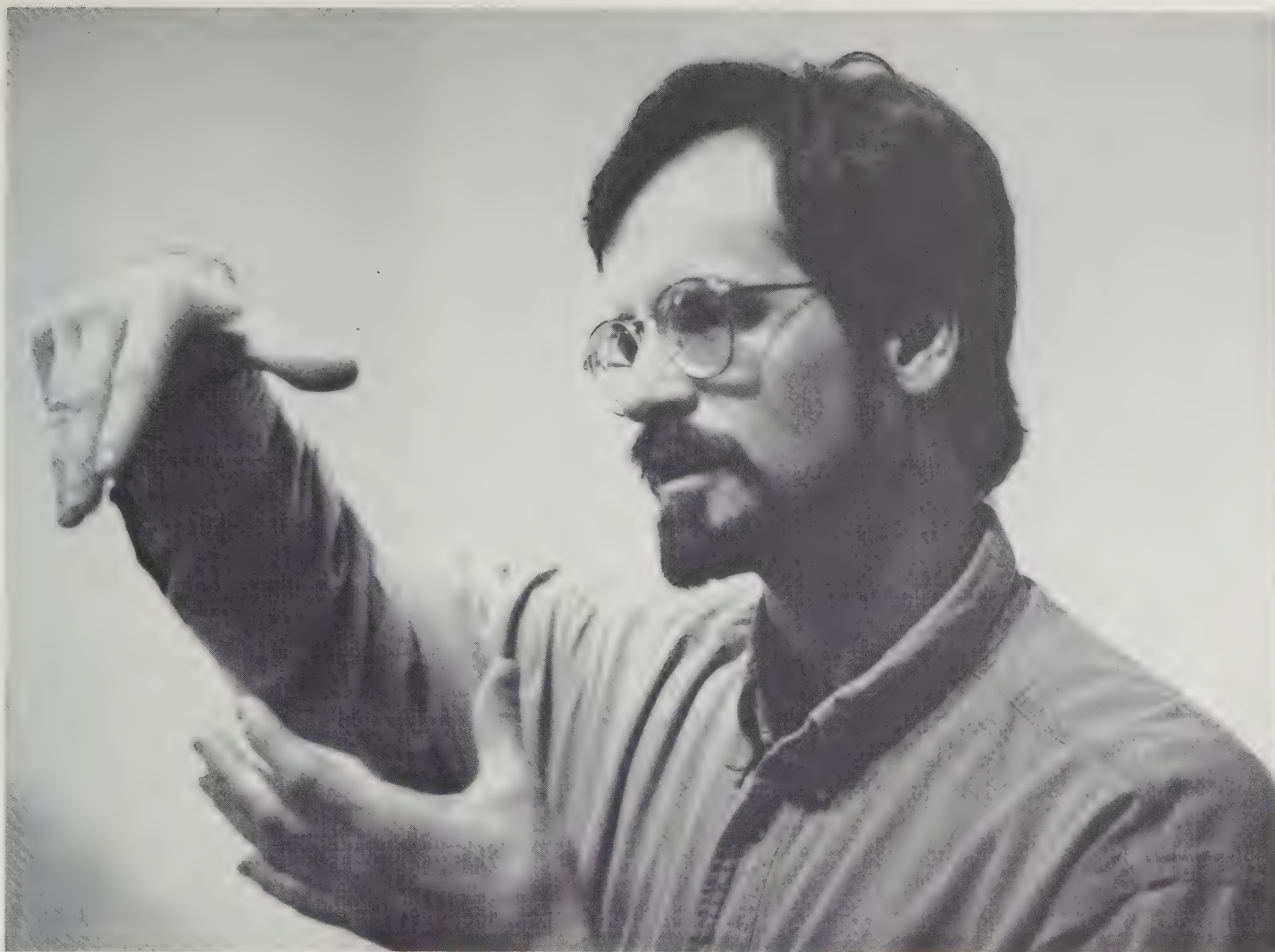
⁴ Thielemann J. van Braght. *The Bloody Theater or Martyrs Mirror of the Defenseless Christians*, trans. Joseph J. Sohm (1886; twelfth edition, Scottdale, PA: Herald Press, 1979), 737, 738.

⁵ Cornelius J. Dyck, ed., *The Lordship of Christ: Proceedings of the Seventh Mennonite World Conference; Kitchener, Ontario, Canada; August 1-7, 1962* (Elkhart, IN: Mennonite World Conference, 1962), 521, 522.

⁶ Isaac R. Horst, *Close Ups of the Great Awakening* (Mt. Forest, Ontario: privately published, 1985), 232, 233.

⁷ Joseph C. Shenk, *Kisare: A Mennonite of Kiseru* (Salunga, PA: Eastern Mennonite Board of Missions and Charities, 1984), 81, 82.

⁸ Nancy Sauder, "A Fair Chance," *Family Life* (February, 1987): 30, 31.



One Mennonite Potter's Creation

by Louise Stoltzfus

For Gregg Luginbuhl, associate professor of art at Bluffton College, working with clay and accepting its fragility has been seminal to his own life's journey. Recalling the moment when he lifted a completed raku vessel above his head to check the signature only to have it crash into the ceiling and shatter around him, Luginbuhl reflected, "Potters learn to live with failure and loss. Working with clay builds character. The harder you work at a piece, the more complex it becomes and the more you hate to lose it."

At a People's Place Gallery exhibition of his work, Luginbuhl elaborated

on his passion, "Clay gives you a lot. It responds to each person's touch in a different way. Students who are honest will do something unique." His own recent expression consists of a body of work called the "Creation Series—an exquisite group of eight raku-fired wall plates interpreting the Bible's account of creation. Each plate is approximately two feet in diameter and stands no more than five to seven inches from the wall.

An instructor who also produces, disproving the myth "those who can't teach," Luginbuhl has been teaching ceramics, sculpture, and various other

art disciplines since 1976. He has also consistently been creating and showing his own pieces. Working in two very different styles, he throws fine, porcelain functional ware while also composing and building one-of-a-kind raku-fired vessels, plates and sculptures.

In the spring of 1990 he received a grant from the Bluffton College Study Center to pursue a long-held dream. "I have always wanted to deal with one of the great biblical themes—the creation, Jonah and the whale or the seven stations of the cross. What I ultimately proposed to the study center was a



1. **"Spirit on the Water."** *The Spirit of God, a white circular spot, appears in the center of the plate with its spiraling whorl of influence.*



2. **"Let There Be Light."** *The left side of this plate appears dark while the bolt of light from the upper left breaks the remaining shapes into an array of luminous colors.*



3. **"The Separation of the Firmament."** *Waters gather in the center and mists rise to form cloud shapes, stirred again by the whorl.*

series of plates dealing with the creation."

He began work in the summer of 1990 with several criteria clearly established. He would use the wheel-thrown plate form and the raku-firing process. Having worked extensively with both, Luginbuhl had observed that the plate form most often engaged viewers in one of two ways—they either stepped back to absorb its total effect or moved up close to examine even its minutest detail. Realizing those were precisely the reactions he hoped to evoke from

an exhibition of creation works, he further decided to use the raku-firing process, well aware that chance, for the most part, would determine the appearance of the final product. Citing Paul Soldner, an internationally recognized raku artist and graduate of Bluffton College, Luginbuhl volunteered a tongue-in-cheek observation of the raku-firing process, "With raku you embrace the chance effects. Five things can happen and four of them are good!"

To his surprise and delight embracing the chance effects proved enor-

mously rewarding during the next year as he worked on and watched the Creation pieces evolve. When he finished in the fall of 1991, Luginbuhl had generated eight pieces beginning with "Spirit on the Water" and concluding with "Creation of Mankind." Each plate employed a distinctive variety of potter's tools and ideas from the simple whorl—a natural pattern which results from throwing clay on the wheel—to intricate life casts of the faces of two of his children.

While hanging the pieces in The



4. **"Land Amidst the Waters."** *The seas "gather together" to form dry land; unity, order and refinement increase.*



5. **"Let Earth Put Forth."** *Upon rejecting an early plan to inventory each plant family, Luginbuhl decided that the simplest forms of plant life were all present, though not visible.*



6. **"Two Great Lights."** *With its unending circular rim, this plate suggests the boundless universe.*



7. **"The Animal Plate: The Peaceable Kingdom."** *The ape, most intelligent of animals, makes a strong and complex statement to the zebra, who can only see issues in "black and white." The bird, a member of the parrot family, screeches its radical point of view while the tense lizard grips the earth. Their diverse temperaments exist in delicate balance.*

People's Place Gallery, he noted that unlike many of his other bodies of work, he had not lost any of the Creation plates. Yet he proceeded hanging them with a level of freedom only subconsciously layered with great care. What would he do if one of them fell from the wall? "I don't know. Perhaps I would build a replacement."

He has been rewarded with a wide range of recognition and pleasure. When one of his five-year-old twin daughters first saw the "Creation of Mankind" plate with its life casts, she exclaimed, "Why, Daddy, that's Alison and Ben!" The series received a Juror's Choice Award in the "Contemporary Works of Faith '91" exhibition at Capital University in Columbus, Ohio. Perhaps, most gratifying has been the formation of a Bluffton College alumni group to purchase the "Creation Series" for permanent display at the college. After he finishes showing the work, Luginbuhl will supervise its installation at the school.

A Bluffton graduate, he credits the school's remarkable art legacy for his own success. Back in 1924 a Russian Mennonite artist named John Klassen came to the Bluffton area. From 1924 until 1960 Klassen administered the one-person art department in the attic



8. **"Creation of Mankind: The Spark, This Life, a Trace."** *Inspired by Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel ceiling, this plate shows God's hand passing the spark of life to three other hands—the negative handprint represents the earliest evidence of self-awareness, the fist represents the rebellious nature of sin, and the small, beckoning hand indicates a reluctant willingness to accept the responsibility of the gift of life. Each of us leaves only a footprint in light of the magnitude of God's Creation.*

of Bluffton's administration building. A gifted ceramic artist with a European education, Klassen is most often remembered for his ability to transform art into a celebration and commemoration of his own Mennonite religious heritage. His students included Paul Soldner and Jack Earl, both well-known ceramicists, as well as Darwin Luginbuhl, Gregg Luginbuhl's father. Darwin Luginbuhl took over for Klassen in 1960 and eventually taught Gregg.

When his father retired in 1984, Gregg, who had been teaching at nearby Findlay College for eight years, applied for the open position. An avid runner, Gregg remarks, "I felt like a relay runner, who had been handed a

baton." Today he shares the workload with department head, Jaye Bumbaugh, in the college's sparkling new Visual Arts Center. Luginbuhl is married to Karen Nelson Luginbuhl with whom he has five children.

Four Things I Learned About Mennonites While Exploring Amish History

by Steven Nolt

Some of the most memorable lines of T.S. Eliot's "Little Gidding" are those in which the poet awakens us to the connection between our knowledge of others and our understanding of ourselves. "The end of all our exploring," Eliot wrote, "will be to arrive where we started, and to know the place for the first time."

Indeed, any effort toward understanding another person (or group of people) is rewarded not only with a broader grasp of the other, but also with a deeper sounding of one's own self. Windows easily become mirrors. Eliot's observation holds true whether one's "exploring" is more distant or close at hand. A look at the history, religion and art of persons in the two-thirds-world, for example, offers penetrating insights into Western culture and values. Likewise, the examination of comparatively similar societies (Canada and the United States, for instance) can uncover some of the shades and contours of each one as reflected in the other.

After several years of exploring the Amish story, I find myself not only with a clearer picture of the spiritual descendants of Jakob Ammann, but also holding several new insights into and questions about my own particular family of faith.

What have I learned about Mennonites (and myself) from exploring Amish history?

1.

The Importance of Group Humility

The eminent British historian Herbert Butterfield once remarked that

the Christian is perhaps the best suited for the historian's task since Christian humility does away with all human defensiveness and allows a more honest assessment of past events. But do Christians really exercise any group humility when assessing themselves? I found a good bit of group honesty and humility in the Amish story.

Amish writers and church members with whom I spoke were free to admit the faults of members and leaders, as well as the pain of church splits. "It hasn't been all roses," one Amishman told me before beginning to recount a particular story. Often, the informant would emphasize that both parties or individuals were partly to blame. Communicating the agony of a disagreement often seemed more important than defending one's own position. Another example of group humility is found in a sizable Amish-published book detailing dozens of Amish "settlements that failed." What other church has had the courage to put forth such an honest volume?

An humble assessment of one's position does not have to dissolve into a puddle of relativism; the Amish know with whom they do and do not stand. But their group humility has kept them from the delusion of blamelessness.

As a Mennonite I was genuinely surprised by group humility and honesty. In many Mennonite circles conflict is avoided at all costs. Members clam up when an "outsider" inquires about a congregational split. Even serious disagreements can be papered over and human frailties ignored. If a leadership weakness is exposed, Mennonites

become indignant with the ones pointing out the failing and urge them to exercise more respect toward the church and its institutions and leaders.

I now wonder—could it be that hidden pride is one of the reasons Mennonites are comfortable with talking publicly about only the positive side of their church's past and present? Are we too proud to own up to the possibility that there might be conflict in our church? Or to humbly admit that there have been many Mennonite congregations that have "failed" for one reason or another? Christian humility may express itself in a number of practical ways, but it must bear the fruit of honesty.

2.

The Influence of Environment and the New Fatalism

Although few would dispute that the human personality is influenced by environment, many of us give little thought to the extent to which we are shaped by our social surroundings. And, yes, even the Amish have been (and are being) impacted by their host culture. Much of the so-called "popular" literature which attempts to explain Amish life to non-Amish inquirers fails to recognize this fact. "The Old Order Amish live exactly like their ancestors did two hundred years ago," one reads. A moment's reflection soon shows the holes in such thinking, yet the depth of the world's influence becomes apparent only as one spends time with the Amish story.

Whether the influence is accepted (openly or guardedly) or carefully rejected, much of what has swirled

about the Amish church has left some mark on its direction, action or attitude. Eighteenth century revivalism, the French Revolution, Jacksonian democracy and the rise of the twentieth century North American welfare state, among others, have helped to produce the various Amish fellowships which emerged through the years.

At first glance it may appear that mainline Mennonites have been much more influenced by their surroundings than have the Amish. But perhaps the larger difference between the two groups is not so much the *amount* of influence, as the *nature of the response* to it. The Old Order Amish have certainly felt the tide about them, but have more often reacted against larger social currents. Meanwhile many Mennonites have more often permitted the tow of social waves to direct them at least somewhat.

The ability of the Amish to make choices so much at variance with North American norms has prompted some sociologists to propose the ironic theory that the Amish might be one of the few truly "modern" people left in our world! The Amish are modern, not in the nineteenth century sense of the word (that of availing oneself of the industrial revolution), but rather in an older, Renaissance sense of the term. For the modern person of the post-Medieval world, modernity was the ability to make choices and break free from that era's fatalistic world view, which determined the playing out of one's life from the cradle to the grave.

The new fatalism of today, though far less magical than its medieval predecessor, is no less entrapping. The post-modern individual knows more about global events, but feels more out of control. She or he is in touch with more information, but less connected to those who actually make important, life-changing decisions with that information. With styles, patterns and fads systematically planned in Madison Avenue offices, most North Americans are resigned to sitting back and waiting to be taken by the next fashion. And while everyone from banks to casinos seemingly offers more "choices," the lone individual is left with a deeper feeling that personal decisions don't really matter much, in any case.

Against this cultural backdrop, the Old Order Amish continue a strong tra-

dition of choice-making by living in ways in which the fatalism of our time and the conventional wisdom of this age say are impossible. To live in such open rejection of so many contemporary values and assumptions requires independence from the new fatalism which grips much of the western world. To have the audacity to assume that one could order one's personal and group life in a way which is neither encouraged nor supported by larger society is nothing short of "modern."

Looking at and listening to the Amish I found myself asking: How "modern" are we mainline Mennonites? This was perhaps the most difficult question I encountered because it went to the core of my own sense of being a Christian. Have Mennonites made the critical choices necessary to really be out-of-step with our surroundings? Not that we need to make all of the same decisions that the Old Order

Amish have made, but we should be making choices. Have we fatalistically forfeited too many of our choices and responsibilities to the judgment of our society? Can we yet become more "modern?"

3.

The Scope and Depth of Amish Mennonite Heritage

A surprisingly large portion of today's Mennonite Church and General Conference Mennonite Church members and congregations are of Amish background. Among some district conferences, such as the Central District, Illinois, Iowa-Nebraska and Ohio conferences, the number of Mennonites whose ancestry (biological and/or spiritual) springs from Amish roots approaches or exceeds fifty percent.

Some of the Amish-turned-Mennonite congregations are descendants of the nineteenth century's progressive Amish Mennonites. Other Menno-



FQ/Dawn J. Ranck

Author Steve Nolt observes that while Mennonites have formed many institutions, the Amish remain wary of them. "The Amish aversion to creating institutions, and their refusal to find in them a source of identity, have kept them, in many ways, from becoming prisoner to any one era or generation."

nites of Amish background left the Old Order or Beachy churches as individuals or family groups in this century and affiliated with various Mennonite branches. Meanwhile an entire Mennonite fellowship of churches—the Evangelical Mennonite Church—also grew from Amish soil.

Some Mennonite conferences include so many persons of Amish background that one can hardly imagine these bodies without them. Citing a particular U.S. state, one Amishman mused that there might hardly be a Mennonite presence there today if it hadn't been for the Amish!

Additionally, a number of Mennonite institutions and program impulses drew much of their early life from Amish sources. For example, Amish Mennonites were instrumental in the formation of Elkhart Institute (today's Goshen College). Likewise the activist "Old" Mennonite home and foreign mission impulse of the late 1800s was championed by its share of Amish-background Mennonites. Today's Africa Inter-Mennonite Mission was originally spearheaded by Amish Mennonite congregations.

The scope and depth of their Amish heritage has seldom been recognized by today's Mennonites who incorporate so many of the heirs of Jakob Ammann. In places this omission is being filled through individual congregational histories and a few larger monographs, yet the past continues to go unacknowledged far too often. At times the tradition is too remote and long forgotten; in other cases, a painful personal departure from the Amish community is still all too immediate to be discussed much.

Mennonite groups whose stories include Amish ancestry would do well to study their heritage, claiming its strengths while acknowledging where they see its weaknesses.

4.

Identity Through Institutions

Like those of other churches, the Amish story includes tales of schism and unity, division and merger. As the Amish struggled to decide how to relate to other fellowships (both Amish and non-Amish), key marks of their identity often came into clearer focus. Amish groups expressed their unity and their identity both knowing and

accepting each other's particular practices of discipline. If one church district acknowledged the ordinances of another, the two were then in fellowship with one another. At the same time, the surest way to spark a division was to disregard or reject the church order of other congregations or districts.

When the various Amish Mennonite and Mennonite groups of the late nineteenth century discussed their relationships to one another, the debates focused on the nature of church. Would the Mennonites recognize Amish Mennonite excommunication practices? Would the Amish Mennonites allow Mennonites to take communion with them? Such were the critical items around which the Amish Mennonites (and many Mennonites) saw themselves. Such were the marks of identity.

— In place of church-order, mainline Mennonites have substituted church institutions.

The Old Order and Beachy Amish have continued to define themselves in such terms. Church districts continue to extend or withhold fellowship through admittance to communion and respect for another's discipline.

Today's mainline Mennonites, however, no longer define themselves as much in terms of church ordinances. Most Mennonites recognize as valid the adult baptism of a large number of Protestant denominations (an exception would be those Mennonite Brethren congregations which require baptism by immersion). Additionally, the practice of open or virtually-open communion also renders that rite less important as a mark of Mennonite identity.

In place of church-order, mainline Mennonites have substituted church institutions. Mennonites can more easily define themselves in terms of which church magazines they subscribe to, or which mission agency they support, than which church discipline they accept. Signs of inter-Mennonite unity more often involve extending student scholarship eligibility to another Mennonite college, rather than extending the bread and the cup to another person.

Institutions are, of course, human creations which rise and fall over time. If mainline Mennonite identity becomes too closely connected with such structures, several problems may surface.

First, it is difficult to pass on a faith identity to a new generation when that identity is largely based on another (past) generation's institutional creations. Second, groups finding their identity in their institutions are less likely to change or adapt those institutions in any radical way, thus perpetuating structures long after their usefulness is past. Mainline Mennonites will find questions of identity and institutions trailing them for years to come.

Group identity among the Amish has its own set of pitfalls, to be sure. Yet the Amish aversion to creating institutions, and their refusal to find in them a source of identity, have kept them, in many ways, from becoming prisoner to any one era or generation. For Mennonites who have dispensed with questions of closed communion and strict church discipline, a new set of difficult questions is only beginning to surface.

I remain a committed member of the Mennonite Church. My questioning and probing among the Amish has brought me closer to my own tradition. I am grateful for the Amish witness, both for its own sake, and for the light it has shed on my own path. I would invite us all to continue exploring, with the hope of arriving again where we started.

Steven Nolt, Willow Street, Pennsylvania, is a staff person at The People's Place and a part-time seminary student. He has published a number of articles in the field of Mennonite history. His book A History of the Amish has just been published by Good Books.

One User Takes a Close Look at the New *Hymnal*

by J. Evan Kreider

Editor's Note: Our hymnals have helped define us as a people through the years. The publication of a new hymnal, therefore, becomes an occasion to explore two aspects of our life together: what might we learn about ourselves by examining the music and the texts chosen for this book, and what kind of music and texts are we selecting for our gathered times?

In the Summer 1992 Festival Quarterly we featured the process by which hymns and readings were chosen for the Hymnal. In this issue we hear from a Mennonite whose worship experience and profession both inform his response to this book, jointly published by the Mennonite Church, General Conference Mennonite Church and Church of the Brethren.

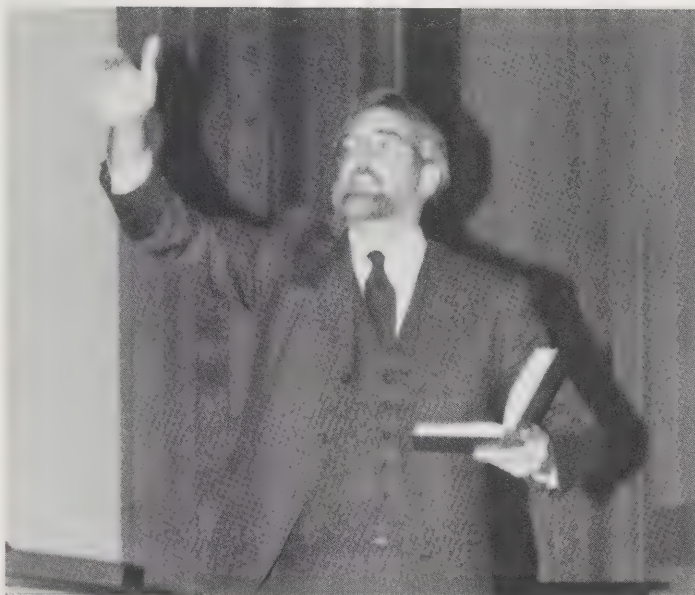
The new *Hymnal*, *A Worship Book* should eventually be owned by more Mennonite families than any other book except those already sacred to our tradition: the Bible and the *More with Less Cookbook*. I have already learned to admire and love this *Hymnal*. In fact, I find that I look forward to corporate worship in a new way.

Few of us Mennonites adequately appreciate the important role a hymnal plays in our worship services, for we seldom realize that more worship time is devoted to our hymnals than to readings from the Bible and praying combined. During my lifetime, Mennonites have probably memorized more hymn texts than biblical ones. This is hardly surprising, since we repeat some of the same hymns several times a year throughout our lives.

The presence of music helps us memorize the words of our hymns, words which remain constant for the life of the hymnal (unlike Bible verses whose wordings change with each edition). The stature of a hymnal, therefore, casts an imposing shadow over our thinking, our theology and our acts of corporate worship. Time and again, our people's minds turn to phrases from hymns for comfort, just as they sometimes turn to Holy Scripture itself. The publishing of a new hymnal is something never to be taken lightly, for it is destined to influence us profoundly. With that in mind, I offer the following reflections, both as a member of a Mennonite congregation and as a musician.

What's New?

Even though the *Hymnal* was published in 1992, it contains more than ten hymns written in the 1990s. Both the text and music for "Mothering God, you gave me birth" (No. 482) come from 1991. The hymn's very title will prove a stumbling block for some and a source of genuine encouragement and inspiration for others. The continual presence of the pitch *e* (heard in every chord) gives the hymn a wonderful sense of stability while providing a base from which dissonances can be built. This is surely one of the finest modern hymns I have encountered. Of all the new works, I hope this one survives and enters other hymnals.



J. Evan Kreider

Another recent interesting work, "O God, who gives us life and breath" (No. 483), has relatively low ranges for the tenor and bass which can provide a wonderfully rich sonority if the sanctuary has neither carpet nor padded pews. However, I suggest that song leaders ignore the duple meter of the time signature and conduct it in triple meter.

No. 45, "I cannot dance, O Love" (which in my case is true enough) by Alice Parker is going to test the sight reading abilities of most congregations. This song, and works of similar difficulty, will probably be performed initially by "special music" ensembles rather than by entire congregations in unaccompanied harmony.

Nobody, on the other hand, should have any difficulty singing the refrain of "Through our fragmentary prayers" (No. 347), which consists of eight measures of humming one pitch. Some of us may not quite be ready for this type of worship. When I introduced this hymn to one church, some people got the giggles when trying to sing it as a prayer, or they told me they focused more on holding the note than on praying.

Does International Content Belong?

Many Mennonites will revel in the token international nature of this anthology, for relatively fresh memories of the music heard at the last Mennonite World Conference have carried over into the production of this *Hymnal*. However, I am not supportive of this direction. I have no interest in attempting to lead a congregation in singing melodies from Japan, for example, because I know we simply cannot give those melodic contours the improvised inflections in pitch that are so vital to that musical tradition ("Here, O Lord, your servants gather," No. 7). And while it might seem nice

to have some of the African works performed in our churches, after being with African expatriots every Sunday in Paris, my heart now hurts whenever I hear these songs sung by stiffly seated North Americans while staring at a book being clutched by both hands.

Within this international repertoire, one language that has been tragically ignored is French, one of the two official languages for Canadian Mennonites. As far as I can see, the sum total of French texts in the *Hymnal* is the first verse of “Je louerai l’Éternel” (No. 76), which will surely become one of the favorites of Canadian young people, many of whom get their schooling almost entirely in French. There are several songs given completely in Korean, many in Latin, Spanish is of course well-represented, and there is even one song in Northern Ojibway (of all things), but French-speaking Mennonites get just one verse! Why have Canadian negotiators once again abandoned Canadian cultural interest at the bargaining table?

The Readings

The wonderful variety of readings in the back of the book will be recognized as one of the great strengths of this *Hymnal*. Some 200 readings have been culled from writers nurtured in widely differing Christian traditions. For the first time, our denomination is now supplied with a hymnal which includes three indices to the readings (by first line, subject and scripture source). Unfortunately, the writers of these helpful readings do not receive the level of recognition they deserve. For example, if persons provide poetry for hymns, their names are given conveniently below the hymns, but if they provide poetry for a reading or prayer, their identities are buried at the back of the book in the author index.

Hymnal-Making Should Be a Battleground

In reading through the texts, one is reminded that hymnals should not be seen only as anthologies of music and sacred poetry, but also as a battleground, for the preparation of any hymnal is inevitably the occasion for some hard-fought power struggles. In a sense, hymnals are about power, the power of a small group of people to articulate the direction a denomination’s worship should take, the power to determine—to a degree—which side or another gets the upper hand in the various issues being currently debated. For example, to what extent should we adopt texts of established liturgical traditions, choruses, instrumental accompaniment or foreign languages?

One obvious issue concerns the role of inclusive language, what constitutes correct language usage and to what extent older texts should be altered to meet modern concerns.

This *Hymnal* includes three types of texts: those contemporary texts which honor the principle of inclusive language, those with male-oriented language (these seem to be older texts), and other traditional texts that have been creatively altered.

Mary’s “Magnificat” (No. 715) provides an interesting illustration of extensive textual revision. The final verse in the Latin (I do not read Greek) recalls the promise to Abraham—phrase in the Vulgate and King James versions, which has been placed in hundreds of musical settings:

<i>Suscepit Israel puerum suum,</i>	He hath holpen his servant Israel
<i>recordatus misericordiae suae.</i>	in remembrance of his mercy;
<i>Sicut locutus est</i>	As he spake
<i>ad patres nostros, Abraham</i>	to our fathers, to Abraham
<i>et semini ejus in saecula.</i>	and to his seed for ever.

In *The Mennonite Hymnal* (reading 695), this verse of the “Magnificat” was given in the Revised Standard Version:

“He has helped his servant Israel,
in remembrance of his mercy,
as he spoke to our fathers,
to Abraham and to his posterity for ever.”

The same famous passage is now paraphrased in the *Hymnal* to read:

You, remembering your mercy,
have helped your people Israel,
as you promised Abraham and Sarah
mercy to their children forever.

The *Hymnal*’s choice of paraphrase, though understandable on several levels, must also be seen as violating an ancient musical text which, with all its modern-day problems, has nevertheless been sung daily by thousands of nuns, monks and cathedral choirs at the conclusion of Vespers for nearly 1,400 years—more often than any other text in the *Hymnal* except “Lord have mercy on us.” By comparison, other hymns which carry far less history on their shoulders have been treated more cautiously. When confronted with one relatively recent text from 1849, the committee altered it to read “Faith of the martyrs” (No. 413), but then seemed worried by this decision and offered the alternatives “Faith of our fathers” and “Faith of our mothers.”

Organizing It All

Anyone charged with ordering some 658 songs in a hymnbook faces a formidable task indeed. The contents of the *Hymnal* are divided into categories which are grouped either according to the order of service (the first 435 songs) or to the type of worship service (for example, baptism, funeral, Ascension). This ordering is retained for half of the readings as well, though some of those that are quotations of (or paraphrases of) Scripture are presented in the order of the Biblical canon. Although I find the ordering of materials to be generally helpful, I wonder why “Joy to the World” (No. 318), is placed with “Kingdom” songs rather than under the category “Jesus’ Birth.” Are we honestly expected to sing this song in late July?

Categories such as “Gathering” and “Sending” are both descriptive and useful, yet my background would have prompted me to place “This is the day the Lord has made” (No. 642) with “Gathering” songs, since for years we sang it at the beginning of every Sunday School session in Wadsworth, Ohio. Instead, I will have to remember that this gathering song is tucked away at the back of the *Hymnal* under “Days of Life.” This said, I am basically content with these categories and am considering adding tabs to my *Hymnal* so that I can find the various sections more quickly. On the other hand, whosoever expecteth to be forgiven for hav-

ing moved my beloved “606” (the location of that Mennonite anthem, “Praise God from whom all blessings flow,” in the *Mennonite Hymnal*) to 118 had better think again; somebody apparently lacked both a sense of history and a sense of humor!

Musicians immediately notice the clarity of the typefaces and music notation of the *Hymnal*, for neither the text nor the music appears as cramped as in earlier hymnals (which were smaller by about 1.5 cm). The paper quality, while very good, does not permit me to write with confidence in my *Hymnal* with my fountain pen.

Some Editing Puzzles

Each musical phrase and each historical comment must eventually come under the collective eye of a hymnal’s editorial committee. One inconsistency that passed that group bothers me. Since the *Hymnal* includes music from varied historical eras and musical traditions, and our usual musical notation symbols cannot always express the composer’s intent, other symbols must be tried. Granted that, the use of the “blackened whole note” is bewildering, for it is used with at least three different meanings in this book. In “O Gott Vater” (No. 33, taken from the *Ausbund*, one of the few songs given in the *Hymnal* in a foreign language without translation), the blackened notes are presumably ornamental and go somewhat faster than do the white ones, though their rhythmic value remains ambiguous. In “Creator of the stars of night” (No. 177), the blackened whole notes are likely intended to be sung at a relatively steady pace (according to the out-dated Solesmes method), about twice as quickly as the white ones which conclude each phrase. But in “Blessed be the Lord” (No. 179, from the Trappist Abbey at Tamié), the blackened notes have just the opposite meaning: now they apparently indicate which syllables are to be sung less quickly, for these blackened notes are used to conclude a melodic line rather than ornament it (as in “O Gott Vater”).

The usage of a single musical symbol is perhaps a small matter, but hymnal committees must seek to be consistent in their editing. Similar problems occur with the chords that are to be held while the congregation sings a varying number of syllables (for example, Nos. 128, 141, 179, 228, 231 and 248). These editorial inconsistencies become confusing.

Not all of the comments in the *Hymnal* concerning origin of the songs are entirely correct. While none of these editorial problems will upset the flow of our worship services, one wonders why greater care was not given in some places. For example, the committee stumbled this way and that when identifying the origins of songs which originated in the ancient chant repertoires. Although the music of all the chants was written anonymously, only “Veni creator spiritus” (No. 27 “anonymous, Plainsong, 4th c.”) has that desig-

nation. Some chants are credited to England’s Sarum rite (Nos. 256 and 646), although they were common to many monastic rites and local rites. I also notice that the *Hymnal* indicates that the two works by Heinrich Schütz (Nos. 171 and 543) were published in 1628, though they come from the 1661 edition. These sorts of errors do not bode well for the promised *Hymnal Companion*, but time will tell.

Normally, one would expect a hymnbook to provide enough music so that a hymn can be performed. Given this understandable tradition, what is a congregation supposed to do with works such as “O Christe Domine Jesu” (No. 113) or “Pater noster, qui es in coelis” (No. 554)? These songs are merely *ostinati*, highly repetitive phrases which accompany the soloist’s melody which carries the verses. Providing only the *ostinato* is like publishing only the bass part for Pachelbel’s “Canon” and then letting the violinists figure out the

top bits—the most important parts. Unless you have access to the Taizé materials for the melody line, you likely will have to await the publication of the *Hymnal’s Accompaniment* book (though in this case we already have the accompaniment and we lack the song itself). The inclusion of both the *ostinato* and the soloist’s verses in No. 298, “Veni Sancte Spiritus,” is far more useful.

The *Hymnal*, which contains hundreds of glorious songs, unfortunately begins with a whimper, for one of its weakest songs has been accorded pride of place (No. 1, “What is this place”). Its accompaniment is

so hopelessly awkward, that during a reading session we burst out laughing after singing verse one and decided to move on to greener pastures. How I wish our *Hymnal* had begun with a composition whose grandeur has already been proven, something like “Grosser Gott wir loben dich” (No. 121, given only in English, though my congregation usually sings verse one in German).

Amazingly, approximately 90 (about 13%) of the songs are to be sung in unison. This will be a disappointment to those of us promoting our heritage of four-part singing. (After all, when I wanted to sing like an Anglican, I worshipped with Anglicans.) If this erosion continues to be officially encouraged by musicians appointed by our conferences to future hymnal committees, our traditional singing in harmony—the envy of so many other denominations—may well wither even faster than expected.

In summary, however, the *Hymnal* is a product of which Mennonites can be proud. I am pleased with the direction it will take us.

J. Evan Kreider is Associate Director of the School of Music at the University of British Columbia, where he also teaches musicology.

He is a member of the Point Grey Fellowship, an inter-Mennonite Congregation in Vancouver.

In a sense,
hymnals are about power,
the power
of a small group
of people
to articulate
the direction
a denomination’s worship
should take.

MUSEUMS

Indiana

Menno-Hof, SR 5 South, Shipshewana (219-768-4117). Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Closed Sundays. Admission: donation. Interpretation center. Displays and activities about early Anabaptists and present-day Mennonite and Amish groups.

Mennonite Historical Library, Good Library 3rd Floor, Goshen College, Goshen (219-535-7418). Mon.-Fri. 8-12, 1-5, Sat. 9-1. Closed Sundays, holidays, Saturdays during college vacations. Admission: free. Primarily for researchers in Mennonite history and genealogy; holdings also include rare and other unusual Mennonite-related books.

Kansas

Kauffman Museum, Bethel College, N. Main & 27th, North Newton (316-283-1612). Tues.-Fri. 9:30-4:30, Sat.-Sun. 1:30-4:30 or by appointment; closed major holidays. Admission: adults \$2, children and youth 6-16 \$1, group rates available. Cultural, natural history of Central Plains with focus on Mennonites; restored 19th-century homesteader's cabin, farmstead with house, barn. Current exhibit—"Beyond Tradition: Mennonite Art Quilts," November 22, 1992 through March 28, 1993.

Mennonite Heritage Museum, Highway K-15 & Main, Goessel (316-367-8200). June-Aug.: Tues.-Sat. 9-5, Sun. 1-5; Sept.-Dec., Mar.-May: Tues.-Sat. 1-4. Admission: adults \$2, children 12 and under \$1, large groups please call ahead for appointment. Artifacts from early households, farms, schools, churches; restored historic buildings; Turkey Red Wheat Palace.

Warkentin House, 211 E. First St., Newton (316-283-0136 or 283-7555). June-Aug.: Tues.-Sat. 1-4:30; Sept.-May: Fri.-Sun. 1-4:30. Admission: adults \$2. Sixteen-room Victorian home, built 1886 for Bernhard Warkentin, who was instrumental in bringing Turkey Red wheat, as well as Mennonite settlers, to Kansas from Russia.

Manitoba

Mennonite Village Museum, Steinbach (204-326-9661). May: Mon.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5; June: Mon.-Sat. 10-7, Sun. 12-7; July-Aug.: Mon.-Sat. 9-8, Sun. 12-8; Sept.: Mon.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5; Oct.-Apr. by appointment only. Admission: adults \$2, students and senior citizens \$1. Restoration of 19th-

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Think Globally, Eat Locally

by Kenton Brubaker

Apples from Australia, grapes from Chile, tomatoes from Mexico, beef from Costa Rica, lettuce from California, cheese from France, olives from Greece; the shopping list goes on. The United States imports more food than it exports. We also waste more food than we eat. We tend to think locally and eat globally. What would happen if we reversed this phenomenon?

The energy savings would be tremendous. Contemplate the refrigeration costs alone of shipping frozen turkey to Zaire. We ate frozen Rockingham County poultry in the heart of Africa while serving there in 1963. (I'm not sure how often it thawed enroute; perhaps adding considerable energy cost for refreezing!)

Frozen food is popular and usually of high quality. But it requires considerable electricity to remove 80 calories from every gram of water in strawberries, which

economical to bake bread in its Pennsylvania facility and truck it into New York City. Local people were out of work and the wonderful neighborhood, early-morning aroma was gone. Maybe truckers will get the enjoyment if they can smell the bread over diesel fumes.

Why do we eat globally? Because we are rich, energy is cheap, people who produce much of the food work at low wages and, quite simply, we have not thought enough about it. When we do contemplate the global impact of our eating and drinking habits, the answers are not always that clear. If we discontinued drinking coffee and eating bananas from places like Jamaica, many currently employed farmers and laborers would be out of work. They depend on our appetites.

Last week bananas from Colombia and peaches from Virginia were both three pounds for a dollar at our only locally-owned grocery store. I bought some of each. The bananas tasted like tenderized styrofoam; but the "home-grown" peaches were not much better. When I complained to my fruit-grower colleague, he informed me that peaches were out of season. The ones I purchased were picked green and stored for a month or two. So much for my attempt to eat locally without thinking locally.

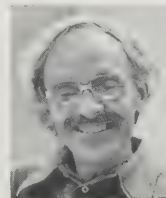
Which brings me to the subject of grocery stores. We have only one locally-owned store left in Harrisonburg. The other major stores owned by the Driver family recently closed their doors. Now the poor people in that section of town have no place to shop except a "convenience" store they can reach on foot. More taxis will be needed to carry the needy to the suburbs to do their shopping. Meanwhile the Belgian chain has opened its fourth "supermarket."

Our one remaining independent store is the only place to buy local produce. All the chains are hooked into the global transport system. Most of what we pay for our food is the cost of processing, packing and hauling. When will we ever learn?

We ate
frozen
Rockingham County
poultry
in the heart
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while serving
there
in 1963.

themselves are more than 90 percent water. In discussing how I can manage to eat a complete loaf of bread before it molds, my friend suggested freezing half a loaf. When I contemplated putting my little freezer through its paces to do this, I decided it was cheaper, energy-wise, to let it spoil if it must. The European style of daily bread, not refrigerator bread, makes more sense. And the French bakery is local.

Recently a major bakery decided to close its doors in New York. It was more



Kenton K. Brubaker is professor of biology at Eastern Mennonite College, Harrisonburg, Virginia.

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century southern Manitoba Mennonite village with houses, church, schools, more.

Maryland

Penn Alps, National Road (Alt. Rt. 40), Grantsville (301-895-5985). Memorial Day—mid-Oct.: Mon.-Sat. 9-8; mid-Oct.—May: Mon.-Thurs. 11-7, Fri. 11-8, Sat. 9-8. Situated between a still-functional 1797 grist mill and a nationally-renowned 1813 stone arch bridge. Working craftspeople (summer only), restored historic buildings.

Ohio

Mennonite Information Center, Inc., 5798 County Road 77, Berlin (216-893-3192). Mon.—Sat. 10-5. Admission: free, donations. Information, books and literature about local Amish and Mennonite culture. Slide presentation on local community. 10' x 265' mural illustrating Anabaptist history. Admission to mural hall: adults \$3, children 6-12 \$1.50.

Ontario

Brubacher House, c/o University of Waterloo, Waterloo (519-886-3855). May-Oct.: Wed.-Sat. 2-5; other times by appointment. Restoration and refurbishing of Mennonite home of 1850-90, slide-tape presentations of Mennonite barnraising and settling of Waterloo County. Admission: \$1 per person, Sunday school classes \$.50 per person, under 12 free if accompanied by parent.

Heritage Historical Library (Amish), c/o David Luthy, Rt. 4, Aylmer N5H 2R3. By appointment only; primarily for researchers in Amish history and genealogy.

The Meetingplace, 33 King St., St. Jacobs (519-664-3518). May-Oct.: Mon.-Fri. 11-5, Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1:30-5; Nov.-Apr.: Sat. 11-4:30, Sun. 2-4:30. Feature-length film about Mennonites, by appointment. Admission: \$1.25 per person for groups making reservations; others by donation. A Mennonite interpretation center; 28-minute documentary film *Mennonites of Ontario*.

Essex-Kent Mennonite Heritage Centre, 31 Pickwick Drive, Leamington (519-326-0456, Centre or 519-326-9270, Peter Epp). By appointment only. Collection of books, photographs, household utensils, clothing and family genealogies. 35-minute video on the history of Mennonite churches and institutions in Essex and Kent Counties, southwestern Ontario. Admission by donation.

Pennsylvania

Archives of the Brethren in Christ Church and Messiah College, Grantham (717-766-2511, Ext. 388). Mon.-Fri. 8-5, Sat.-Sun. by appointment. Admission: free. Collection of artifacts; e.g., plain clothing, church furniture, love feast utensils, Bibles.

Germantown Mennonite Information Center, 6133 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia (215-843-0943). Tues.-Sat. 10-4, Sun. for groups by appointment. Admission: donation. Meetinghouse and artifacts related to the Germantown Mennonite community, oldest in America. Also available for tours: Johnson House, 18th-century Quaker home in Germantown; 1707 house of William Rittenhouse, first Mennonite minister in America and responsible for first paper mill in colonies. "Images—The Germantown Mennonite Meetinghouse," continuously-building exhibit of photos, sketches, paintings, other depictions of Germantown church.

Historical Center, HCR 63, Richfield (717-694-3211). Tues. 7-9 p.m., Sat. 9-4. Admission: free. Family Bibles, fraktur, tools, clocks of Juniata County Mennonites; archives and books.

The MeetingHouse, 565 Yoder Road, Harleysville. (215-256-3020). Tues.-Sat., 10-5, Sun., 2-5. Admission: donation. Mennonite Heritage Center presents interpretive video of local Mennonite story in room designed to resemble an early meetinghouse; permanent exhibit: "Work and Hope"; fraktur room. Historical Library and Archives house more than 100,000 books and documents relating to church history and genealogy.

Mennonite Information Center, 2209 Millstream Rd., Lancaster 17602 (717-299-0954). Open 8-5 daily except Sundays, Thanksgiving and Christmas. Admission: varying. Film, *A Morning Song*; guided tours of Lancaster County; Hebrew Tabernacle Reproduction.

The People's Place, Main Street, Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open 9-5 daily except Sundays, major holidays. Admission: varying. Amish and Mennonite information and heritage center; 3-screen documentary *Who Are the Amish?*; hands-on museum, Amish World, including Henry Lapp, Aaron Zook folk art collections; full-length feature film, *Hazel's People* (May-Oct. only).

The People's Place Quilt Museum, Main Street, Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open 9-5 daily except Sundays, Christmas. Admission: \$3 adults, \$1.50 children. Antique Amish quilts and crib quilts; small collection of dolls, socks, mittens, samplers and miniature wood pieces.

Springs Museum, Rt. 669, Springs (814-622-2625). June-Oct.: Wed.-Sat. 1-5. Admission: adults \$1, children \$.50. Artifacts from homes, farms, shops of early settlers in Casselman Valley; extensive rock and fossil collection.



1719 Hans Herr House, 1849 Hans Herr Dr., Willow Street (717-464-4438). Apr.-Dec.: Mon.-Sat. 9-4, closed Thanksgiving, Christmas; Jan.-Mar. by appointment only. Admission: adults \$2.50, children 7-12 \$1, children under 7 free, group rates available. Restoration and refurbishing of oldest building in Lancaster County; "Lancaster Mennonite Rural Life Collection."

South Dakota

Heritage Hall Museum and Archives, 748 S. Main, Freeman (605-925-4237). May-Oct.: Sun. 2-4; Nov.-April by appointment. Admission: adults \$1.50, \$.50 Grade 7-12; Grade 6 and under free. Cultural artifacts; South Dakota natural history; historic church, school and pioneer home with functional Russian oven. Archives on Mennonite history with emphasis on Hutterite colonies.

GALLERIES

Indiana

Goshen College Art Gallery, Good Library, Goshen College, Goshen (219-533-3161). Jan.-June, Sept.-Dec.: Mon.-Fri. 8-5, Wed. 8 a.m.-10 p.m.; Sat. 9-5, Sun. 1-5; July-Aug.: special hours. Admission: free.

Kansas

Bethel College Fine Arts Center Gallery, Bethel College, North Newton (316-283-2500). Sept.-May: Mon.-Fri. 9-5, Sun. 2-4. Admission: free.

Hesston College Gallery, Hesston College, Hesston (316-327-8164). Feb.-May, Sept.-Dec.: Mon.-Fri. 9-5, Sat. 11-5, Sun. 2-5. Admission: free. Current exhibit—Paul Soldner, Clay and Bronze, January 10-February 21, 1993.

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Pennsylvania

Aughinbaugh Art Gallery, Climenhaga Fine Arts Center, Messiah College, Grantham (717-766-2511, Ext. 276). Mid-Sept.-early May: Mon.-Thurs. 9-4, Fri. 9-9, Sat.-Sun. 2-5. Admission: free.



"Skootamatta" by David Peter Hunsberger

The People's Place Gallery, The People's Place, Main St., Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open daily 9-5 except Sundays, Christmas. Admission: free. Featuring work by Mennonite-related artists from across North America. Also includes an ongoing P. Buckley Moss exhibit. Current exhibit—David Peter Hunsberger, "Recent Serigraphs," November 13, 1992 through January 30, 1993.

Virginia

Eastern Mennonite College Gallery, EMC, Harrisonburg (703-432-4000). Sept.-Apr.: Mon.-Thurs. 7:45 a.m.-11 p.m., Fri. 7:45-5, Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5. Admission: free. Current exhibit—Eva Beidler, January 10-February 5, 1993.

*If you know of additional museums and galleries displaying work by or about Mennonites and related peoples, please send information to **Festival Quarterly**, 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534.*

Privacy And Duplicity

By David Augsburg

Secrecy is often a virtue; duplicity is rarely, if ever, so.

Secrecy—the quiet retention of inner depths, of private reflection in one's soul, of personal experience and values saved and savored—is central to authentic personhood. Only the superficial have no secrets, no private chapels of the spirit where few if any others ever enter. The truly mature have a profound inner place of quiet where memories and discoveries are kept as secret treasures which express their own preciousness to themselves and to God. This vital vault, this spiritual treasury, lies very deep in the soul—the psyche, to use the Greek word—at the core of personhood. There is no duplicity in guarding its door, in inviting only the extremely rare person to grace its porch, to stand immovable at its entrance.

Duplicity—the intentional construction of a double life, of maintaining a secret existence in conflict with the public persona—is a betrayal, a vice, an absence of integrity. (Integrity implies unity not multiplicity; one may have secrets with integrity, but to be secretive is chicanery.) We have a rich vocabulary for such behavior—guile, deceit, deception, hypocrisy, circumventing, artifice, double-dealing, falseness, fraud, perfidy, dishonesty, trickery and dissimulation are only some of the more classic names for two-facedness.

Privacy—the privilege of maintaining secrets—is a gift we may treasure. The comfort of being "nobody," one who blends into the woodwork or the crowd, is welcome. The need to be "somebody" is "dreary" as Emily Dickinson wrote. Claiming one's privacy as the opportunity to experience solitude is necessary to soul-making. It is a specific grace to be able to nourish both a public and private self—the two need each other's support, grow from each other's discoveries and mature only by integrating each other's strengths and accepting each other's weaknesses. A good marriage of the two flows in stages of growth from the divided self of childhood to the conflicted self of adolescence, through the provisional selves of youth to the emerging self of young adulthood toward the integrated, resilient, diverse yet united self of adulthood.

Apparently, however, it is difficult for an increasing number of us to achieve unity. My world, like yours no doubt, contains friends, colleagues and acquaintances

whose lives have fragmented—executives who embezzle, judges who blackmail, counselors who seduce, pastors who philander, husbands who cheat, wives who betray, associates who harass and parents who abuse. Virtually all were sustaining a public self which was the image of success and concealing a private self in sharp contradiction.

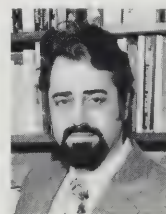
The divided self of childhood may split and adolescence increase the division so that different aspects of the personality are compartmentalized into two different selves acting in diametrically opposed ways. The person moves from having secrets to being secretive, from privacy to duplicity.

We each need our secrets because they protect our uniqueness and preserve our preciousness, but they become resources for growth only as we share them with our intimate others. They become experiences of our worth as we risk opening ourselves to one, two or three persons whom we allow to know us deeply. We each have a profound need to be known, a need to be seen and prized. It is a need for witnessed significance, a need to be valued by someone we value in return.

From my work with pastors who betray trust, fathers who violate daughters and counselors who exploit power relationships, the most revealing common trait is their aloneness, their armored aloofness and their avoidance of true vulnerability with another or with a core of chosen others.

There are no guarantees, but there are known safeguards. Others, accountability, self-disclosure, and the responsible sharing of our secrets move us away from the arrogance of becoming an island.

Sharing, connecting, and risking are only half of the process that moves us toward accountability and integrity; an equally crucial portion is receiving, listening, and trusting. Availability, like accountability and responsibility, goes two ways.



David Augsburg has entered the Anabaptist missionary corps by becoming professor of pastoral care and counseling at Fuller Theological Seminary, Pasadena, CA.

- **Ted D. Regehr**, has begun work on Volume III of *Mennonites in Canada*. The writing of this history is a project of the Mennonite Historical Society of Canada. Volume I, covering 1786-1920, was published in 1974 and Volume II, covering 1920-40, in 1982. **Frank Epp** was author/editor of the first two volumes and was working on Volume III when he died in 1986.
- A 1980 graduate of Goshen College, **Susan Fisher Miller**, Evanston, Illinois, has been commissioned to write the history of the college for its centennial celebration in 1994. Fisher Miller's grandfather, John J. Fisher, Sr., was a member of the Goshen College faculty from 1916 to 1923.
- Six papers which are part of the ongoing dialogue (begun in Strasbourg in July, 1984) between the World Alliance of Reformed Churches and the Mennonite World Conference are included in *Baptism, Peace and the State in the Reformed and Mennonite Traditions*. Edited by **Ross T. Bender** and **Alan P.F. Sell**, the collection acknowledges past errors and offers justification for each tradition's present practices and convictions. Published by Wilfrid Laurier University Press, Waterloo, Ontario.
- *Brethren Beginnings: The Origin of the Church of the Brethren in Early Eighteenth-Century Europe* traces the background and development of the Church of the Brethren. Written by **Donald F. Durnbaugh**, it is number three in the *Brethren Encyclopedia Monograph Series*, edited by **William R. Eberly**. Originally written as a doctoral dissertation for the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences of the University of Pennsylvania, it is published by Brethren Encyclopedia, Inc., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
- **Elizabeth G. Yoder** is the editor of *Peace Theology and Violence Against Women*, recently published by the Institute of Mennonite Studies at Associated Mennonite Biblical Seminaries (AMBS). For further information contact Ross Bender at AMBS.
- In her new book of poetry, *standing all the night through*, **Audrey Poetker-Thiessen** gives poetic voice to some of the unspoken mythologies of the Mennonite peoplehood. Published by Turnstone Press, this collection follows Poetker-Thiessen's first book of poetry, *isling for my dead in german*, published

by Turnstone in 1986.

- Herald Press announces the publication of *The Community of the Spirit: How the Church Is in the World* by **C. Norman Kraus**. In this book Kraus has thoroughly updated the original edition of *The Community of the Spirit*, added a new chapter and incorporated key material from *The Authentic Witness*. Kraus stresses that God is present now, not only in the future, in the community of those empowered by God's Spirit. Publication is scheduled for March 1993.
- A photographic essay, *Nicaragua Portfolio* by **Doug Wicken**, offers Wicken's



personal reflections—in photos, prose and poetry—on the everyday lives of people in this often strife-torn Central American country. Published by la Quinta Publishing, Thomasburg, Ontario.

- A spiral edition of *Mennonite Community Cookbook* was recently released by Herald Press. Originally published in 1950, it was compiled by **Mary Emma Showalter** with color photographs by **M.T. Brackbill** and drawings by **Naomi Nissley**. Favorite recipes from hundreds of Mennonite women, including the Dutch, German, Swiss and Russian traditions.
- *Frontiers of Faithfulness* by **A. Grace Wenger** is a written history of the Groffdale Mennonite Church, Leola, Pennsylvania. Beginning with the arrival of the Swiss-German pioneer, Hans Groff, at the place which came to be called Groffdale, this well illustrated account chronicles the story of this 275-

year-old rural Mennonite congregation. Privately published, the book is available in both hardcover and paperback.

- The **Association of Mennonites in the Arts (AMITA)** recently issued its first directory, a listing of Mennonite-related creative persons—musicians, writers, visual artists, etc. To have your name listed in the directory, contact Philip K. Clemens, College Mennonite Church, 1900 South Main Street, Goshen, IN 46526.
- Two Eastern Mennonite College (EMC) alumni, **Phyllis Augsburg Ressler** and **Ruth Hoover Seitz**, col-



laborated to compile *The Way We Are*, an 88-page collection of historical photographs and essays recounting the growth and change of Eastern Mennonite High School, College and Seminary over the past 75 years. The compilers autographed copies of their book at EMC's 75th anniversary celebration.

- **Celia Lehman**, Kidron, Ohio, tells the story of **Irma Davis** in her book *Come Walk with Me Thru The Needle's Eye*. Davis founded and continues to operate a Youngstown, Ohio, place of shelter and hope for persons affected by drug abuse. Her approach is preventive and wholistic. The Youngstown program, begun in 1976, has received national recognition. Two other programs—one in Virginia and one in Maryland—have been patterned after The Needle's Eye. All proceeds from sales of the book will be donated to the organization.
- *Susquehanna Heartland* by **Ruth Hoover Seitz** and **Blair Seitz** is a photographic essay of Pennsylvania's Susquehanna River. This coffee table-style book is published by RB Books.
- **Lauren Friesen** is the editor of *Theatre and Religion*, an occasional publication of the Theatre and Religion Forum Group (ATHE). Papers sponsored by ATHE are eligible for publication. Persons interested in receiving future issues should notify Goshen College.

A History of the Amish, Steven M. Nolt.
Good Books, 1992. 318 pages, \$9.95.

Reviewed by Theron Schlabach

Nolt's book is a straightforward and very complete telling of Amish history. For the historical facts, it offers virtually Everything You Need to Know about the Amish But Never Thought to Ask. And it does so in pleasing prose. Nolt came to his subject well prepared. He was reared in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. In college he majored in history, including Amish and Mennonite studies. He has attended a Mennonite seminary and worked at interpreting Amish and Mennonites to Lancaster County's ever-curious tourists. For this book he obviously did a very thorough survey of the printed sources, both secondary and primary.

The book is crystal-clear and, for its own purposes, complete. Although scholarly at one level, it is unpretentious and tells its story without descending into jargon, passive voice, heavy discussion of methodology and other sins so beguiling to scholars. While its subject is sectarian, readers without Amish in-group connections will have no difficulty. Skillful at synthesis, Nolt moves smoothly from one topic to another or one Amish community to another, telling the story without ever leaving the reader at a loss to know who, when or where. The range of topics is impressive: the whole history of the Amish from the sixteenth-century Anabaptists to today—including the European story; including Amish Mennonites, Beachy Amish and others who have been Amish but not Old Order; including side trips such as one into failed settlements in Mexico in the 1920s; including clashes with government over the military draft, schooling and social security, and including much, much more. Somehow, in just three hundred pages of easy reading, Nolt communicated the essence of all those many stories and of the whole.

Some things, the book is not. It is not a highly interpretive or analytical study (a fact which surely made clear writing easier). It is not an exploration, for instance, into Amish understandings of salvation or the deeper philosophical meanings of *Ordnung*. While it is solid history and by no means a glossy romanticization, it is not the sort of probe that might have found a sadder underside—questionable violence in child-rearing, perhaps, or human talent and spirit suppressed by enforced humility, or

A HISTORY OF THE AMISH



(most obviously even by Amish values) the wrenching of families caught in Amish schism and shunning. And although the editing is very good, the product is not quite perfect. Most of the editorial lapses are very minor, but one is obvious and mildly onerous—the endnotes are not labelled to guide the user back to the respective text pages, only to chapters. (Who ever knows the number of the chapter one is reading?)

Whatever it is not, the book is excellent at what it is meant to be. Its layout and binding are attractive and artistic. Of photographs, maps and tables, it has enough to help communicate but not so many as to intrude. The same is not quite true of another feature—text-inserted-in-text. Reading, one suddenly comes on segments of about one-half to two-and-a-half pages set off by gray background and offering key excerpts from primary or secondary sources. These do sometimes intrude into an otherwise easy flow. But on the plus side, they add much by way of content and flavor.

Overall, the plusses are large and the minuses small. Too much literature is only about the Old Order phenomenon, sometimes analyzed without enough history and almost always treated quite apart from the whole Amish story. By telling the whole history, and doing it skillfully and responsibly, Nolt has met a real need. With this very attractive offering, he and Good Books are filling a gap in both scholarly and popular literature.

Theron Schlabach is professor of history at Goshen College, Goshen, Indiana.

FQ price—\$7.96
(Regular price—9.95)

Your Daughters Shall Prophecy: Women in Ministry in the Church, John E. Toews, Valerie Rempel, Katie Funk Wiebe. Kindred Press, 1992. 234 pages, \$11.50.

Reviewed by Ann Weber Becker

This book is written for a specific denomination (Mennonite Brethren) “to stimulate study and discussion” about women in ministry. First, I am affiliated with the Mennonite Church and General Conference Mennonite Church, not the MBs. Second, as an ordained minister I have personally moved beyond “study and discussion” of this issue.

The book consists of eleven essays from as many contributors, all well known in MB circles. All affirm women for ministry in the church, though two biblical essays add the qualifier “within the overall context of male leadership.” The remaining essays place no such restriction, advocating mutual interdependence.

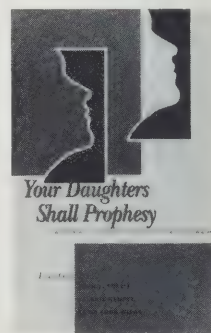
The two editorial chapters framing these essays make a significant contribution. The introductory chapter acknowledges the many dimensions of pain that surround this discussion. The conclusion offers four recommendations that steer toward the full participation of women in ministry, while remaining respectful of differing viewpoints. Interestingly, it asserts that the “real issues” concerning women in ministry are not biblical, but “personal questions of sexuality, power and personal identity.”

I like the spirit of this book. I appreciate the group process tips at the beginning, though I would have welcomed attention to gender dynamics in groups.

I am happy to place this book in my library beside Willard Swartley's *Slavery, Sabbath, War, and Women*. I am grateful to these writers for articulating a solid biblical basis for women in ministry, while respecting those who struggle with this interpretation. Their work frees me to get on with the work of building up the body of Christ.

Ann Weber Becker divides her vocational energies between First Mennonite Church, Kitchener, Ontario, where she is co-pastor and home where she is co-parent.

FQ price—\$9.20
(Regular price—11.50)



Walking With Jesus, Mary Clemens Meyer. Herald Press, 1992. 87 pages, \$10.95.

Reviewed by Jillian Hershberger

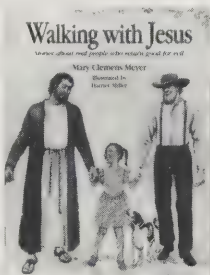
In the tradition of *Coals of Fire* now comes *Walking with Jesus*, a collection for children of twenty true stories of people who have attempted to manifest in their lives their understanding of Jesus' way of love and peacemaking. The tales range from simple stories of a child struggling to be polite to an old peddler who frightened her with his strangeness; from the child trying not to hit back at a bully to more dramatic stories of wartime and decisions of life or death.

The look and feel of this book is unmistakably Herald Press; the stories all appeared originally in *Story Friends*. The illustrations by Harriet Miller, rendered in four-color on the cover of this large-format paperback, reappear inside as black and white drawings with one color. Each story is accompanied by several illustrations, the color changing from story to story.

Overall the collection seems to work, offering a range of interest levels and possibilities for discussion. Many of the stories are warm and reassuring. The best are the stories of both imagination and kindness arising from an authentic spirituality; less successful perhaps are those tales where the characters ask explicitly, "What would Jesus do?" A satisfying touch is the postscript at the end of each story which tells more about what happened to the children in the story after they grew up. Recommended for church libraries in particular.

Jillian Hershberger is Children's Librarian at the Takoma Park Maryland Library. She is a member of Hyattsville Mennonite Church in the Washington DC metropolitan area.

FQ price—\$8.76
(Regular price—\$10.95)



The Upside-Down Tree, Poems by Jean Janzen. Henderson Books, 1992. 77 pages, \$11.95.

Reviewed by Suzanne Lawrence

Poet Jean Janzen's gifts to me are potatoes and onions.

"Potato Planting," could be the book's introduction, a rationale for making poems. A potato cut for planting compares to "those losses we think we bury for good, that begin to smolder in their dark sleep and extend their thin, white roots . . . Not until the fall digging do we see them, whole families of pale, forgotten children coming home . . . waiting to be washed and held, begging for their stories to be told."

Janzen gently harvests the stories planted by her past and present families. Big potatoes that will be good keepers are the deepest, oldest stories. Especially beautiful are her travelogues of Holland and Russia. In these poems—Parts II and III of the book—she creates new landscapes of superimposed history, art and geography.

In comparison, several of the poems about her own childhood and children seem small. New potatoes?

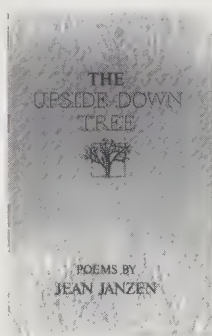
About the onion, listen to this: "the stories . . . we peel, layer after layer, our eyes smarting with the earthy fragrance, the tang of mystery." In Janzen's poems we have humanity, and that which is beyond—". . . here and there one moves against it . . . opening a secret passage."

I am grateful for a book of poems that I don't have to hide from children and that I can recommend to friends.

I will treasure this book for its meditative voice, nourishing as potatoes and onions.

Suzanne Lawrence, Hillsboro, Kansas, has loved poetry since she was a small child. Her home is near Goessel, Kansas.

FQ price—\$9.56
(Regular price—\$11.95)



A Treasury of Mennonite Quilts, Rachel and Kenneth Pellman. Good Books, 1992. 128 pages, \$19.95.

Reviewed by Myrna Burkholder

The quilt featured on the cover of *A Treasury of Mennonite Quilts*, which consists of green applique leaves with red accents and a rich golden background, aptly illustrates the contents of this book. Its 128 pages are filled with photographs of family quilt heirlooms, all of which were made by Mennonite women from across North America during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

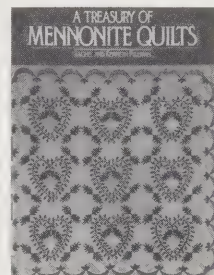
Each illustration is accompanied by a brief history of the quilt and its maker, and, in some cases, family photographs of the women who made the quilts. The quilts represent a slice of social history and artistic expression from women who often created quilts as gifts for special occasions or for special people in their lives such as their grandchildren. Family members, in turn, have preserved these family treasures.

Unlike Amish quilts which reflect a recognizable style, Mennonite quilts are patterned after various traditional North American quilt designs. The quilts are presented in the book by familiar design groupings, from log cabins to Carolina lily appliques. However, within the traditional groupings, the reader will soon note the variations each quiltmaker has brought to her work. Color combinations range from bouncy bright to soft neutral; designs range from the funky to the fantastic.

For those who appreciate the skill of the untutored artisan, this book will be heartwarming and winsome in its appeal. For those who take pleasure in color and design, this book will be a treat for the eyes. And just as these quilts illustrate the passing down of one's heritage from generation to generation, the giving of this book as a gift from one to another represents a similar gesture.

Myrna Burkholder, Goshen, Indiana, teaches adult education classes.

FQ price—\$15.96
(Regular price—\$19.95)



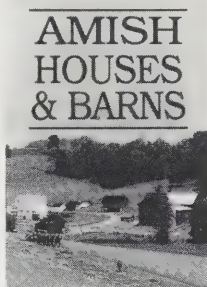
Amish Houses & Barns, Stephen Scott, Good Books, 1992. 158 pages, \$6.95

Reviewed by David Kline

Amish Houses & Barns is more than the title suggests; it is also about people. The first quarter of the book looks at the homes and architectural styles of the Amish. "The Amish world revolves around the home," writes the author, Stephen Scott. He adds, "Many of the radical nonconformist practices of Amish life were instituted to nurture family cohesiveness."

Home is where one is born, where one is wed and where worship services are held. Because services are held in homes, Amish society tends to think of people being the church, rather than a particular building or place. For many Amish people home is also the place where one dies.

The main part of the book examines three Amish homesteads, each of which has been farmed by the current family of residence for at least four generations.



The 52-acre Lancaster County Stoltzfus farm has been owned by Amish since 1825 and, except for a brief period in the early 1900s, has been in the Stoltzfus family since 1827.

The 85-acre Holmes County Schlabach-Yoder-Miller farm was settled by the Schlabach family in 1826 and is currently being tilled by sixth-generation members of the family.

The 223-acre LaGrange County Bontrager-Miller farm has been occupied by the Bontrager family since 1862 and is now farmed by the fourth generation. The most diversified of the three, it is also quite traditional while being ecologically sensitive. (One photo shows a bag of "ecological fertilizer" by a barn door.)

While *Amish Houses & Barns* may not delve much into the romance and lore of the old barns, it is well illustrated with nice photographs and is a delightful and informative addition (No. 11) to the People's Place Book series.

David Kline, Fredericksburg, Ohio, is an Amish farmer and the author of Great Possessions, published by North Point Press.

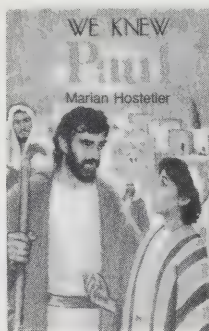
FQ price—\$5.56
(Regular price—6.95)

We Knew Paul, Marian Hostetler. Herald Press, 1992. 128 pages, \$4.95

Reviewed by Helen Wells Quintela

We Knew Paul is a series of fictitious but Bible-based stories from the perspectives of young people who might have encountered the Apostle Paul. It is best suited to young readers, ages 10 to 13. Further, its appeal is in the imaginative, yet biblical, way the author has woven first-person accounts of Paul and the gospel that he preached into the day-to-day concerns of those in the early church.

For example, chapter eight is an account about Paul from the point of view of Julia of Corinth (Paul's compatriot from I Corinthians 7, sometimes translated as Junias or Junia). Hostetler imagines Julia to be the daughter of Priscilla and Aquila and weaves into the story the struggles a Jewish Christian household might have experienced as they lived out a new life of unity with Gentile Christians, following the example of Jesus.



For the adult reader, *We Knew Paul* contains anachronisms that may stretch the imagination too far. Elizabeth of Damascus and Julia of Corinth both converse freely with Paul and the men who travel with him. Julia is portrayed as an active participant in her choice of spouse. Nor do the stories portray in a realistic fashion the severe consequences that young women would have faced from the patriarchal system under which they lived, if they had dared to actively participate in the life of the gospel.

Helen Wells Quintela is pastor of St. Paul Mennonite Church, St. Paul, Minnesota, and the author of Out of Ashes (Herald Press, 1991). Her family includes her husband Alberto and children, Joseph and Daniel, ages 12 and 9.

FQ price—\$3.96
(Regular price—4.95)

Jesus' Word, Jesus' Way, Randolph J. Klassen. Herald Press, 1992. 165 pages, \$6.95.

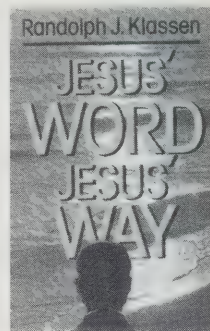
Reviewed by Nelson Kraybill

Here is practical appropriation of recent church theology by a pastor-evangelist with Anabaptist roots. *Jesus' Word, Jesus' Way* presents readable wisdom from a man who yearns to speak and live in ways that draw others to Christ.

Born to Mennonite parents, Klassen studied at Fuller Theological Seminary, and warm references to prominent evangelicals pepper his book. While his tone is positive, one senses Klassen sparring with evangelical friends who cling to inerrancy, give emotional altar calls and retreat to safe havens of Christian fellowship.

With humility and refreshing wit, Klassen challenges readers to present an authentic gospel of repentance and change. While emphasizing the joy of sharing good news, he insists the message of the cross sometimes might mean smaller rather than larger churches. The book's title encapsulates a conviction that true evangelism shares the word (teaching) about Jesus and guides believers into a way (discipleship) which often differs painfully from society. Without mentioning the tradition directly, Klassen incorporates Anabaptist themes such as community, accountability to each other and separation from the world. The appendix includes a group discussion guide.

Alas, Klassen avoids discussion of "Jesus' Word" about loving enemies, and the good news that word brings to matters of national allegiance and participation in the military. It may be coincidence that the cover colors are red, white and blue. It is not coincidence that the backcover carries a hearty endorsement from the chaplain of the U.S. Senate. In an otherwise prophetic book, this seems unhelpfully solicitous to a stream of evangelicalism that often compromises the message of the cross.



Nelson Kraybill, Highgate, London, is Program Director of the London Mennonite Centre in England.

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___ Amish Houses & Barns (<i>Scott</i>), paper	6.95	5.56
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___ Jesus' Word, Jesus' Way, (<i>Klassen</i>), paper	6.95	5.56

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Are They Dutch, German or Mennonite?

by Peter J. Dyck

The time was 1949, the place was Geneva, Switzerland, and the man speaking was an official of the International Refugee Organization (IRO).

"Your Mennonite refugees from Russia are not eligible for IRO assistance because they are Germans. No Germans receive IRO support."

If that had become official policy, it would have been a serious blow to our Mennonite Central Committee (MCC) immigration program. I attempted to explain once more, as C.F. Klassen, the MCC director for Mennonite Migration, had done on previous occasions, that the situation was not as simple as that. The fact that our refugees spoke German did not make them German. Ethnically speaking they were not German nor were they Russian. Rather, they were Dutch.

"But they accepted German citizenship when they fled the Soviet Union and came to Germany," he countered.

"That, too, is an extremely complicated matter," I answered and proceeded to explain their history.

Many Dutch Mennonites fled Holland in the 16th century because of persecution and settled in Prussia (Germany). In the 18th century they left Prussia and settled in Russia. Retaining their Dutch heritage throughout, they took windmills, wooden shoes, the Dutch language, foods and recipes with them to the Ukraine.

When Russia became communist, they suffered indescribable persecution because of their faith and their refusal to accept the Marxist ideology and way of life. More than 20,000 went to Canada. Then in 1929 Stalin closed the borders.

When Germany invaded the Soviet Union in 1941, the Mennonites who were still there, welcomed the Germans as "liberators." But they were sorely disappointed when they saw how the Germans treated the native Russian population. Even so, many Mennonites fled to Germany because they were afraid of again falling into the hands of the Russians. They wanted to go to Canada.

So how does one explain the *Einbuengerung*, the acceptance of German citizenship? At the time several refugees described it to me (voluntarily and in writing):

"A special train with an entire team of workers had arrived at the station, and we were all called to appear. We were medi-

cally examined and asked questions about our parents, grandparents and even great-grandparents. Had they suffered any hereditary sicknesses? Had there been any insanity, drunkenness or venereal disease in the family? Then they took away our Russian passes and soon afterwards we received German identification cards." (Anna Ediger)

"Our own personal opinions were naturally not asked and before we really knew what was going on and understood the full meaning of *Einbuengerung*, we were already citizens of Germany." (Jakob Klassen)

"After all these various procedures, we were told that we were now Germans. Even I, who am a Mennonite but not of Dutch descent, since I am Russian by birth, was determined to be German whether I wanted to accept this or not. After the *Einbuengerung*, we received no more rights than before and soon realized the main reason was so the Nazis would feel justified in drafting us into the German army." (Sergej Tratschow)

"In October of that year (1944) I was *eingebuergert* against my will. Furthermore, against my will, I was put into a (German) uniform." (Hermann Neufeld)

"It seems all that was wanted through

the *Einbuengerung* was that the Germans receive the right to draft us into the *Wehrmacht*. The above declaration I have given of my own volition truthfully and to the best of my knowledge." (Jakob Harder)

MCC presented eleven pages of testimonies like these to the IRO. The Mennonite refugees themselves were terribly confused by all this probing into their identity. They spoke German, but they had no feel for the "Fatherland." Most had never even visited Germany in over 140 years. But they also knew that they were not Russians. Who were they, really? Some of them showed me documents issued in the Soviet Union in which the word "Mennonite" was written for nationality.

One dear grandmother, speaking *Plattdietsch*, turned to me and with a wan smile asked, "Aren't we Mennonites? We're not Russians and we're not Germans. I believe we come from Holland. Please, Peter, help me to understand who I am."



Peter J. Dyck has spent a rich life shuttling refugees to new homelands, overseeing relief programs and telling wise and witty stories. He and his wife, Elfrieda, live in Akron, PA.



Tulip Time in Holland

April 15 - 28, 1993

We'll take the "back roads" (and back canals) of Tulip country... windmill-dotted landscapes... vast fields of fabulous flowers... half-timbered and thatch-covered farms... picturesque fishing villages... cheese markets. Our Dutch Mennonite tour leaders, Pieter and Martha Gotwals Postma, welcome you at the height of the spring flower season. By boat, bike (if you like) and motorcoach, they will introduce you to their homeland, from the Delta to Friesland; the valiant fight against the sea, the history, culture and art, business, and current Mennonite life and ministry.

Come with us to Europe in 1993. Write or call for itineraries.

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European Anabaptist Heritage II	August 2-19	Wilmer Martin & John Ruth
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Theatre AKIMBO Plans New Project

Barbra Graber, artistic director of Theatre AKIMBO, and Carolyn Holderead Heggen, family abuse therapist, recently received the \$3000 C. Henry Smith Peace Lectureship Award. Graber and Heggen met each other for the first time about a year ago and realized a joint interest in and passion for teaching ways to confront sexual abuse within the family and church. In a recent interview Graber said, "We got together last summer, walked in the woods a long time and shared our own stories. We decided to intersperse sketches by AKIMBO with various therapy techniques led by Carolyn. From the beginning we



Barbra Graber

planned to take the program into schools."

The presentation is called *Bringing Peace Homeward, Sexual Abuse Among Christians* and will open before the student body at Bluffton College on March 16, 1993. It moves on to Goshen College the next day and is tentatively scheduled for Eastern Mennonite College in April, 1993.

Noting that one of the reasons AKIMBO exists is to "use improvisational theatre to foster understanding through the sharing of personal stories," Graber observed, "I am excited by the way theatre helps us look at sexual abuse and begins the process of healing. AKIMBO has already done work on the subject and will probably incorporate some of those sketches into this new body."

"Unfortunately," Graber noted, "the \$3000 barely covers our practice sessions. Because we want to go to all the Mennonite colleges and high schools, we are actively seeking additional funding to complete the tour."

Longer term, they also plan to produce a video of AKIMBO dramas to enable Heggen to continue going to schools with the program. "That way she won't have to take five actors with her everywhere she goes." Heggen and Graber are seeking sponsors for the video project.



Theatre AKIMBO

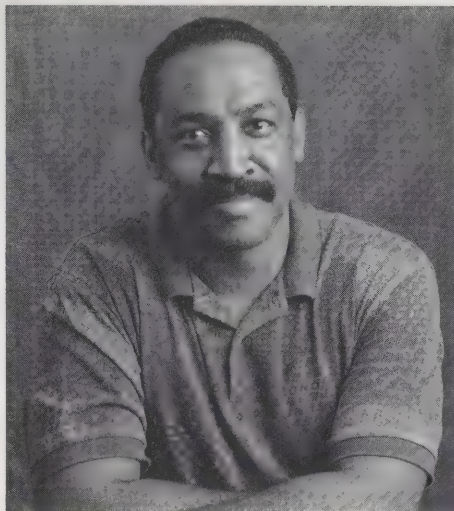
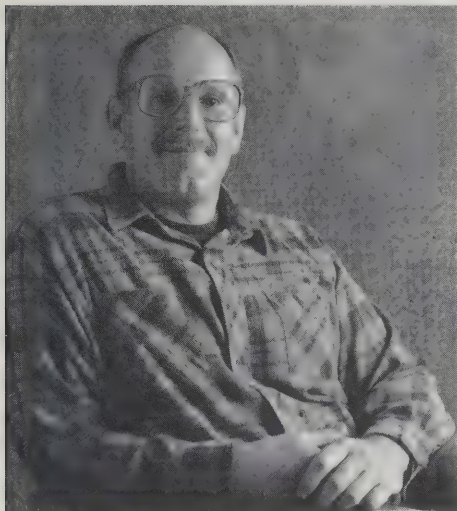


Jan Gleysteen's New Ventures

Mennonite historian Jan Gleysteen tells *Festival Quarterly* that leaving Tourmagination has opened doors for him to pursue more faithfully several of his many other interests. His first project will be to further upgrade and fine-tune his slide presentation, "Our Mennonite Legacy." Having shown it to members of most of the Anabaptist-related groups, he finds particular recent interest among Old Colony Mennonites. He also enjoys taking it into high schools and young people's groups.

Several other slide projects are in the works, including one for the 300th anniversary of the formation of the Amish church. He plans numerous photo-research trips, a teaching video on Anabaptism and several significant writing projects.

After speaking of finding more time for his family, including granddaughter Alexia, he commented, "I may finally find time to build and fully landscape that model railroad I have always dreamed of!"



Portraits of Larry Holz and Tyrone Werts by Howard Zehr.

Howard Zehr's Prison Photo Project

The director of Mennonite Central Committee's (MCC) criminal justice division, Howard Zehr, recently finished the first part of an ongoing portrait series of people who have been committed to prison for life. "I look at a lot of prison photography and I don't like it. I intend to surprise people, so I do real portraits. No numbers. No bars. No cells."

At a recent ceremony in Pennsylvania's Graterford Prison, he gave the "Meaning of Life" exhibit to Lifers, Inc. (an inmate-sponsored support group for lifers). "Meaning of Life" consists of black and white portraits of each person serving a life

sentence at Graterford.

To complete his project, Zehr will visit all the Pennsylvania institutions which house lifers, including one women's prison. "The first question when entering a prison is always, 'How will I build credibility with the prisoners?'" His primary way of gaining the prisoners' confidence has included doing extensive, taped interviews. He will use the tapes both to mount a traveling exhibition and to write a book. When completed, the black and white portrait exhibition, showing lifers from each of the Pennsylvania institutions, will be available from MCC.

Bethel College Hosts Arts Symposium

On the weekend of January 15-17, 1993, a diverse group of practitioners of the arts—musicians, poets, actors and visual artists—will gather at Bethel College, North Newton, Kansas. The symposium entitled, "The Arts, Culture and Community: Perspectives on Aesthetics," will explore how faith and art intersect in community life. Held in the college's Fine Arts Center, it opens on Friday with an address by Wilson Yates, professor and academic dean at United Theological Seminary in St. Paul, Minnesota.

Highlights include a play, "The Road to Mecca," performed by Arlo and Kathryn Kasper; poetry readings by Julia Kasdorf and Lucy Tapahonso; a choral composition by Libby Larson, an acclaimed composer from Minneapolis; and a presentation by Paul Soldner, a well known visual artist who works in clay and bronze.

A conference fee of \$40 (\$25 for students) includes admission to the drama, concert and Kauffman Museum as well as breaks between sessions and a banquet. To register, write or call the Bethel College Ticket Office, 300 E. 27th St., N. Newton, Kansas, 67117, (316) 284-5281.



Exploring the Amish Mennonite Story in Europe

August 11-25, 1993

Join John and Beulah Hostetler "on location" exploring the story of the Amish. We'll pick up the story in 1693 with Jacob Ammann, a strong Swiss Brethren bishop... his passionate controversy with Hans Reist... the resulting division in the Swiss brotherhood which also spread to congregations in Alsace and the Palatinate. Our new tour is held in conjunction with a 300 year anniversary conference in Sainte-Marie-aux-Mines, France.

We invite you to travel with us in 1993! Write or call for itineraries.

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Kauffman Museum, North Newton, Kansas, received an Award of Merit for the exhibit *Mennonite Furniture: A Migrating Tradition, 1766-1910*. The American Association for State and Local History conferred the award at its Annual Meeting in Miami, Florida, on September 19, 1992. An international selection committee, composed of leaders in the history field, reviewed 131 nominations and awarded fourteen Awards of Merit and one Corey Award. The exhibit was curated by **Reinhild Kauenhoven Janzen** and **John Janzen**.

A Project Committee of the **Mennonite Historical Society**, Goshen, Indiana, has general oversight of an effort to produce a well-researched and readable volume or volumes to tell the story of **Harold S.** and **Elizabeth Bender's** lives. Eastern Mennonite College will grant periodic leaves of absence to professor **Albert Keim** through 1995 while he works on the Bender project. A **Friends-of-the-Project Committee** carries the responsibility of raising the necessary funds. Contact Howard Kauffman, Mennonite Historical Society, for more information.

Conrad Grebel College Waterloo, Ontario, was named the recipient of **Nancy-Lou Patterson's** collection of research notes, recording her fieldwork on Mennonite folk art in Waterloo County over the past thirty years. The collection includes most of Patterson's interviews with Mennonite folk artists, as well as manuscripts and photographs. A widely-known liturgical artist and one of Canada's foremost folk art scholars, Patterson retired in August of 1992.



Marcia Kaufmann Harrisonburg, Virginia, has accepted a one-year appointment as "music artist-in-residence" for the 1992-93 year at **Eastern Mennonite College**. Kaufmann, a violinist, is a graduate of the Manhattan (NY) School of Music.

She will divide her time among giving solo performances, participating in recitals with campus ensembles or visiting artists, leading master classes for string students and serving as a resource person for various fine arts-related courses.

October 1-4, 1992 marked the 75th anniversary diamond jubilee celebration of **Eastern Mennonite High School, College and Seminary** in Harrisonburg, Virginia. Highlights of the weekend included an original drama, "**A Place of Our Own**," performed by **AKIMBO**, an EMC-related theater group; **Clearings**, a cantata written for the anniversary by New York composer **Alice Parker**; "**Paths from the Past**," an historical exhibit at the Hartzler Library art gallery, created by **James O. Lehman, Leanna Yoder Keim** and **Jean Reichenbach**; and the unveiling of a photograph portrait of **Richard C. Detweiler**, EMC's sixth president (1980-1987) who died of cancer in 1991.

"**Beyond Tradition: Mennonite Art Quilts**," an exhibition featuring thirty works by fifteen contemporary Mennonite artists/quilters from New York City to Deadwood, Oregon, will be on display at **Kauffman Museum**, North Newton, Kansas, from November 20, 1992 through March 28, 1993. Curated by **Sondra Bandy Koontz** and **Kay Stine Morse**, the exhibition will be accompanied by a variety of workshops on selected Saturdays from January through March. It will also be the feature of a Sunday-Afternoon-at-the-Museum Series.

On October 31, 1992 **Bluffton College** (BC) held a fifth anniversary celebration and dedication ceremony for **The Lion and the Lamb Peace Arts Center**. The college commissioned **Alice Parker**, a nationally recognized composer, to write a choral work. "**Peace Canon**" was performed by a mass choir of children's voices, directed by **Debra Brubaker**, assistant professor of music at BC. Children's choirs from First Mennonite Church, Ebenezer Mennonite Church and United Presbyterian Church in Bluffton and Grace Mennonite Church in Pandora participated. The Lion and the Lamb Peace Arts Center provides resources, programs and classes promoting peace for school children of all ages. The Center also sponsors occasional workshops and conferences on peace issues for children, teaching peacemaking for adults who work with children.

"**Resound**," a 49-voice Harrisonburg, Virginia, community choir, recently recorded selected hymns from the new Anabaptist-related hymnal, **Hymnal, A Worship Book**. Nineteen other choirs from the United States and Canada also contributed works for the three-volume cassette set of 161 hymns which may be purchased to accompany use of the new *Hymnal*. Available from Alive Studios, Harrisonburg.



A fraktur watercolor wedding certificate by **Ceci Good** is featured in a two-page spread about wedding certificates in the December 1992-January 1993 issue of **Bride's Magazine**. Good shows and sells her work at **The People's Place Gallery**, 717-768-7171.

Dave Nofsinger, Goshen, Indiana, has been named the director of the Mennonite Church (MC) college student summer traveling troupe. The troupe will include two students or recent graduates from each of the colleges (Eastern Mennonite, Goshen and Hesston). Traveling under the auspices of the **Mennonite Board of Education**, the group's programs of drama and music will clearly promote the MC colleges. Persons interested in scheduling the group may call Sandi Bromley at 219-294-7523.

Mennonite poets **Jean Janzen**, Fresno, California, **Julia Kasdorf**, Brooklyn, New York, and **Carol Pellman Mishler**, Harrisonburg, Virginia, have recently participated in poetry readings at Eastern Mennonite College. EMC's languages and literature department sponsored one poet in each month of the Fall 1992 semester.

A reproduction of a lithograph showing the historic Germantown (Pa.) Mennonite meetinghouse has been printed and is available for purchase. The lithograph was made by Grant Simon in 1955. The prints are available from the Germantown Mennonite Church offices at 6133 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, PA 19144.

FILM RATINGS

Aladdin—Disney-animated musical features a street urchin, a sultan's daughter, a wonderful magic carpet and a genie. Very imaginative and magical. (7)

The Bodyguard—A highly-paid security specialist signs on to guard a superstar singer. Love, caution and danger. Partly entertaining, partly potboiler. (5)

Consenting Adults—A manipulative yarn about two yuppie couples who consent to trade partners and meet death. Implausible. (3)

The Crying Game—A movie in three acts, each with its own energy, surprise and pathos. Highly lyrical, original and sexually controversial. An IRA soldier weighs relationships. (6)

The Distinguished Gentleman—A rollicking entertainment about the corruption of government. Eddie Murphy plays a small-time con man who bluffs his way into the big time (Congress). (6)

A Few Good Men—A masterful drama, sporting excellent writing, superb direction and top-drawer acting. A military trial investigates the death of a Marine. Jack Nicholson is brilliant. (8)

Flirting—A whimsical, poignant coming-of-age film set between two tyrannical boarding schools in Australia in the '60s. A sensitive student who permits himself to be the "nerd" falls in love with the daughter of an African university teacher. (7)

Hoffa—A thick, powerful portrait of one of America's most influential union leaders. Jack Nicholson and Danny De Vito deliver outstanding performances. (7)

Home Alone 2: Alone in New York—Certainly not original, but fun enough. A boy gets separated from his family at the airport, plays clever tricks, and hands out justice to some robbers. (6)

Leap of Faith—A con man gathers a traveling troupe and hits the hi-tech sawdust trail, faking miracles for the faithful. But not everyone is deceived, and grace even visits the false messenger. (6)

The Lover—An elegant, sexually frank awakening of a young woman in French colonial Saigon in 1929. Shallow short story in spite of mystique. (4)

Malcolm X—Although clearly a memorial symphony, this too-long movie by Spike Lee pleasingly blends lyricism with fact. Denzel Washington captures the hero part magnificently. (7)

Of Mice and Men—A must-see classic. This cinematic version of John Steinbeck's novel touches most human emotions. Set in a small California farming community during the Depression. Outstanding. (9)

Passenger 57—A below-average action picture about a security expert who happens to be on the same flight as an international terrorist (under arrest). (3)

Reservoir Dogs—Not for weak stomachs. A gruesome study of a violent group of hoods who botch a heist. Highly original, but brutal. (5)

A River Runs Through It—A poignant, glimmering memory of two brothers in Montana in the early part of this century. A bit too much glimmering and too little drama, but worthwhile nonetheless. (6)

Toys—If you like allegories, you'll get bloated. If you like dramatic storylines, you'll starve. Robin Williams stars in an imaginative allegory about the son of a toymaker who tries to save their toy factory from his warmonger uncle. (5)

Films are rated from an adult FQ perspective on a scale from 1 through 9, based on their sensitivity, integrity and technique.

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Amish Mennonite Story in Europe	August 11-25	John & Beulah Hostetler

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Answers to Questions You Were Afraid to Ask

by Katie Funk Wiebe

Q. Why do the Mennonites have big ears and flat foreheads?

A. When they are told the price of an article, they cup their hands behind their ears, pulling them forward, and ask, "How much?" When they are told the price for a second time, they hit their foreheads with the flat of their hand and cry out, "Oh no!"

—Peter J. Dyck, Akron, Pennsylvania

Q. Why does the ecumenical movement have such a tough time making it?

A. Because, as the *Gospel Herald* reported, the Mennonites "have always had their suspicions about the ecumenical movement."

—Martin Marty in *The Christian Century*

Q. Why is there no crab grass at the Charleswood Mennonite Church in Manitoba?

A. Last summer the bulletin said that the church yard and lawn care that week would be done "by God and Carolyn Epp-Fransen." The next week it was done simply, godlessly, by Gerry Grunau.

—Martin Marty in *The Christian Century*

Q. How did the Russian Mennonite tradition of double-decker buns (Zwieback) begin?

A. Intense rivalry existed in the early days

between the Old Colony and the Molotschna settlers in South Russia. The Old Colony Mennonites were considered lacking in social graces. The report goes that when they visited the Molotschna group across the river, they pocketed buns to carry home. To outsmart them, the Molotschna Mennonites made their buns double-decker so that they were too large for Old Colony pockets.

Q. Why are all the women of a certain Ohio Mennonite congregation slim?

A. When the first activity for Mennonite Central Committee relief was organized several decades ago, the announcement went out that the church was sponsoring a soap-making workday the next Saturday. The men would do all the set-up work and the women would provide the fat.

Q. What is the best way for older Mennonites to exercise?

A. According to Dr. Willard Krabill, Goshen, Indiana, when he wakes up, he touches his slippers fifty times, and then, if he feels like it, he gets up and puts them on.

Ruth Brunk Stoltzfus tells of a time when she was an interim pastor in a large city. She planned to visit a woman who had just had a baby, so she called to ask the

information desk attendant about visiting hours for pastors.

"Well, pastors are allowed anytime, but not the pastors' wives."

"Fine," said Ruth. "I'm the pastor, and I don't have a wife."

—Melodie Davis in *Mennonite Weekly Review*

Disagreements plagued the unity of the Frisian and Flemish Mennonites of Holland in the late 16th century and continued thereafter with one group putting the other group down. The Flemish considered the Frisians slow, stolid and not quite as bright as they were. The Flemish tell the story of a Frisian man who rushed onto the train and said eagerly to the man sitting next to him, "I have a new Flemish joke to tell you."

The man replied, "I'd like to hear it and so would my wife and my uncle," pointing to the people next to him.

The Frisian threw up his hands in disgust, "But I haven't got time to explain it to three people."



Katie Funk Wiebe, author of many books and articles, is a freelance writer living in Wichita, Kansas.



A Taste of Eastern Europe

June 21 - July 9, 1993

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Applying Yourself by Nancy Ring

I lie. I don't tell them I'm a painter and poet. These things make me sound too passive and pathetic, practically a push-over. The job I'm applying for is pastry chef, and though it's a P-word too, I write it down where the application says "position desired."

"Use three words to describe yourself." Out of work. No, I write three others, but I am tempted.

"Have you ever served in the armed forces?" Well, I was a waitress. Same thing. I fought the war between my college education and the customers' ignorance of it. Sweating, carrying heavy loads, dodging the barrage of enemy insults and innuendos. Like the well-dressed man who answered me with "let's talk lingerie" when I asked if he was ready to order. I was also good at eluding snipers on the way home. The cash was stuffed in my clothing in three different places, because Susan had said: "If they're really smart, they'll ask where the rest of it is when you hand them the pile from your purse. Then you can give them the one from your shoe and you'll still have what's between your legs." Unless that's what they wanted in the first place. This never happened to me, but I had a lot of time to fear it at 3 A.M., which is when I left work and hit the mined streets of New York City. All this to supply expensive materials and daylight hours for making art. I check the "no" box.

"Define your qualifications for the position you desire." I write: "I can make a cake leap three inches higher than any other baker, and cookies jump from the sheets to the oven, then jump out to dance on your tongue. I can roll and knead and make dough obey my every whim and wish." I want to write, "And I need money so I can paint and write."

"Education." Never mind that Great-Grandma Esther Hanna had her own bakery in town called Slonim on the Russian-Polish border and never mind that she taught all the generations of my family to bake. They're more impressed with pastry school. Even though it's the things that Esther taught Rachel and Rachel taught Dorothy and Dorothy taught me that will keep the job for me. Like how to look in the cupboard and use what's there instead of buying fancy ingredients and equipment. How to make do. How to risk. Which isn't to say I didn't learn anything

in school—that phyllo dough is what Grandma called strudel and biscotti is what Grandma called mandelbrot. I also want to write down how much debt school put me in, which is part of the reason I'm here at all. But I don't. I write down where I went to school.

"List work history." I want to explain that my work history won't fit on the application because it started over 100 years ago with Esther Hanna. I have her taiglach recipe. Sure, you can have it too. Esther herself would have given it to you, except you would've had to watch her measure in handfuls and pinches and just so much this and that. Which is why Esther's niece, Cousin Minnie, took all the ingredients from Esther's hands and measured them in cups and spoons, then translated the recipe methods from the Yiddish for everybody.

In the margin of my taiglach recipe, I have written every shred of memory my mother has about Esther. That she did eventually study English at night after she moved to the red brick building with the stoop next to the egg cream soda shop on Stanton Street in New York. That she only learned English so she could speak to the grandchildren, adding it to the Russian, Polish and Spanish she already knew. That she wore black lace-up shoes with little heels, rolled stockings around garters and a long, flowered cotton apron (without ruffles) over her dress. That she was born in 1869 and was apprenticed to a baker at age 14. That she was called Esther Hanna the Baker and that, with her own business, she was a good catch for the widower she married. That she had seven children, took in the homeless and started a soup kitchen in her temple. Now *that's* work history. Instead, I list the jobs I've held. In chronological order, beginning with the most recent. As they insist.

"Outside interests." I write "fine art," but this doesn't begin to describe my painting studio, that 6-foot-by-9-foot room I've cordoned off Virginia Woolf-style in our small apartment, or the feeling of being lost in the flow of time, with a dollop of buttery paint on the tip of my brush. Without working, I couldn't afford the paint or the brush. With work, I don't have the time I need to use them. Which is why I love and hate my survival job. So I put down "jogging."

"Where do you see yourself in five

years?" I don't write that I want to paint and write and bake, and not mostly bake and then maybe sometimes make art with the tiny scrap of energy left to me. And I don't want to endure the condescending scorn of another interviewer who assumes that if you were any good at your art, you wouldn't need another job. I don't list my artist's resumé and all those now famous artists who died without recognition. I attach my pastry resumé and I write something appropriately ambitious.

"Professional memberships or affiliations." Don't get me wrong. It's not that I don't want to be part of this baking club. I love to bake. It makes years dissolve. I'm 8 years old, learning to fold egg whites in my mother's kitchen. I feel close to the great-grandmother I never knew, the first career woman in our family. Her example inspired all generations after her. Even with children, my sister and cousins work. Annie is a doctor. Cathy, an architect. My mother kept her pharmacist's license current while we kids grew up. Grandma Rae teases us, calling them all "my little career mothers" and me "my little artist." But she should understand. She had jobs once, and has one now—head of the family. I want to write my whole family tree in this part of the application. But I write something else.

In five years or, if the fates allow, in 50 years, I'll probably be doing exactly what I'm doing now: remembering Great-Grandma Esther Hanna in the simplest of tasks, taking strength from her example—surviving. The taiglach recipe reads: "Elongate dough and roll to the size of a thick jumbo pencil. Flour a knife and cut dough into marble-size pieces. Place pieces on a cookie sheet, gently rounding each one, approximately 1/2 inch apart." They say God is in the details.

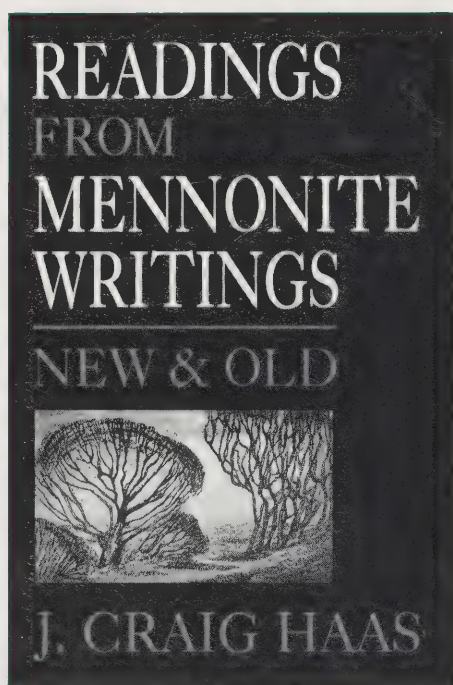
"Sign here that you have not falsified information in this application." I do. But if they only knew.

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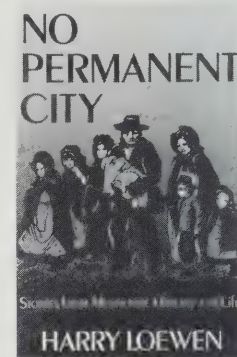
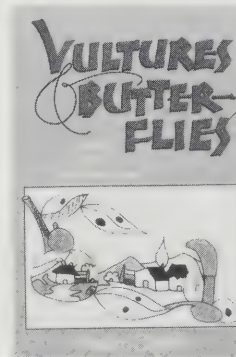
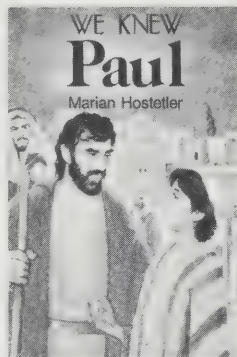
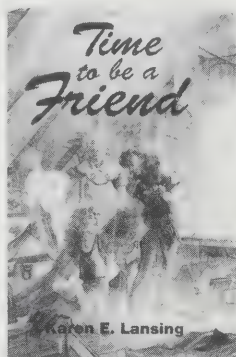


Woldemar Neufeld Paints His Life



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edited by Harry Loewen

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Mennonites have been God-fearing, simple, and humble people, some stories demonstrate. Other accounts indicate they also shrewdly negotiated advantages for themselves from rulers. And though they meant to follow the Prince of Peace, they sometimes failed miserably. Fortunately, we learn, they could laugh at themselves and have fun. Paper, \$9.95; in Canada \$12.50.

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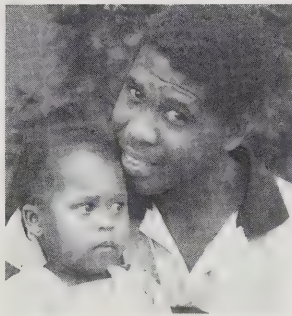
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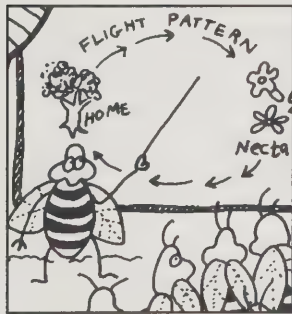
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on the cover . . .

Woldemar and Peggy Neufeld silhouetted by his "Elephant House at the Bronx Zoo," painted during his years in New York. See "Woldemar Neufeld Paints His Life," beginning on page 10.



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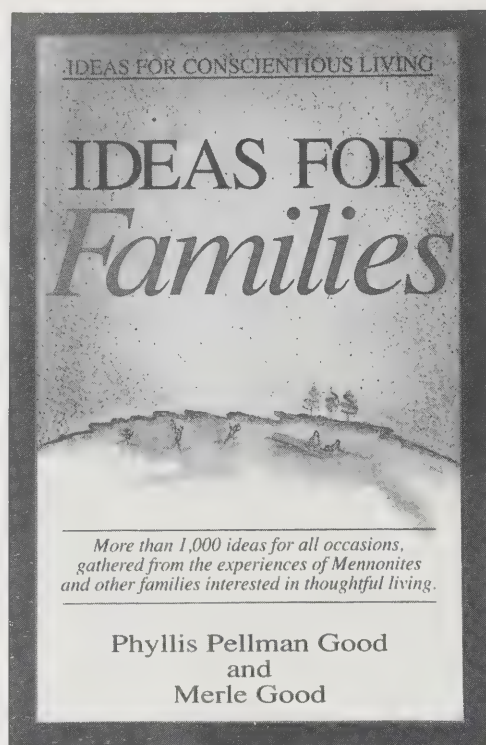
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IDEAS for FAMILIES



Ideas for Families

by Phyllis Pellman Good
and Merle Good

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- Passing the time in the car;
- Happily occupying children at home;
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- Staying in touch with grandparents and extended family members.

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FESTIVAL *Quarterly*

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Phyllis Pellman Good, Merle Good

EDITORIAL

We Need More Stories

I feel surrounded by stories. Many of them slip inside me and mingle with the others already there.

1) Every year we have an evening of storytelling at our Cultural Series at The People's Place. It's one of the highlights of the season. We invite two Mennonites, often from quite different backgrounds, to share significant stories from their own lives.

One guest tells a story, then the other, one after the other, again and again, with no attempt to connect their stories or to comment on the stories of the other.

That sharp juxtaposition creates a special energy in both the storytellers and the audience. We hear the rise and fall of these lives, poignant memories of being forgotten at baptism time, sad stories of failure and rejection, touching tales of storytellers circling back to make peace with their parents.

Two lives, often unknown to each other, sketch unforgettable moments of their sojourn, side by side. The rhythm, the emotion, and the sense of grace wrap around us like a comforter.

2) At our church persons who are joining our fellowship through baptism or by letter are encouraged to share their "faith story" with the congregation.

Surveys have shown that these stories rate as some of the highlights of the year. But why? Technique and delivery are often less than polished. But the lived truth of these confessional stories touches

children and adults alike.

What would happen if Mennonite worship services were regularly opened to stories from real lives, flawed, hopeful, honest? We like sermons which contain anecdotes and illustrations. And that's good. But far more powerful are the confessional stories of real persons in our fellowships who are willing to tell the truth about their lives, sharing a story of faith.

3) I find myself swept away by a good story. And often just as engaging, healing, and penetrating as the true-life ones are the make-believe stories. I especially enjoy top-notch novels, plays, and films.

Of note currently are the novel *The Bridges of Madison County*, the Broadway musical *Les Misérables*, and the English movie *Howard's End*.

The experience of listening to and/or watching an excellent story reaches into our vulnerable, most-hidden center. I often feel as though a connection is made deep inside; a part of me flies out like a dove and wings and weaves among the story being told, somehow making parts of it my own, returning to my heart with an enrichment not there when the story began.

Just look around you as a good story ends. What do you see in the soft eyes of those who've been listening? It's the closest you'll ever come to seeing their well protected centers, eyes mellow and shining, as though their hearts had come out to see and listen too. It's a moment of imagination, truth, and grace to treasure. —MG

The Illusion of Growth

Something keeps nagging me.

If two bakeries both have stalemated or declining growth, what are the pluses and minuses of their merging together into a new, integrated bakery?

On the surface, one sees a larger outfit with bigger sales than either had earlier. But those sales are actually less than their combined sales were previously. Is that healthy or worrisome?

Unfortunately, the problems which led to the weakness of each bakery operation in the first place have not been addressed in the fanfare of the bigger organization and the "larger sales." Will the illusion of growth automatically solve the underlying problems? Or will they continue to weaken the new organization?

Apparently the merger was structured to guarantee that the executives of the smaller bakery now have a larger voice in

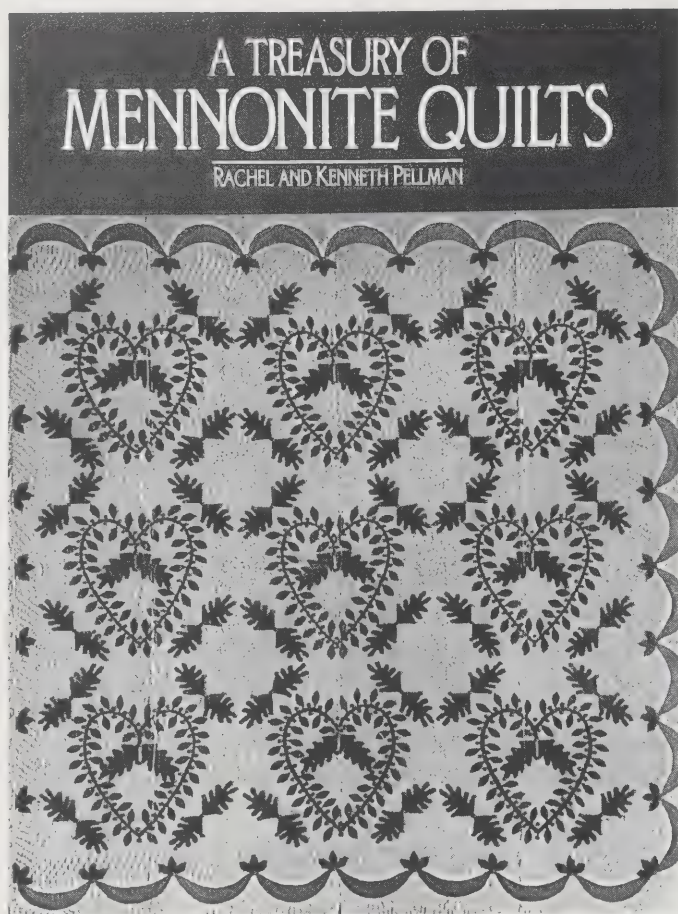
a unified bakery. That probably appeals to them. But a great many of the middle managers of the originally larger bakery have gone elsewhere to find fulfillment. Has anyone noticed?

Might it have been better, someone asks, to have worked at actual growth instead of illusionary growth by addressing the underlying problems in the first place? But the executives are already in meetings with a third bakery, a more gourmet operation, whose sales have also dropped dramatically in recent years. They're considering the possibility of merging with this third organization so that sales will reach an all-time high (though still considerably below the combined total of the original three bakeries).

I guess growth is growth by any name.

—MG

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An extraordinary collection of dazzling quilts from Mennonite communities across North America. This deluxe quality book presents a variety of applique, patchwork and elaborate crazy patch designs from the late 19th to the early 20th centuries. Some quilts follow traditional patterns; others are simply one-of-a-kind. All express the creative and innovative spirits of their Mennonite makers. All exhibit precision and fine attention to detail.

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I'd like to add another "perhaps" to the mystery of Franklin Zimmerman, the man who left Lancaster County to go to the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 and never returned home.

One of my favorite films is "Bagdad Cafe." Set somewhere in the desert of the American Southwest, it is the story of a special "community" that emerges in a rather unlikely place—a dusty, depressed roadside restaurant/motel/gas station—among a rather unlikely group of people—a grouchy proprietor and a few of her family, a lost German tourist, a former Hollywood artist, a quiet Native American, and various others. It's not bloodlines that link these people, just the stumbling human search for "home" and "family." What happens among them is magical.

I can't help but wonder if Franklin Zimmerman might have been lucky to happen upon a "Bagdad Cafe" somewhere. And that perhaps he found there the community and the salvation that may have forever eluded him in the place that he had left.

David Leaman
Grand Rapids, MI

My response to Julia Kasdorf's article, "Bringing Home the Work," (Spring, '92), differs from Ellen Kauffman's [letter in Summer '92]. I find Kasdorf's article and her poetry a help, rather than a hindrance, in evaluating my own journey within the church. To own one's felt experience is neither hypocrisy nor weaponry. Writers like Julia Kasdorf help us recover from negative experiences because we read and feel some relief—"Ah, yes, someone understands..."

For example, I don't think Kasdorf views her great-grandma less positively in telling how she threw away photographs of herself in "worldly" dress after hearing the preacher preach against it. In fact, Kasdorf ends the poem acknowledging gratefully that her great-grandma gave her a heritage, a "stubborn will to believe," in spite of those preacherly stumbling blocks. Thanks to Kasdorf, I can reflect on what impact those thunderous preachers had on my grandmothers, my mother, and myself—an impact I know with certainty was not helpful to me. I see in this poem a recognition that there were those kinds of preachers, that they did some harm, and I can feel happy that someone under-

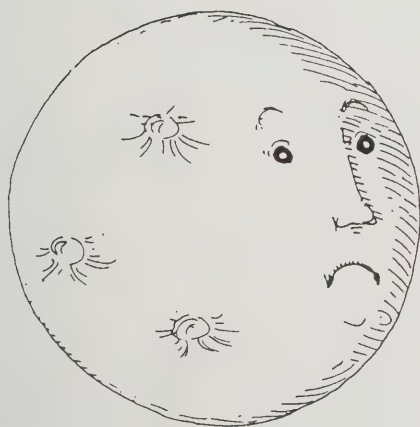
stands and that my daughter has been provided a more positive approach to theology.

Concerning fore-mothers like Myra Lehman, who was lauded by Kauffman for her devotion to family and home, I'm glad I also knew Myra as an open-minded, alert reader in a book discussion group in the early '60s. Myra read 20th century fiction without letting its "realism" obscure an author's intent to portray characters, loveable or unattractive, in such a way that we might understand them. I still remember her enlightening comments showing sympathy for the poor Joad family in Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*, not comments criticizing the writer's manner of portraying them.

Miriam Maust
Salem, Ontario

The editors welcome letters. Letters for publication must include the writer's name and address and should be sent to **Festival Quarterly**, 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534. The editors regret that the present volume of mail necessitates publishing only a representative cross-section. Letters are subject to editing for reasons of space or clarity.

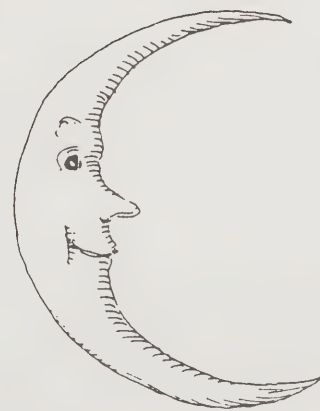
LUNAR DIET



1ST WEEK



2ND WEEK



3RD WEEK

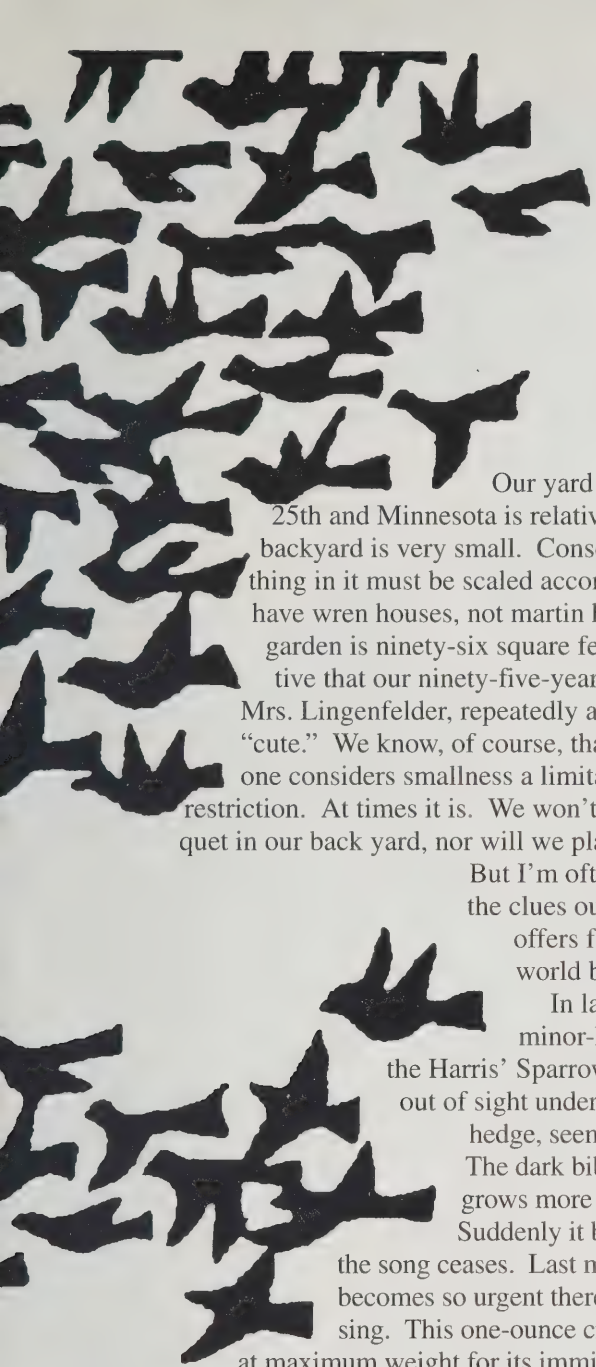
John O'Brien



artwork by Robert W. Regier

Canadian Tundra and Kansas Spirea

by Robert W. Regier



Many of us have been shaped by small back yards.

Our yard at the corner of 25th and Minnesota is relatively small. Our backyard is very small. Consequently, everything in it must be scaled accordingly. We have wren houses, not martin houses. Our garden is ninety-six square feet. The adjective that our ninety-five-year-old neighbor, Mrs. Lingenfelder, repeatedly assigns to it is "cute." We know, of course, that most everyone considers smallness a limitation, a restriction. At times it is. We won't be playing croquet in our back yard, nor will we plant an orchard.

But I'm often amazed at the clues our micro-yard offers for the macro-world beyond.

In late April the minor-key whistle of the Harris' Sparrow, which is just out of sight under our spirea

hedge, seems to intensify. The dark bib on its breast grows more rich and black. Suddenly it becomes quiet,

the song ceases. Last minute feeding becomes so urgent there's no time to sing. This one-ounce creature must be at maximum weight for its imminent departure.

Winnipeg, a thousand miles to the north, is only the halfway point for its annual return to the stunted spruce of the Northwest Territory. On the first of May it's still scratching the ground with an unrelenting frenzy. And on the second, and the third. And then it's gone.

How large is my back yard? I'm declaring now that it includes Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Manitoba, the Northwest Territory, and parts of the Arctic Circle!

Many of us have been shaped by small back yards—small towns, small schools, small churches, small colleges. Some would see this as a liability, that we are rooted in yards too small to be viable. In spite of E. F. Schumacher's declaration that "small is beautiful," that vast majority of people—conditioned to big cities, big stadiums, big malls, and Big Mac's—regard small as not very pretty at all.

I have discovered, slowly at times, that smallness can encompass a remarkable amount of the world's largeness. Like the Harris' Sparrow that knows my yard—but knows the tundra as well—microcosms can be bridges to countless

macrocosms. I am attracted to the security of the small yard, and so I haven't always crossed that bridge. And some of the crossings have been reluctant, if not involuntary. In the late sixties I didn't want to leave the back yard of my college to look at the scarred and scorched landscape of Vietnam. But no one could escape that view, and colleagues and students alike helped process what I saw. Though a child of the prairie, I had little prairie consciousness until others made the macro-world of the prairie accessible to my eye, mind, and spirit. At the advent of my teaching I thought I knew the nature of creativity and the making of art. But it required revision. And it came through interaction with students, artists, friends, and close colleagues in other disciplines. My halting commitment to the mystery of transcendence could have vanished if it had not been for shared faith journeys with those who have also been inhabiting the small yards of my life.

How small is my yard? How large is my yard? The more urgent question might be how small or large my yard will become tomorrow and the days that follow. Will my particular place continue to be shaped by other people and other places? Will my fragments of experience connect with other fragments and thereby allow me to imagine and experience wholeness? I take comfort in knowing that most yards are networks more than circumscribed places. But am also aware of the fact that networks are fragile and should never be taken for granted. Perhaps a reflection by Nicholas Wolterstorff is applicable. In his pain over the tragic loss of a son he writes:

We took him too much for granted. Perhaps we all take each other too much for granted. The routines of life distract us; our own pursuits make us oblivious; our anxieties and sorrows, unmindful. The beauties of the familiar go unremarked. We do not treasure each other enough.¹

I do believe that the scattered little yards we each inhabit can connect and form wholeness if we "treasure each other enough."

¹ Wolterstorff, Nicholas, *Lament for a Son*, Eerdmans, Grand Rapids, MI, 1987, p. 13.

Robert Regier is a printmaker and designer. He taught at Bethel College, North Newton, Kansas, from 1965 to 1992. The artwork on facing page is an enlarged detail from a zinc etching by Robert W. Regier.



Woldemar Neufeld

Paints

H·I·S L·I·F·E

by Louise Stoltzfus

Late on an autumn evening in October of 1992, I drove into a Norman Rockwell New England painting and turned east of the New Milford, Connecticut green onto Whittlesey Avenue and to the home of the artist, Woldemar Neufeld. With warm greetings from Woldemar and his charming wife, Peggy, I entered their home and stopped in my tracks, overwhelmed by the immensity of a lifetime of work. There on one wall hung the stunning New England oil, "After the Harvest." Leaning against the sofa were several Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, watercolors which seemed painted from the memories of my own childhood. From floor to ceiling and even several layers deep leaning against the walls, paintings and wood-block prints, all with the familiar Woldemar Neufeld brush-stroke, lent the otherwise ordinary room an aura of wonder. The Neufelds were momentarily caught by still another oil which I was trading with them for some other pieces. Woldemar studied "Path to the Sea" briefly, remembered and turned to his wife, "We had a good time there, didn't we, Peggy?"

I soon realized that the entire first floor of their home houses a studio, gallery and museum of Neufeld paintings. It literally overflows with the block prints and paintings he has produced through the 83 years of his life. A man of burning passion and deep pride, Neufeld's life and home express the unique story of his upbringing. Born into an affluent Russian Mennonite family in the Crimea in 1909, the young Woldemar ran headlong into the Bolshevik Revolution. After his father's death at the hand of the revolutionaries, the family was forced into exile, fleeing to Waterloo, Ontario, in 1924 when Woldemar was 14 years old. By that time, the influence of imperial Russia had imbedded itself in the

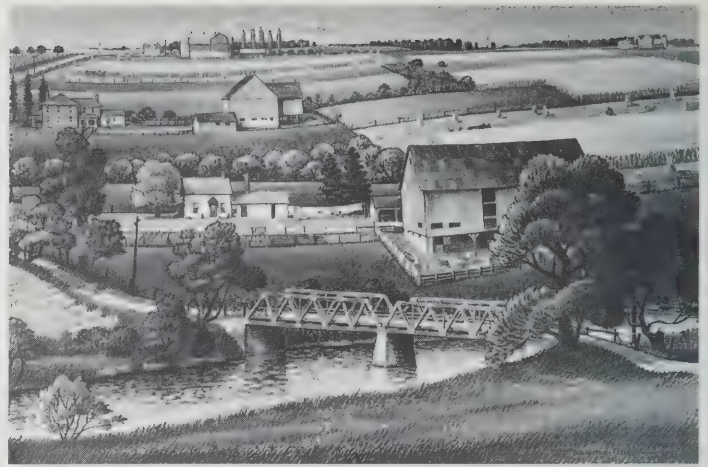


(above) Woldemar Neufeld painting in northern Ontario in 1934.

(left) Woldemar and Peggy Neufeld



"Mennonite Farm in Ukraine," painted from Neufeld's memory of life in the Ukraine



"Let the Fields Be Joyful" Waterloo County farms

impressionable soul of a young man who was born and destined to be an artist.

In Canada he faced the usual Germanic Mennonite suspicion of art, fed by a belief that one should not waste time on pursuits that were not useful. He was told to forget about art, work hard, make money, and buy a car. Fortunately, he paid scant attention to such advice.

The saving graces in Woldemar Neufeld's life include his own resilient nature which drove him to paint and record what he saw; an eminent Russian Mennonite bishop named Jacob Janzen who became his stepfather and who once took Woldemar to meet the internationally-known Canadian landscape painter, Homer Watson; a teacher in a rural Canadian one-room school who recognized and encouraged his talent; and a German Lutheran beauty named Peggy Conrad who married him.

Woldemar looks at me with his characteristic mischievous twinkle and says, "I married a Mennonite sympathizer."

Peggy retorts, "You married a German Lutheran. I could understand you." (They both speak High German.)

They further regale me with stories of their early

courtship. Peggy was only seventeen and rode a bike everywhere she went around Waterloo. Woldemar was a twenty-four-year-old artist who, having refused the advice to work hard and buy a car, also used a bicycle as his main transportation.

"She packed a lunch and a book. I packed my paints. She read while I painted."

No artist could possibly hope for a more ardent champion of his talent. Together these two people have forged a life which nurtured four children, Peggy's career as a primary schoolteacher and Woldemar's passion for painting and printmaking.

Because he often paints locations—street scenes, buildings, bridges—Neufeld has been called a chronicler. He tells me, "That's one of the reasons why I sell lots of paintings today. Many of the places and buildings in my works no longer exist."

In the late 1920s and early 1930s, Neufeld began what would become a lifetime of creating a visual record of the man-made world around him. He painted most of the Waterloo buildings of that period, leaving an invaluable his-



"Shardon, Ohio Main Street," from Neufeld's years in Cleveland.



"John Finley Walk in Winter," one of hundreds of New York pieces



"New Preston in Spring," a village near the current Neufeld home in Connecticut

torical record with pieces such as "Old Waterloo Post Office," "Waterloo Town Hall in Winter," and "Waterloo Fire Hall."

In 1939 he graduated from the Cleveland Art School (now the Cleveland Art Institute). During his years in Cleveland he painted various Ohio River pieces causing a local art critic to lament upon his leaving, "Cleveland is losing one of its most talented young artists—Woldemar Neufeld—who is moving to New York City for wider horizons."

Indeed, the Neufelds' years on East End Avenue in lower Manhattan completely expanded his horizons. He feverishly painted New York. "The George Washington Bridge," "St. Bartholomew's Cathedral," "Houses on East End Avenue," "The Central Park Zoo," "Brooklyn Bridge from Fulton Pier," "Under Queensboro Bridge," "Hell Gate in Summer," "South and Moore Streets," "Sutton Place Houses," and hundreds more.

From a treasure-trove of paintings in the gallery room of his New Milford home, Woldemar Neufeld pulls out a series of exquisite watercolor miniatures—the earliest piece a Manhattan street scene dated 1948 and the most recent a New England countryside scene dated 1990. In a hushed voice he tells me, "These are *my* treasures."

All the while Woldemar also created scores of paintings which had nothing to do with location. With a restrained burst of excitement and energy, he turns to me, "My ambition is to have an exhibition of my non-regional paintings." Showing me a group of pieces dated throughout his career and carefully kept together, he remarks, "These are my impressionistic paintings."

The Neufelds have lived in Connecticut since 1949. Through the years they made frequent trips to Waterloo where Woldemar continued to paint his adopted hometown. He also kept his studio on the East River, creating his own work and giving private lessons. And he painted New England. "I have painted all 65 of the bridges that cross the Housatonic River [from Hinsdale in the Berkshires to Stratford on Long Island Sound]. I had a lot of fun looking

for those bridges." His other New England pieces include everything from "New Milford Green at Christmas" to "Red Barns with Gray Roofs" to "Apple Trees in Snow."

At age 83 Woldemar Neufeld no longer paints. While his son, Lawrence, helps him complete his wood-block print editions, much of Woldemar's and Peggy's time these days goes into plans to open the Woldemar Neufeld Art Centre in Waterloo, Ontario. In 1987 the Neufelds gave more than 300 paintings, prints, and sculptures (including many Waterloo scenes, but also including numerous New York and New England pieces) to the city. The ensuing process of finding a place to exhibit the works has been long and excruciating. The Neufelds are hopeful that within the next year work will be completed on one of several buildings which are still being considered to house the Neufeld collection and serve as a living and working art centre.



"Reveille"

HEALING THE WOUND

A Lenten Reflection on Literary Experience and the Compassionate Life

by Duane M. Sider



Photos by Jim King

On the verge of spring-time, in what Dylan Thomas called the “lamb white days,” the Christian church, paradoxically, contemplates suffering. In the liturgical year the season is Lent; and the forty-day Lenten observance, commemorating Christ’s torture, abandonment, and death, is steeped in suffering. Purple mourning cloths veil our church-fronts; elegant litanies turn elegiac, suppressing all our alleluias until Easter.

Ordinarily, suffering frightens and offends us. It steals into our lives as a thief, robbing us of wholeness, sometimes sanity, and sometimes faith. In its extreme form, Simone Weil wrote, it is “an uprooting of life, a more or less attenuated equivalent of death.”¹ In the face of suffering our instinctive response is to flee. Yet we who ordinarily turn away from suffering seem willing, during Lent, to face it for a while.

Our willingness to face the spectre of suffering is prompted by Jesus’ own willingness to enter the pain of the world and make it his own. Surely Jesus “has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows” in his death. But also in his compassionate life, Jesus showed himself to be the one who suffers with us. The original language of the New Testament suggests that when Jesus was “moved with compassion” for those around him, his *splanchna*, his guts, churned; he literally felt others’ suffering in the depths of his being. His “suffering-with” life and death revealed God-with-us, God who knows our condition fully, who has tasted our pain and is committed to share all of life with us.

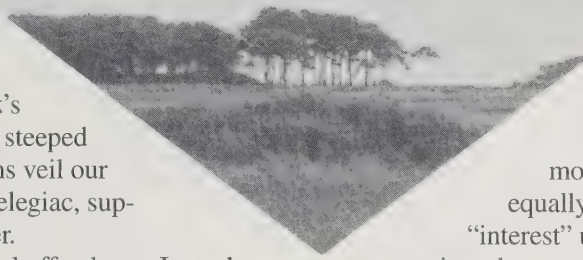
Christ’s example challenges us to be compassionate also, to feel the sufferings of the world in our guts, to extend the compassion of the God who suffers-with. In his book *Compassion*, Henri Nouwen writes, “Compassion asks us to go where it hurts, to enter into places of pain, to share in brokenness, fear, confusion, and anguish. Compassion challenges us to cry out with those in misery, to mourn with those who are lonely, to weep with those in tears. Compassion requires us to be weak with the weak, vulnerable with the vulnerable, powerless with the powerless.”²

The difficulty arises in doing it, even knowing how to do it. What does it mean to so enter into others’ suffering that we shudder and groan with their pain? I can listen to the words which describe your affliction; I may see the effect your pain has on you; I can imagine myself suffering in a similar situation, but I can scarcely know what it is to be you, to see the world through your eyes, and to touch it with your hands. The lives of even those closest to me—my wife, my children, my friends—are in large part unknowable. I am blinded by what C.S. Lewis called “the wound of individuality.”³

Our efforts to heal the “wound” often backfire. For the more I comprehend your pain, the more I make it mine. And my pain hurts me. And I don’t want to hurt. So in the life of Christian compassion I often edge toward another’s pain only to blanch and recoil from what I feel.

It was Lewis who suggested that reading good literature

We who ordinarily turn away from suffering
seem willing, during Lent,
to face it for a while.



has the power to make us live another’s experience without fragmenting our own.

This, so far as I can see, is the specific value or good of literature considered as Logos; it admits us to experiences other than our own. They are not, any more than our personal experiences, all equally worth having. Some, as we say, “interest” us more than others . . . (but) literature gives the *entree* to them all.

Those of us who have been true readers all our life seldom fully realize the enormous extension of our being which we owe to authors. We realize it best when we talk with an unliterary friend. He may be full of goodness and good sense but he inhabits a tiny world. In it, we should be suffocated. The man who is contented to be only himself, and therefore less a self, is in prison. My own eyes are not enough for me, I will see through those of others.⁴

Walt Whitman’s collection of poems, *Leaves of Grass*, is perhaps the commanding instance in poetry of this “extension of being”: an individual perspective broadened and diversified by other “eyes.” This overtly personal volume touts the claims, hunches, and confessions of a single human life. Yet the poet dares to speak for “all men in all ages,” and even for “the phantoms.” The first lines of the *Inscriptions* introduce his vision:

ONE’S-SELF I sing, a simple separate person,
Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse.⁵

The much longer poem, “Song of Myself,” describes this “Democratic” perspective. Beginning within the personal (“I celebrate myself, and sing myself,/And what I assume you shall assume,/For every atom belonging to me as good belong to you.”), the poet explores the “large hearts” of heroes, martyrs, witches burned at the stake and hounded slaves, and concludes, “All these I feel or am” (24-78).

Whitman may be stirred more by poetry than compassion when he writes of suffering: “I do not ask the wounded person how he feels, I myself become the wounded person.” Nonetheless, his imagination compels (and permits) him, as poet, to enter the world of the sufferer. His poetry portrays the *inner* landscape of that suffering.

I am the mash’d fireman with breast-bone broken,
Tumbling walls buried me in their debris,
Heat and smoke I inspired, I heard the yelling shouts of my comrades,
I heard the distant click of their picks and shovels, They have clear’d the beams away, they tenderly life me forth.
I lie in the night air in my red shirt, the pervading hush is for my sake,
Painless after all I lie exhausted but not so unhappy,

White and beautiful are the
faces around me, the
heads are bared of
their fire caps,
The kneeling crowd fades
with the light of the
torches.

Distant and dead resuscitate,
They show as the dial or move as the hands
of me, I am the clock myself.

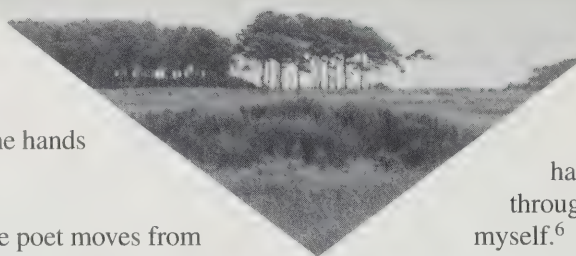
As with the victim's very breath, the poet moves from the external fire-scene ("tumbling walls . . . debris"), to the internal consciousness of the fireman ("I heard . . . I lie"). As readers, we move with the poet. We no longer observe the "mash'd fireman" with the "faces around" or the "kneeling crowd." We inhabit the crushed body and "see" from within the suffering.

Outside the world of literature, people of compassion, no less than others, typically respond to suffering as observers. Not that we remain indifferent; simply that we "treat" suffering from the outside and fail to suffer with the sufferers. Admittedly, the concreteness of our separate physical selves—the tangible reality of our own bodies—makes it difficult to enter one another's experiences. Our physical separateness partitions our shared humanity. But compassion calls us beyond the boundaries of the self. In literary encounters, as Lewis suggests and Whitman demonstrates, the physical barriers are pulled down; we are permitted to gaze inside others and imagine the world through their eyes and souls. Literary experience instills the habit and develops the skill of seeing from the inside out.

Furthermore, in literature we encounter a *variety* of persons we never dreamed possible, and which in fact would never be possible outside the realm of literary experience. In Joseph Conrad's short novel, *Heart of Darkness*, Charlie Marlow recounts his journey upriver from the African coast in search of Kurtz, a sick company agent. His quest is a nightmarish exploration of nature, culture, and the human soul, shadowed always by a "conquering darkness." Kurtz lives at the heart of that darkness. "His was an impenetrable darkness," Marlow recalls. "I looked at him as you peer down at a man who is lying at the bottom of a precipice where the sun never shines." With the force of his literary imagination, Conrad takes us into Kurtz' "unlawful soul."

I've been telling you what we said—repeating the phrases we pronounced—but what's the good? They were common everyday words—the familiar, vague sounds exchanged on every waking day of life. But what of that? They had behind them, to my mind, the terrific suggestiveness of words heard in dreams, of phrases spoken in nightmares. Soul! If anybody had ever struggled with a soul, I am the man. And I wasn't arguing with a lunatic either. Believe me or not, his intelligence was perfectly clear—concentrated, it is true, upon himself with horrible intensity, yet clear; and therein was my only chance—bar-

The reading of good literature
can uniquely show the way out of ourselves
and into other lives.



ring, of course, the
killing him there and
then, which wasn't so
good, on account of
unavoidable noise.
But his soul was mad.

Being alone in the
wilderness, it had looked
within itself, and, by heavens! I
tell you, it had gone mad. I
had—for my sin, I suppose—to go
through the ordeal of looking into it
myself.⁶

Marlow's "ordeal" of looking into another's soul seldom confronts us in the workaday world. Kurtz' kind, as we have said, frightens and offends us and we choose for the sake of our own security to ignore such affliction. To show compassion in the manner of Christ, however, we must transcend ourselves and enter whatever darkness may lie in other souls. The Spirit of God may alone provide the courage for such ventures, and the example of Christ the impulse. But the reading of good literature can uniquely show the way out of ourselves and into other lives. Lewis concludes:

Literary experience heals the wound, without undermining the privilege, of individuality . . . Here, as in worship, in love, in moral action, and in knowing, I transcend myself; and am never more myself than when I do.⁷

Literary experience can serve, among other legitimate ends, the aims of Christian compassion. Not that it necessarily instructs us morally or improves us spiritually, but spiritually, but it gives us "a room with a view," a vantage point from which to see the world with the eyes of a thousand others. Of course, literary experience deals with the imaginary world and compassion with the *terra firma*, and we must not spend so much time reading that we neglect to "put on the kettle and fetch bandages," to quote W.H. Auden. But compassion often requires imagination to engage us with the world, before our hearts and minds and hands can respond with practical Christian compassion.

In this season of Lent, I urge you in the compassionate way and commend to you the reading of good books.

¹ Simone Weil, "The Love of God and Affliction," in *Waiting for God*, trans. Emma Craufurd (San Francisco: Harper & Row, 1951) p. 118.

² Henri Nouwen et. al. *Compassion* (Garden City, NY: Doubleday, 1983) p. 4.

³ C.S. Lewis, *An Experiment in Criticism* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press) p. 140.

⁴ *Ibid.* p. 139-140.

⁵ Walt Whitman, *Leaves of Grass* (New York: Modern Library Publishers, 1921) p.1. Subsequent references to Whitman's poems will appear in the text, noted by page number in this edition.

⁶ Joseph Conrad, "Heart of Darkness," in *Great Short Works of Joseph Conrad* (New York: Harper & Row, 1966) p. 280.

⁷ Lewis, p. 240-41.

Duane M. Sider is a teacher at Eastern Mennonite Seminary, Harrisonburg, Virginia, and a writer.

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THE CHALLENGE IS TO LOVE

by Elizabeth Weaver Kreider

In 1983, Paul Mpete and his friend Bushy Venter, both South Africans, began to meet together regularly with a group of friends for discussion. Mostly they spoke of love—of the call of Jesus to love one's neighbor, of love within church structures, of the challenge to love those whom one has been taught to hate. Bushy, a minister in an Assembly of God church in Johannesburg, is white. Paul, a recent graduate of Bible College and a resident of Soweto, is black. This group of friends, who speak of love, has now grown to sixty people—half black and half white. They call themselves Johweto, referring to the two segregated areas where they reside—Johannesburg and Soweto.

"We are committed to a totally different lifestyle," said Paul on a visit to the United States with his wife, Nellie, and his daughter, Oteng. "We are looking for our roots in Christian gospel. We experience God in new ways—the God of justice, of compassion, of mercy."



FQ/Dawn J. Ranck

“The challenge is to love.

We are exploring the ways people have tried to tackle
the challenge of love.

The way we create our church structures and communities should have love as its goal.

My prayer is that God will give to us a sense of community,
that we will be able to answer God,
‘Yes, I have loved my neighbor.’”

—Paul Mpete

The creation of an integrated group of believers in South Africa has not been a simple task. In fact, Paul and Bushy did not begin the group with the intention of founding a new church; they intended it simply as a forum for dialogue. The birth of a worshipping fellowship happened through the dialogue. “It has taken eight years to build trust through very hard times,” says Paul. At the beginning, he was unsure that Johweto could survive because of the raw questions they asked. “Naturally,” he says, “any dialogue between blacks and whites was political. We simply wanted to explore this question—how could we really love beyond apartheid?”

In South Africa there are white churches and there are black churches; there has been very little movement toward integrated worship. “We are seeking a new God,” says Paul. “We had worshipped a God of segregation. We found we could only talk about God in terms of justice in the context of an integrated community.

“The existence of Johweto has more to do with the state of the church in South Africa than with our own courage. Johweto exists as the result of an unfunctional church. If the church in South Africa had responded to the message of God about justice, we would possibly have been a part of that.” As it happened, the believers of Johweto began to build the trust that led them to become an integrated worshipping community.

Paul Mpete came to the United States in the summer of 1992 to visit Reba Place Fellowship, a community of believers in Evanston, Illinois. He came to explore how Reba Place, where some of the members live communally—sharing living quarters and other possessions—meets the challenge to love one’s neighbor as oneself. “We were aware, for several years, of their desire to share a common life, and we were encouraged by their desire to live as a common people.”

A group which lives a life of love in community, especially in the sharing of goods, would be a “prophetic challenge for the church in South Africa, because of the discrepancies in the way the resources of the land have been shared,” says Paul. “The best expression of the kingdom of God is found in community. If Jesus were to come here, would he not possibly ask us about our neighbor? Ultimately, the goal of any Christian expression of love would be the sharing of all goods. I think love would ask us to do that.”

Does Johweto intend to become a community of goods? Paul’s response is humble and direct, “I cannot be prescriptive about the intention of community.” The goal, he says, is simply to find ways of loving each other more completely. The answer is lived out in various ways in already existing Christian communities.

“The issue should be to love, and to see if we can find a way to love our brothers and sisters as we love ourselves. I think that’s what God will ask us: if we love one another. And I don’t know how I would be able to answer that.”

As to the prophetic witness of Johweto among the segregated churches of South Africa, Paul responds, “We cannot presume that we are *the* church of God. We have to be humble enough to learn from the past of the church.” Simply put, the goal of Johweto is to “aggressively seek to belong to the body of Jesus; only then will we come to maturity as a people.”

Along with remaining open to learn from the good and the evil in church history, Johweto is seeking ecumenical dialogue. The Reba Place visit, contact with the Methodist Brothers, and dialogue with the Catholic Institute for Contextual Theology are some ways which Johweto tries to keep an ecumenical perspective.

“The challenge is to love,” says Paul. “We are exploring the ways people have tried to tackle the challenge of love. The way we create our church structures and communities should have love as its goal. My prayer is that God will give to us a sense of community, that we will be able to answer God, ‘Yes, I have loved my neighbor.’”

“A community of love is the gift of God to us. And not only for us, but for our children, for the churches of black and white South Africa, who in many ways will share a common life.”

What words does Paul have for the Mennonite church in North America? “Johweto has benefitted highly from your literature, found it fulfilling and exciting to read about your commitment to justice and to peace. Be sure of your message of peace and justice. We hope that we will see a witness of that in your churches—integrated churches. Be a witness of Christ in a world that cries for a symbol of hope. I would challenge you to strive for a more deliberate desire to incarnate your message of justice in the world.”

The challenge, after all, is to love.

The
OLD
MEN
of
KALONA,
IOWA

by Elmer Suderman

The old men of Kalona,
Mennonite and Methodist,
gather every morning, early
at the Kolonial Cafe
where the proprietor
serves them coffee for a nickel.

Wives are glad to get
them out of the house
so they can vacuum
and wash dishes.

Until retirement
Methodists and Mennonites
have little to do with each other.

Now, time on their hands,
the old men, Mennonite
and Methodist, get acquainted,
telling lies
about the good old days
on the farm.

Methodists tell jokes and Mennonites,
more somber, laugh, but never loud,
religious differences
unimportant now.

See: a Methodist and a Mennonite,
a Bontrager and a Davis, walk together
to get a third or fourth
cup of coffee. Refills are free.

Elmer Suderman is a teacher at Gustavus Adolphus College in St. Peter, Minnesota, and a poet.

Too Much of Not Enough

by James and Jeanette Krabill

We have just returned home from a three-day funeral. Three days to bury one old man. Actually, not three days. Six weeks. From the time death occurred until the last friends and relatives packed their bags and headed home. Six weeks.

Six weeks of frantic plans and preparations. Of paying outrageous prices to preserve the body at the morgue. Six weeks of notifying those concerned. In the capital city. By newspaper notices. In the village. By bush taxi. In Paris. By FAX messages. "The old man has died," went the news. "Your presence will be expected to pay final respects."

In the courtyard of the deceased, an immense shelter of wooden posts and palm roofing was hastily constructed. It was here that family and friends would gather around the open casket on the evening before burial for "the wake"—an all-night commemorative service of hymn singing, biblical recommendations, and fervent prayers to God for strength and protection.

But before the onslaught of all the visitors to the village, there were a million other details which needed serious attention. Banana foutou would have to be pounded. Vats of palm wine extracted.

Weedy areas cleared. Benches installed. Choirs contacted. Political authorities informed. Lodging in village homes arranged. Two thousand people were expected for the weekend funeral activities. In the end, nearly three thousand actually showed up.

When death happens, life stops. That is true everywhere in the world. But when death happens in Africa, life *really* stops! Meetings are cancelled. Workers take leaves of absence. Government officials reshuffle schedules. Life's regular activities and preoccupations are put on hold.

It takes an enormous effort on the part of most North Americans to understand and adapt to a culture where death sometimes seems like "a way of life." North Americans come from another planet. Or at least another world. A world where people don't have time for death because they expect to live forever. A world capable of producing places like Junior Funeral Home in Pensacola, Florida, where "friends of the family" can conveniently pull up to the drive-in window, give their departed loved one a quick, but meaningful, glance, scrawl their names in the visitors' book and speed away to their

next engagement without ever missing a beat.

"The single most important thing to know about Americans," writes Jan Walmsley in *Brit-Think, Amer-Think* (London: Harrap, 1986, p. 9ff.), "is that Americans think that death is optional. They may not admit it, and will probably laugh if it's suggested; but it is a state of mind . . . that colors everything they do. There's a nagging suspicion that you can delay death (or, who knows, avoid it altogether) if you really try. This explains the common preoccupation with health, aerobics, prune juice, plastic surgery, and education."

Americans think their lives—and the quality of those lives—are in their own hands, continues Walmsley. "You owe it to yourself to be beautiful, clever, skinny, successful, and healthy. If you fail, it's because you're not trying hard enough (you didn't jog regularly, you should've eaten more bran). Death becomes your fault." To avoid such an embarrassment, it is important to take care of your body so it will last. Then, "if extended life span—or even immortality—proves possible, at least you're ready."

For North Americans, then, death is essentially "dead," while for many Africans it remains excessively "alive and well." What a crazy world of extremes and contrasts! It would make a lot of sense if we could learn from each other on this one. If we could take a bit of "way too much" on one side, and apply it to "not quite enough" on the other. Better yet, if we could take the human exaggerations that our cultures have handed us, and place them under the scrutiny of the One who knows Death best. The One who alone can liberate us from our own trickery, illusions, and excesses and show us . . . Life.



Tulip Time in Holland

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Amish Mennonite Story in Europe	August 11-25	John & Beulah Hostetler

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James and Jeanette Krabill
live with their family in
Abidjan, Ivory Coast.

When Does Justice Become Revenge?

by Peter J. Dyck

Borders. He crossed many borders. From Holland to Germany to Paraguay to Canada and back to Holland. Fear drove him to escape Holland in 1946 and fear accompanied on the plane back to Holland in 1992. A young man in 1946, he is now a 73-year-old grandfather.

His name is Jacob Luitjens. He is a Mennonite, was a deacon in the First United Mennonite Church of Vancouver, taught botany at the University of British Columbia, and has been described as "a quiet, wise, and sincere Christian."

But his past caught up with him. He was deported from Canada and sent back to Holland to stand trial for having "conspired with the enemy." The Nazis, of course.

Apparently, Simon Wiesenthal—the relentless hunter, determined to find the last man who persecuted Jews in Germany—found Luitjens in Vancouver. For nine years the Dutch government tried to have him extradited. Canada refused on grounds that he had done nothing wrong in Canada. But on November 26, 1992 he was arrested on charges he had lied when entering Canada and again when obtaining Canadian citizenship. He was flown to Holland and imprisoned.

Jacob Luitjen's father was a veterinarian in Roden, a village of about 5,000 inhabitants in northern Holland. The farmers were poor and their future bleak. Luitjens saw how Hitler brought change and hope to people in Germany in the 1930s and advocated the same formula—national socialism—for Holland. His son Jacob followed his father's example. When Germany invaded The Netherlands, Jacob collaborated with the enemy, the Nazis. For that he has been sent back to Holland to stand trial.

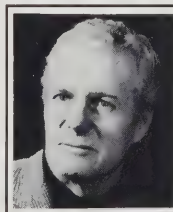
He had actually turned himself over to the Dutch authorities after the liberation of Holland in the spring of 1945, but when he saw the red-hot anger against anyone who had been friendly with the Germans during the war, he escaped. He made his way to a Mennonite refugee camp in Germany and ultimately went to South America with the refugees from Russia. He sailed on the *Charlton Monarch*. My wife, Elfrieda, was the

only Mennonite Central Committee escort on board. In Paraguay he took back his real name, confessed to the church, married, and had a family and began teaching school. He was a quiet and respected member of the Mennonite community. In 1961 he went to Canada where he soon established the same reputation. People respected him as a sincere Christian. One of his students said with a smile, "But he was strict and demanding in the classroom. He was a good teacher."

Will a track record like that mean anything in court? Does it make any difference that the *Mennonite Weekly* of Holland writes, "If we start talking about who has committed wrong deeds, we could name a lot of other people in the Mennonite community besides Luitjens." Does it make any difference that in his village of Roden twenty other men joined the same "*Landwacht*" (Nazi) organization that Luitjens did? They served brief prison terms; Luitjens escaped. Dutch Mennonites would just as soon not talk about any of this. They find it emotionally upsetting. They say he should have turned himself in long ago. They say having forgiveness from God is not the same as having forgiveness from people. They say he never confessed and never asked for pardon. Luitjens, however, claims he has done both publicly, first in Paraguay and again in Vancouver.

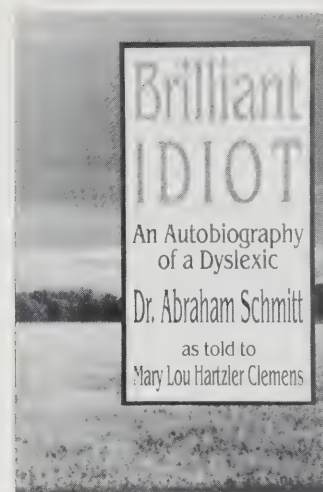
So while we await the verdict, while his family in Vancouver agonizes, while his church prays for him, while Wiesenthal and others cry for "justice," should we not also remember Shakespeare's lines from *The Merchant of Venice*?

(Mercy) is an attribute of God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest
God's
When mercy seasons justice.



Peter J. Dyck has spent a rich life shuttling refugees to new homelands, overseeing relief programs, and telling wise and witty stories. He and his wife, Elfrieda, live in Akron, PA.

REMARKABLE!



"Thank you, Abe, for sharing this personal, painful, and extremely fascinating story of your life with us."

— Peter J. Dyck

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— Milton Brutton, Ph. D.

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Mennonite Historical Library, Good Library 3rd Floor, Goshen College, Goshen (219-535-7418). Mon.-Fri. 8-12, 1-5, Sat. 9-1. Closed Sundays, holidays, Saturdays during college vacations. Admission: free. Primarily for researchers in Mennonite history and genealogy; holdings also include rare and other unusual Mennonite-related books.

Kansas

Kauffman Museum, Bethel College, N. Main & 27th, North Newton (316-283-1612). Tues.-Fri. 9:30-4:30, Sat.-Sun. 1:30-4:30 or by appointment; closed major holidays. Admission: adults \$2, children and youth 6-16 \$1, group rates available. Cultural, natural history of Central Plains with focus on Mennonites; restored 19th-century homesteader's cabin, farmstead with house, barn. Current exhibit—"Beyond Tradition: Mennonite Art Quilts," November 22, 1992 through March 28, 1993.

Mennonite Heritage Museum, Highway K-15 & Main, Goessel (316-367-8200). June-Aug.: Tues.-Sat. 9-5, Sun. 1-5; Sept.-Dec.; Mar.-May: Tues.-Sat. 1-4. Admission: adults \$2, children 12 and under \$1, large groups please call ahead for appointment. Artifacts from early households, farms, schools, churches; restored historic buildings; Turkey Red Wheat Palace.

Warkentin House, 211 E. First St., Newton (316-283-0136 or 283-7555). June-Aug.: Tues.-Sat. 1-4:30; Sept.-May: Fri.-Sun. 1-4:30. Admission: adults \$2. Sixteen-room Victorian home, built 1886 for Bernhard Warkentin, who was instrumental in bringing Turkey Red wheat, as well as Mennonite settlers, to Kansas from Russia.

Manitoba

Mennonite Village Museum, Steinbach (204-326-9661). May: Mon.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5; June: Mon.-Sat. 10-7, Sun. 12-7; July:

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Quilters Are Warm People

by Jewel Showalter

When we sold our home and moved to Turkey in 1982, I thought we were ready to "settle" into a major life work. The years in graduate school, teaching and pastoring were culminating in this ministry. But quite unexpectedly after only four years in the country (in four different abodes), we found ourselves back in the United States facing yet another decision about residence and employment.

"Why do our lives have to be so fragmented?" I cried out to God. "Are we doing something wrong? Why can't we live in the same house for at least five years?"

Suddenly in my mind's eye I saw a beautiful, multi-colored quilt and heard a question to my spirit, "Would you really rather be a plain-colored blanket?"

I remembered the kaleidoscopic beauty of our lives—our numerous homes and friends, the many-flavored foods of our kitchen, the songs and stories of Ethiopia, Kenya, Turkey, Cyprus, Kentucky, Ohio, Virginia, and California.

A quilt. Of course I'd rather be a "quilt." So these days a new patch in my "quilt" is actually learning to quilt in the quiet rural community where we now live.

Before we left Cyprus a friend chided me, "Now don't just go back to the U.S. and make quilts."

I laughed. "No danger of that. I'm no good." True, it's not a job I would have chosen, but last Monday I again joined my quilting team to complete our annual quilt for the fund-raising auction of the Shekinah Christian School in Plain City, Ohio.

Participation each year is required of patron mothers. Oh, I could piece a top instead (something I know nothing about), pay \$100 toward supplies or cook meals and prepare snacks for the quilters. I decided to be "hands on."

Although I'd have trouble admitting it to my Cypriot friend, I always have fun. Last Monday was a special day with a mixture of beautiful women—old grandmas with stooped shoulders, young mothers with preschoolers and middle-aged women like me who had taken off a day in the office to surround the black-grey-maroon-mauve-beige masterpiece with flashing needles and silver thimbles.

We kept the quilt full all day—five to a



side. And when someone ran to answer the phone, fix coffee or hush a crying child, another slid in to fill the spot. Thus we conquered the vast expanse before us, rolling in the ends until our knees bumped at the finish line—an 8:00 to 5:00 accomplishment.

Many of these quilting friends I see only this one time a year when quilting becomes a family affair. Instead of going home after school, children join their mothers in the home or church designated for the quilting. Younger children enjoy interaction all day. And some of the fathers fix supper or order pizza for nights of special father-child interaction when the quilting marathons stretch beyond the supper hour.

After years of cheap chenille bedspreads, my whole family now sleeps under handmade quilts. Two of our favorites are friendship quilts stitched by friends from our home church, Mechanicsburg Christian Fellowship. They surprised us with one before we went overseas—pastel green and cream colored with center squares embroidered in butterflies, flowers, and teddy bears. Upon our return, they gave us another one—country-blue and dusty-rose queen size.

How encouraging it is to rub the sleep from my morning eyes and spot "Our God Reigns" much love and prayer, Merrill, Benjie, Holli, Colin, Susie and Daisy Esch" shining from the square near my head.

Maybe I'll even learn to quilt well enough to make quilts for my children and grandchildren. On second thought, when my last child graduates from high school this year, I might just focus on "quilting" words. But in any case I'm adding a new patch of color to my life's quilt.



Jewel Showalter lives in Ohio with her husband and three teenage children. She works part-time in information services at Rosedale Mennonite Missions.

continued from page 22



Aug.: Mon.-Sat. 9-8, Sun. 12-8; Sept.: Mon.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 12-5; Oct.-Apr. by appointment only. Admission: adults \$2, students and senior citizens \$1. Restoration of 19th-century southern Manitoba Mennonite village with houses, church, schools, more.

Maryland

Penn Alps, National Road (Alt. Rt. 40), Grantsville (301-895-5985). Memorial Day—mid-Oct.: Mon.-Sat. 9-8; mid-Oct.—May: Mon.-Thurs. 11-7, Fri. 11-8, Sat. 9-8. Situated between a still-functional 1797 grist mill and a nationally-renowned 1813 stone arch bridge. Working craftspeople (summer only), restored historic buildings.

Ohio

Mennonite Information Center, Inc., 5798 County Road 77, Berlin (216-893-3192). Mon.-Sat. 10-5. Admission: free, donations. Information, books and literature about local Amish and Mennonite culture. Slide presentation on local community. 10' x 265' mural illustrating Anabaptist history. Admission to mural hall: adults \$3, children 6-12 \$1.50.

Ontario

Brubacher House, c/o University of Waterloo, Waterloo (519-886-3855). May-Oct.: Wed.-Sat. 2-5; other times by appointment. Restoration and refurnishing of Mennonite home of 1850-90, slide-tape presentations of Mennonite barnraising and settling of Waterloo County. Admission: \$1 per person, Sunday school classes \$.50 per person, under 12 free if accompanied by parent.

Heritage Historical Library (Amish), c/o David Luthy, Rt. 4, Aylmer N5H 2R3. By appointment only; primarily for researchers in Amish history and genealogy.

The Meetingplace, 33 King St., St. Jacobs (519-664-3518). May-Oct.: Mon.-Fri. 11-5, Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1:30-5; Nov.-Apr.: Sat. 11-4:30, Sun. 2-4:30. Feature-length film about Mennonites, by appointment. Admission: \$1.25 per person for groups making reservations; others by donation. A Mennonite interpretation center; 28-minute documentary film *Mennonites of Ontario*.

Essex-Kent Mennonite Heritage Centre, 31 Pickwick Drive, Leamington (519-326-0456 at the Centre or 519-326-9270, Peter Epp). By appointment only.

Pennsylvania

Archives of the Brethren in Christ Church and Messiah College, Grantham (717-766-2511, Ext. 388). Mon.-Fri. 8-5, Sat.-Sun. by appointment. Admission: free. Collection of artifacts; e.g., plain clothing, church furniture, love feast utensils, Bibles.

Germantown Mennonite Information Center, 6133 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia (215-843-0943). Tues.-Sat. 10-4, Sun. for groups by appointment. Admission: donation. Meeting house and artifacts related to the Germantown Mennonite community, oldest in America. Also available for tours: Johnson House, 18th-century Quaker home in Germantown; 1707 house of William Rittenhouse, first Mennonite minister in America and responsible for first paper mill in colonies. "Images—The Germantown Mennonite Meetinghouse," continuously-building exhibit of photos, sketches, paintings, other depictions of Germantown church.

Historical Center, HCR 63, Richfield (717-694-3211). Tues. 7-9 p.m., Sat. 9-4. Admission: free. Family Bibles, fraktur, tools, clocks of Juniata County Mennonites; archives and books.

The MeetingHouse, 565 Yoder Road, Harleysville (215-256-3020). Tues.-Sat., 10-5, Sun., 2-5. Admission: donation. Mennonite Heritage Center presents interpretive video of local Mennonite story in room designed to resemble an early meetinghouse; permanent exhibit: "Work and Hope"; fraktur room. Historical Library and Archives house more than 100,000

books and documents relating to church history and genealogy.

Mennonite Information Center, 2209 Millstream Rd., Lancaster 17602 (717-299-0954). Open 8-5 daily except Sundays, Thanksgiving and Christmas. Admission: varying. Film, *A Morning Song*; guided tours of Lancaster County; Hebrew Tabernacle Reproduction.

The People's Place, Main Street, Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open 9-5 daily except Sundays, major holidays. Admission: varying. Amish and Mennonite information and heritage center; 3-screen documentary *Who Are the Amish?*; hands-on museum, *Amish World*, including Henry Lapp, Aaron Zook folk art collections; full-length feature film, *Hazel's People* (May-Oct. only).

The People's Place Quilt Museum, Main Street, Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open 9-5 daily except Sundays, Christmas. Admission: \$3 adults, \$1.50 children. Current exhibit: "Light and Shadow—Amish Quilts," January-April 1993. Quilts from the collection of Clair and Anna May Weaver. Also including quilts from several other collections.

Springs Museum, Rt. 669, Springs (814-622-2625). June-Oct.: Wed.-Sat. 1-5. Admission: adults \$1, children \$.50. Artifacts from homes, farms, shops of early settlers in Casselman Valley; extensive rock and fossil collection.

1719 Hans Herr House, 1849 Hans Herr Dr., Willow Street (717-464-4438). Apr.-Dec.: Mon.-Sat. 9-4, closed Thanksgiving, Christmas; Jan.-Mar. by appointment only. Admission: adults \$2.50, children 7-12 \$1, children under 7 free, group rates available. Restoration and refurnishing of oldest building in Lancaster County; "Lancaster Mennonite Rural Life Collection."

South Dakota

Heritage Hall Museum and Archives, 748 S. Main, Freeman (605-925-4237). May-Oct.: Sun. 2-4; Nov.-April by appointment. Admission: adults \$1.50, \$.50 Grade 7-12; Grade 6 and under free. Cultural artifacts; South Dakota natural history; historic church, school and pioneer home with functional Russian oven. Archives on Mennonite history with emphasis on Hutterite colonies.

continued on page 24

continued from page 23

GALLERIES

Indiana

Goshen College Art Gallery, Good Library, Goshen College, Goshen (219-533-3161). Jan.-June, Sept.-Dec.: Mon.-Fri. 8-5, Wed. 8 a.m.-10 p.m.; Sat. 9-5, Sun. 1-5; July-Aug.: special hours. Admission: free. Senior exhibition, March 28-April 18.

Kansas

Bethel College Fine Arts Center Gallery, Bethel College, North Newton (316-283-2500). Sept.-May: Mon.-Fri. 9-5, Sun. 2-4. Admission: free.

Hesston College Gallery, Hesston College, Hesston (316-327-8164). Feb.-May, Sept.-Dec.: Mon.-Fri. 9-5, Sat. 11-5, Sun. 2-5. Admission: free.

Pennsylvania

Aughinbaugh Art Gallery, Climenhaga Fine Arts Center, Messiah College, Grantham (717-766-2511, Ext. 276). Mid-Sept.-early May: Mon.-Thurs. 9-4, Fri. 9-9, Sat.-Sun. 2-5. Admission: free.

The People's Place Gallery, The People's Place, Main St., Intercourse (717-768-7171). Open daily 9-5 except Sundays, major holidays. Admission: free. Featuring work by Mennonite-related artists from across North America. Also includes an ongoing P. Buckley Moss exhibit. Exhibit—"There Are My Quilts," Erma Martin Yost and "This Is Life," Ed Huddle—contemporary quilts and black-and-white photography: March 15-April 30, 1993.

Virginia

Eastern Mennonite College Gallery, EMC, Harrisonburg (703-432-4000). Sept.-Apr.: Mon.-Thurs. 7:45 a.m.-11 p.m., Fri. 7:45-5, Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5. Admission: free.

If you know of additional museums and galleries displaying work by or about Mennonites and related peoples, please send information to Festival Quarterly, 3513 Old Philadelphia Pike, Intercourse, PA 17534.

New Year's Resolutions for Mennonites?

by Emerson L. Leshner

In case you've already run out of New Year's resolutions for 1993, I would like to suggest several you might consider in the new year. Or, if you're looking for resolutions more consistent with Mennonite thought and practice, I would like to make several humble suggestions.

Making New Year's resolutions is a relatively new practice for Mennonites—at least, among the more reliable and faithful communities. Real Mennonites don't need New Year's resolutions! As a consistent and disciplined Christian one is to be faithful and obedient all year long, not just at the beginning of the year.

If you need to make a New Year's resolution, you were not what you should have been all year. And, the beginning of the year is no time to start. If you couldn't be faithful for the whole year, why start now? To make a resolution at the beginning of the year only means you're not really serious—you're just following the crowd. In short, a Mennonite shouldn't start anything that can't be finished. So if you can't do it throughout the year, don't do it now.

But since Mennonites do now start something without finishing it, I would like to suggest some New Year's resolutions for Mennonites:

1) I resolve not to eat more than one piece of strawberry pie at an MCC Relief Sale, and, if I do, I will feel guilty until I contribute to MCC.

2) I will read more of the *Gospel Herald* (or the *Mennonite*) and less of the *National Enquirer*.

3) I resolve to develop in me a simple yet complex spirituality that is comforting yet challenging, motivating yet reflective, prophetic yet pastoral, wise yet foolish, powerful yet servant-like, humble yet assertive, peaceful yet just and, most of all, definitive yet open to change.

4) I will never—EVER—say or write "resourcing" or "partnering" again.

5) I will purchase insurance from a Mennonite mutual aid society or from a relative of a Mennonite insurance agent, whomever can give me the best deal.

6) I will learn to recognize the siblings and first and second cousins on both sides of at least ten famous Mennonites.

7) I resolve to devote all my energy and time to work as hard as possible to be

"up-side down" as much as possible in 1993.

8) I resolve to get my congregation to lower the overall cholesterol count at potluck fellowship meals by at least 5000 mg.

9) I will think only pleasant thoughts about the General Conference Mennonite Church in 1993.

10) I will think only pleasant thoughts about the Mennonite Church in 1993.

11) I resolve to be in silence before I think.

12) I resolve to be a happy self-effacing person in 1993.

13) I resolve to be willing to lay down my life for my small group, unless we disband in 1993.

14) I will not drink any beverage not referred to in the Bible.

15) I resolve with all the determination I have to consider a goal that I might possibly work toward achieving sometime in or around the next year, if it seems like the right time and direction, after weighing all the many and complex forces and determinants of human and divine interaction in the context of historical and socio-cultural influences as a result of the many contradictions and paradoxes of this evil and uncertain, yet transformed, world in which we live and die.

16) I resolve to give simpler gifts even if I have to pay more for them.

17) I resolve to be a healthier person even if it kills me.

18) I resolve to do more of the following—repent, recycle and repress—but less of the following—sin, saute and swindle.

19) I will simplify my schedule when I get the time to change it.

20) I will be more happy even if I have to deny the harsh realities of this evil and perverse generation.

21) I resolve to change my life as soon as I can find the time to do it.

22) I resolve to be more sharing with others of things I don't need anymore.

23) I resolve to work faster so I can rest sooner.



Emerson Leshner is a psychologist and a Mennonite who makes New Year's resolutions.

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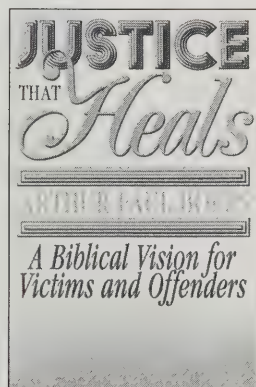
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• **Menno-Bote**, a 16-page magazine-size monthly sponsored by Mennonite Central Committee, began publication in August 1991. A news magazine for and about conservative Mennonite colonists of German descent in the Santa Cruz region of Bolivia, **Menno-Bote** prints everything from devotionals to local colony news to world events. It is written in what MCC worker **Carl Zacharias** calls "middle German"—high German words in low-German sentence structure. He says, "That's exactly how our readers like it. 'This paper, this German, even I can read and understand' is a frequent comment." Subscriptions are growing slowly while most of the 1300 copies are sold in village stores.

• **Arthur Paul Boers**, Windsor, Ontario, recently wrote **Justice That Heals: A Biblical Vision for Victims and Offenders**. Published by Faith and Life Press, it critiques the North American criminal justice system and offers new and exciting alternatives for victims, offenders, and society. Boers, a freelance writer and pastor, speaks from his own experiences of counseling with both victims and offenders. A Leader's Guide, written by **Eddy Hall** and following the main text, fosters group study of the book.



• **Vultures and Butterflies: Living the Contradictions** outlines a chapter in the life of **Susan Classen**, Las Vueltas, El Salvador, which began with her mother's death soon after Classen began working in Latin America and ended with her father's death nine years later. A registered nurse who works with Mennonite Central Committee, Classen reflects on her personal losses and on life in war-torn El Salvador. Published by Herald Press.

• The Lancaster Mennonite Historical Society recently published an English translation of **Jacob Stauffer's** 1855 **A Chronicle or History Booklet about the So-Called Mennonite Church**. Stauffer was the leader of the first Old Order Mennonite Church. Translated by **Amos**

B. Hoover, Denver, Pennsylvania.

• Pinchpenny Press announces the publication of **Church-Affiliated Higher Education: Exploratory Case Studies of Presbyterian, Roman Catholic and Wesleyan Colleges** by **Victor Stoltzfus**. Stoltzfus, who is president of Goshen College, Goshen, Indiana, compiled the book during a three-month sabbatical.

• **A Conference in Pilgrimage** by **Orlando Harms** is a history of the Mennonite Brethren Southern District Conference. Published jointly by the Center for Mennonite Brethren Studies, Hillsboro and the Southern District Conference for MB Churches, the book begins with the establishment of the Mennonite Brethren Conference in North America in 1879. It details the development of the Southern District Conference and includes a comprehensive appendix.

• Two new books have been added to the **C.H. Wedel Historical Series**. **Nonviolent America: History Through the Eyes of Peace**, edited by **Louise Hawkley** and **James C. Juhnke**, proposes a creative new peace-oriented approach to American history. A collection of essays and critiques by fifteen scholars, it is number five in the series. **Mennonite Literary Voices Past and Present** by **Al Reimer** is number six. In his book Reimer evaluates Mennonite literature from its Anabaptist origins to the present. The C.H. Wedel Historical Series is published by Bethel College, North Newton, Kansas.

• A new art and photography book, **Old Order Amish** by **Lucian Niemeyer** with text by **Donald B. Kraybill**, is scheduled for an early 1993 release by Johns Hopkins University Press.

• A Lancaster County Old Order Amish woman recently wrote the account of the 1981 murder of her aunt, Naomi Huyard of New Holland, Pennsylvania. **Joys, Sorrows, and Shadows** by **Emma King** was published by Olde Springfield Shoppe, Elverson, Pennsylvania. The painful story told in narrative style follows the family's experiences from the time of death through the lengthy court trial of two young boys, one a neighbor.

• **When Not to Build: An Architect's Unconventional Wisdom for the Growing Church** by **Ray Bowman** with **Eddy Hall** takes a commonsense approach in helping churches creatively allocate space to meet their needs. An architect, Bowman specializes in helping churches avoid unnecessary building. Eddy Hall, Goessel, Kansas, is a freelance writer and editor. Published by Baker Book House.

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Mennonite World Conference highlights—pages 17-24

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Readings from Mennonite Writings, New and Old, J. Craig Haas. Good Books, 1992. 436 pages, \$14.95.

Reviewed by John A. Lapp

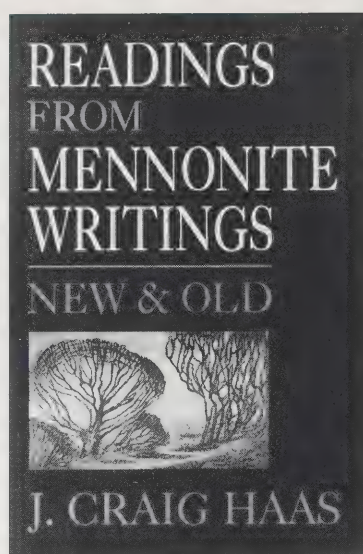
Given the popularity, perhaps a degree of fadishness, of the "spirituality" movement, someone was bound to pull together a collection of "Mennonite spiritual writings." Craig Haas has ranged widely through Mennonite, Hutterite, and Amish writings from 1524 to 1992, compiling readings for each day of the year.

Spirituality is a relatively modern term that refers to Christian experience and a disciplined life of contemplation, prayer, and lifestyle. It often emphasizes the interiority and subjective rather than the visible and doctrinal. From the 16th century to the present, there has been a Mennonite spirituality which although indebted to other Christian traditions has also seen itself as a third way alongside popular Catholic and Protestant spiritualities.

Deeply immersed in the Bible (this book has numerous scriptural references), Mennonite spirituality sees Christ as a model for prayer, worship, and public life and understands Christian discipleship as rooted in personal decision but lived in community. Humility, modesty of expression, and simple, participatory worship are earmarks of this piety. A concern for an all-encompassing moral behavior is integral to the Christian witness. This spirituality includes a strong sense that following the suffering servant Christ will be a minority rather than a majority position. Haas includes all these themes in a truly Mennonite voice even though he expresses doubt that there is a "Mennonite essence."

Emphasizing the diversity found in this tradition, Haas includes writings from 190 separate authors. Out of the 366 selections, 170 are from European writings almost evenly divided between Swiss-South German and Dutch-North German sources. In addition there are 19 writings from Russia. There are seven writings from Latin America, 17 from Asia, 18 from Africa, and 140 from North America. Most Mennonite groups are represented, including Brethren in Christ and several Old Order groups. The chronological grouping is worth noting: 93 from 1524 to 1600; 76 from 1600 to 1800; 49 from 1800 to 1900; 76 from 1900 to 1978; and 81 from 1980 to 1992.

It is difficult to be critical of the selections. Each one seems appropriate and authentic. The material from the 16th cen-



tury is well chosen. The indexes are especially valuable.

The question I kept in mind is who and what created this spiritual tradition. With this in mind I would observe a few anomalies. Were the 1980s such a creative epoch, deserving such disproportionate representation? In terms of an inclusive Mennonite spiritual tradition, I wonder about balance and influence of what is included. Should there be eight readings from Eberhard Arnold and none from Harold S. Bender or John C. Wenger, or 14 readings from *The Wandering Soul* and only two from *Martyrs Mirror*, or seven from Zedekia Kisare and none from David Schroeder or Katie Funk Wiebe? It is also interesting that there are 14 selections from *Family Life* and 10 from *Festival Quarterly* and none from *The Mennonite*, the *Christian Leader*, or the *Gospel Herald*. I suspect that sermons, editorials, Christian education materials, and missionary reporting had more to do with molding of the tradition than is evidenced here. Such anomalies are perhaps inevitable in a collection. Maybe this calls for another volume.

Stanley Hauerwas has recently written these wise words, "Remembering who we are in the call of God in Jesus, rather than searching for justification for what we are to do, is fundamental to Christian ethics." The same can be said for our spiritual moorings. This is a good place for recovering, remembering, and nurturing.

John A. Lapp, a sometime historian, is Executive Secretary of Mennonite Central Committee.

FQ price—\$11.96
(Regular price—14.95)

Sexual Abuse in Christian Homes and Churches, Carolyn Holderread Heggen. Herald Press, 1993. 216 pages, \$9.95.

Reviewed by Donald R. Steelberg

This book should be required reading for parents, pastors, and church leaders in our Mennonite faith family because many of us are in denial that this could ever happen among us.

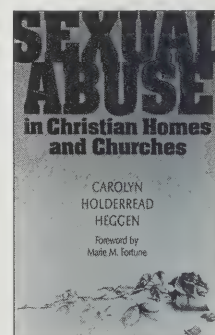
In the early chapters Heggen explains sexual abuse. She demonstrates how widespread it is among us in both family and church life, leaving lifelong effects on its victims. She also submits the psychology and religious ideation which appear to foster abuse.

She moves on to ways congregations may respond, giving as requirements repentance, restitution, forgiveness, and reconciliation. She also offers concrete suggestions for ways congregations may act to prevent sexual abuse, to bring healing and to develop healthy understandings of sexuality.

Because of increasing reports of sexual abuse in our families and by leaders in our churches, Heggen's recommendation that congregations study the issue and take steps to help members face it is particularly timely. I was impressed by the call not only to stand with victims with the help of professional therapists, but also to confront and work redemptively with offenders, keeping them in the fellowship. To do so, Heggen says, congregations must do solid theological work. Excellent suggestions for working at prevention and for healing are given, the strongest being the call to the church to oppose patriarchy. On only one issue could I have wished for a different approach. Heggen chooses for her own good reasons to use the feminine pronoun to refer to victims of abuse. To have had examples of boys who have been abused would have underlined an important reality.

Donald R. Steelberg, Wichita, Kansas, is a pastor of Lorraine Avenue Mennonite Church.

FQ price—\$7.96
(Regular price—9.95)



Proclaim Salvation, Preaching the Church Year, David Ewert. Herald Press, 1992. 160 pages, \$8.95.

Reviewed by Anne Stuckey

In this day of storytelling sermons, dramatic monologues, and contemplative silence, a book of expository sermons such as this seems oddly anachronistic. All the great expository preachers seem to hail from the 19th and early 20th centuries. However, here we have a book which uses the vehicle of the expository sermon to convey an essential truth—the truth being that the church year provides those who preach with “natural settings for rehearsing those unique events in the life of Christ which open up for us the wells of salvation.” This wake-up call isn’t to be glossed over in a rush to get to the meat of the book. Instead, it is a good reminder of the benefits to us of the regular appearance of the church festivals.

David Ewert begins in Advent and reminds the church of salvation’s story through Christmas, New Year, and Easter, completing the year at Pentecost. His inclusion of days such as “Low Sunday,” the Sunday immediately following Easter, and “Ascension” pushed me to consider times to recite God’s acts other than the traditional holy days with which we have become too familiar.

His strength in exposition shines through in his sermons which utilize a biblical story outline. However, in his more theological sermons, the listeners would need to have the scripture passage open in front of them in order to be able to follow the progression of the outline. Ewert serves the reader well in passing on the legacy of preachers and theologians such as John Bunyan, Malcolm Muggeridge, George Whitefield, and Alexander Whyte. But the greatest gift he gives is his timely reminder of the importance of the church year to preach anew the gospel message.

Anne Stuckey is Minister of Congregational Leadership at Mennonite Board of Congregational Ministries and is on the Preaching Team at Salem Mennonite Church, Waldron, MI.

FQ price—\$7.16
(Regular price—\$8.95)

Sleeping Preacher, Julia Kasdorf. University of Pittsburgh Press, 1992. 62 pages, \$9.95.

Reviewed by David Waltner-Toews

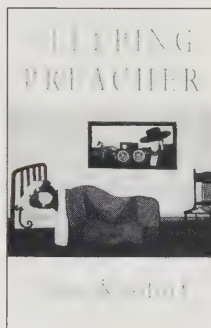
One afternoon when I am old, blind, and somewhat forgetful, rocking forlornly by a lightless window, I shall call for a volunteer to come read poetry to me. And if this well-meaning young man, understandably infatuated with the poems of Julia Kasdorf, shall read to me from *Sleeping Preacher*, I will know that I grew up in a rural Amish community and moved to New York City. Such is the power of these poems that, on reading them, one relives each experience as if it were one’s own. There is no guile in these works, just an unerring eye and a gentle, unwavering hand guiding the words in perfect furrows down the page.

This is as good as poetry gets. The poems are tightly wrung, sweetness and pain intermingled, so that every human experience, from collecting eggs amid the “gray air and stench of chickens” to the slow, careful making of bean soup to buying an Amish pie at Green Market, New York, takes on the complex, contradictory and wonderful dimensions of an act of love.

In the title poem, a great-grandmother, inspired by a trance-held preacher, throws all her photographs into the cookstove, leaving her offspring nothing to touch or see, “except this stubborn will to believe.” For her family—for all of us—Kasdorf’s poems are an act of redemption. She has pulled the prints back out of the fire and she offers them to us, her heart still hurting, her slightly blackened hand unflinching. It is enough to make a person believe.

David Waltner-Toews is a poet, essayist, veterinarian, and epidemiologist at the University of Guelph. His most recent book, which combines all of his careers, is *Food, Sex, and Salmonella: The Risks of Environmental Intimacy*.

FQ price—\$7.96
(Regular price—\$9.95)



Ideas for Families: Ideas for Conscientious Living, Phyllis Pellman Good and Merle Good. Good Books, 1992. 251 pages, \$9.95.

Reviewed by Arthur Paul Boers

This book was compiled with general family concerns in mind. Thousands of suggestions from dozens of conscientious contributors (mostly Mennonite) cover a range of issues—important times during the day (meals and bedtime), special occasions (birthdays and Christmas), teaching faith, allowances, and generally having fun together. These ideas help us live more than day-to-day and to gain a style of family living that is balanced and faithful.

This cornucopia is designed for sampling. One might feel dissatisfied with how one does things in family life and wonder about alternatives. A subject catches my attention and I read the ideas. That inspires me to look up other things. As soon as I had the book, I consulted it on several current concerns in our family. We will continue using it in the future.

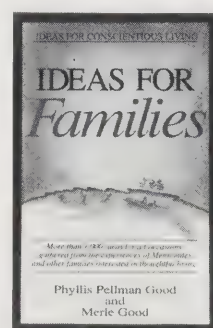
I enjoy seeing names attached to suggestions. When I like what someone says in one place, I look for their ideas elsewhere too. It is fun encountering an occasional name that one knows. Think of the autographs one could collect!

I would have appreciated a longer introduction that pulled together strands, themes, or conclusions as the book is sometimes a bit of a hodgepodge. Many entries are only a sentence and too short to be of much help or even particularly evocative. But there are more than enough good contributions to outweigh such weaknesses.

It is good to hear a variety of ideas that work so that we can put more thought into what we do.

Arthur Paul Boers pastors the Bloomingdale (Ontario) Mennonite Church and is the author of *Lord, Teach Us to Pray*

FQ price—\$7.96
(Regular price—\$9.95)



No Permanent City: Stories from Mennonite History and Life, Harry Loewen. Herald Press, 1993. 224 pages, \$9.95.

Reviewed by Melanie A. Zuercher

The title of this collection of stories from Mennonite history and life—*No Permanent City*—reflects a recurring theme: Anabaptists/Mennonites outside the mainstream of religious and social structures and customs.

The theme is common enough to Mennonite historical writings. What makes this group of stories different is the fact that the theme does not hold throughout. Harry Loewen includes some tales that show Mennonites are all too assimilated.

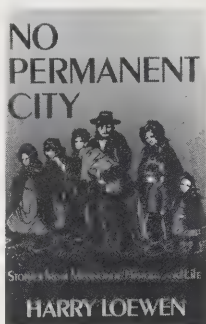
Thus you will find the story of Elizabeth, martyred for her faith in 1549, and the story of 217 Mennonites who crossed the Amur River from Stalinist Russia into China in 1930. You will also find the story of Henry Pankratz, who joined the Canadian Air Force, was shot down over Germany during World War II, and lived to tell about it, and the story of Mennonite villagers eagerly and proudly welcoming the visiting Russian Tsar in 1818.

These accounts span Mennonite history from the days of the martyrs and Menno to the present and vary widely in their level of interest to the average reader. But for the most part, they are stories not commonly read or told. There are several stand-outs, including "The Radical Disturber," which makes Georg Blaurock wonderfully human; a gem from Peter Dyck (which appeared previously in a Herald Press release but I'd never read it); and Loewen's own account of a train ride through Germany in 1990.

Any hardcore reader of Mennonite history will find this collection worthwhile.

Melanie A. Zuercher, a freelance writer, lives near Whitesburg, Kentucky.

FQ price—\$7.96
(Regular price—\$9.95)



A Quiet Strength: The Susanna Ruth Krehbiel Story, Amelia Mueller. Faith and Life Press, 1992. 146 pages, \$9.95.

Reviewed by Marilyn F. Grasse-Brubaker

Quiet and gentle images of a strong faith and trust in God's care are evident in the account of the life of Susanna Ruth Krehbiel.

Based on several historical documents, the book tells of the busy life Susanna led as the wife of Christian Krehbiel, a farmer and an ordained minister in the General Conference Mennonite Church. *A Quiet Strength* recounts many of the challenges Susanna faced in her lifetime—immigration from Bavaria to the United States; the births of her children; crop failure; dissolution of a farm partnership between her husband and his brother; moves to new communities in Illinois, Iowa, and Kansas; overcoming disease and working on the farm to maintain their living while Christian worked long hours for the church. At times Susanna found "that their life . . . was so busy that she wondered how long she could cope."

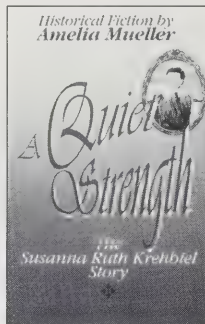
Susanna and Christian Krehbiel played an important role in the settling of Mennonites from Russia, Volhynia, Polish Russia and northern Germany in the United States in the 1870s. They were instrumental in incorporating many of these people into the General Conference Mennonite Church.

As I read the book, I found myself wishing to know Susanna more intimately as a character. I enjoyed reading her expressions of faith—such as her resolutions "whatever my God ordains is right" when she faced another move to a different place.

Young readers will enjoy this book which is short and easy to read.

Marilyn F. Grasse-Brubaker lives in Hillsdale, Michigan, where she is finishing certification requirements to teach English and French at the high school level.

FQ price—\$7.96
(Regular price—\$9.95)



The Love of Enemy and Nonretaliation in the New Testament, Willard M. Swartley, editor. Westminster/John Knox Press, 1992. 320 pages, \$29.99.

Reviewed by Helen Wells Quintela

This book is a compilation of essays that are both refreshing and challenging to Anabaptist Christians who take seriously both the ethical imperative to love one's enemies and the appalling oppression that continues to exist in North America and throughout the world. Dorothy Jean Weaver's essay on Matthew 5:38-48 was strong in its exegetical task and in its hermeneutical conclusions.

Certainly, the liveliest essay is the one by Walter Wink, who has been active in the antiapartheid movement in South Africa. Wink slashes through all the niceties ever written about love of enemy and discloses the great humor and divine resistance that is at the heart of Jesus' examples on how to respond to the "evil-doer."

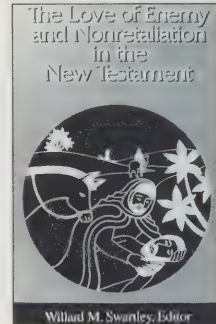
Although I became impatient with Richard Horsley's attempt to redefine "the enemy" of the Matthew and Luke texts, I became fully engaged in the lively response and counter-response between Horsley and Wink.

At the heart of this excellent and scholarly book lies the question of how we interpret and use Scripture to guide us in our responses to violence and evil today. The essay by Mary Schertz reflects theologically on text that appears to regard powerlessness in relation to oppression as something to be nobly endured. Schertz comes uncomfortably close to finding redemptive meaning for Christians today in this text.

The final two essays center on the love commandment as it functions in the gospel of John, the epistles, and the Revelation. Their conclusion, that the love commandment is a commandment to love only those inside the community of Christ, is a result of honest exegetical findings.

Helen Wells Quintela is pastor of St. Paul Mennonite Church, St. Paul, Minnesota. Her family includes her husband Alberto and children, Joseph and Daniel, ages 12 and 9.

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Garlic Cloves and Apple Blossoms

by Keith Helmuth

Early in the morning, as the birds were awakening to the activity of the day, I went down to the lower garden to set out two rows of garlic. North Hill Farm was in a garlic crisis. The two long rows of garlic transplanted to the upper garden last fall had been killed to the last bulb even though they had been well mulched.

Mulching, as a strategy for the prevention of winter kill, depends on early and adequate snowfall filtering into and packing around the straw, and on continued good snowcover throughout the winter. Unfortunately, the winter's first snow came late after a period of deep cold. The snowcover remained light, at times, almost disappearing with spells of rain and extended thawing followed again by sharp freezing. The upper garden, with its windswept western prospect, alternated between exposed, sodden soil and a covering of ice. Freezing and thawing in the upper level of the soil tore the garlic bulbs from their roots. When spring came, no resurrection was possible.

As I sat on my haunches by the garden, pulling cloves of garlic from the central stalks and sorting the largest cloves for planting, the tree swallows began to swoop and dive overhead. I said a little blessing on their metabolism as they aggressively harvested the mosquitoes still lingering from the night and the biting black flies coming on for the day.

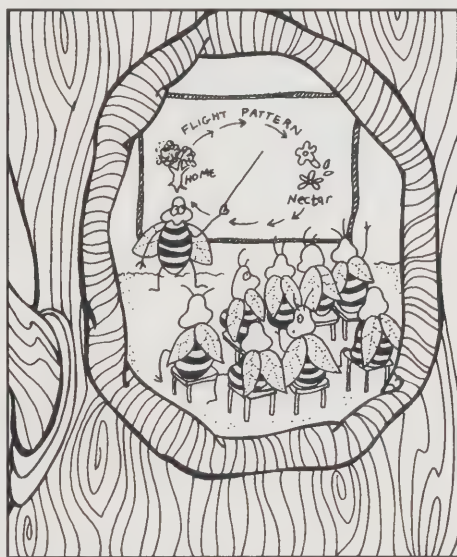
I began to place the cloves in the shallow trench as the volume of birdsong swelled across the orchard and the gaining sun dispelled the last chill of night. Slowly, I became aware of another note, a solid unwavering note, vibrating the air, humming from the apple trees which were in full blossom. It was the hum of a non-human work ethic, a song of diligence from the heart of Creation.

Two sounds always stop me in my tracks when first they reach my ear—the spring peepers after a warm rain and the bees at apple blossom time. Here, now, was this second great auditory event of the season. I stood to attention and once again, as so often before, recalled two lines from a poem by a Kentucky farmer, Wendell Berry:

The mind of the bee
Is the map of bloom

Those two lines beautifully compress a preeminently important awareness of how the great biosphere works; how life systems carry on. They are so extraordinarily striking because in them poetry and science are joined; knowledge prompts wonder and wonder speaks the song of creation.

We know from the diligent studies of a few great naturalists that honey bees do not just roam the landscape looking for nectar-laden blossoms. Scout bees go out from the colony, seeking the locations of concentrated blossoming, species by



Cheryl Benner

species, throughout the season. They return to the colony and perform an orientation dance which advises the workers where to go for the best nectar collecting. From the dance the workers understand the direction and the distance of flight recommended by the scouts.

On being told how efficiently bees communicate, there is something in us that may say, "Wait a minute! That's too close for comfort—too human." When it comes to intelligence and communication, we commonly assume humans are the crown of creation. The evidence that insects, of all things, operate with something like a mind may be a little unnerving.

Think of it! Starting with the early spring blossoming of the maples, pinpointing the wild cherry, covering the apple orchards, moving on to stands of clover and, as the season progresses, to

fields of buckwheat and areas of goldenrod, the mind of the bee covers the landscape with precise knowledge.

The mind that knows these sources is not lodged with any individual bee. (Worker bees, when active, live less than a month.) Rather, the mind is in the colony; in the relationships which build it into a successfully functioning body. The mind of the bee is dense with information drawn from the community and poured back into the community.

Furthermore, this community, this working intelligence, this recognizable mind, has been continuous from the beginning. Not just from the beginning of bees—whenever that may have been—but from a deeper beginning, a beginning in which the intelligence of bees was already potential in the primordial elements; a beginning which has held the human imagination in thrall for ages, which inspires scripture, motivates science, and to which the poet never ceases to pay homage.

The swallows are now perched on the telephone line, digesting their breakfast. The garlic is planted and the beagle pup is snoozing in the sun. The hum over the orchard has become more complex as several kinds of bumblebees have joined the nectar harvest. As I think beyond the "map of bloom" to the pattern of pollination, the circle closes and I see clearly how intelligence is not the possession of an individual or even of a community, but it is in the relationships weaving our communities into a living sphere, a biosphere, the great circle of creation; and which we, at our best, experience as an ineffable, unaccountable gift.



Keith Helmuth has developed a small-scale, diversified farm in New Brunswick, Canada. He writes out of "a background of ecological and social concern."

A New Neufeld Recording



Songwriter Chuck Neufeld has a new recording in the offing, tentatively titled "Part of Me Wishes/Part of Me Knows." Director of Mennonite Voluntary Service for the General Conference Mennonite Church, Neufeld has managed to keep his life as a composer-lyricist-performer active while tending to his more conventional responsibilities. "The songs get written because they announce themselves. They come along and say, 'Here we are!'" he explained about the origin of this album, scheduled for release this summer.

This time the music especially mirrors Neufeld's world. "It's probably the most emotional collection I've done. In fact, I've struggled with whether it's too personal." Three of the songs deal with abuse and "grew out of a situation I've been close to." He has risked the writing, and then the broader sharing of the music, to find healing for himself, as well as the larger Christian community. "The songs will provide the listener with an emotional confrontation with the pain in life, but also the recognition that the one who gave us life is with us in life."

Not all is hardship and travail on the new album, although Neufeld speaks with particular satisfaction about "At Your Word." It is a song based on Jesus' insistence that the disciples cast their empty nets in again and again, despite their night of failed fishing. "I wrote it after doing a presentation about that Scripture. I was so tired, yet I still wanted to be an effective fisherman." Neufeld had an opportunity to do a test run of the song in the fall of 1991 when the Commission on Home Ministries of the GC Church made major budget cuts. "I suddenly stood and sang it to the group, and when I finished several people suggested I include it in my next recording!"

What is the album about? "Joy, anger, despair, hope, hurt, healing, waiting, inviting, longing, questioning, adoration, wondering, assurance, vision, harvest, lost harvest, don't give up, hope, hope to the end. In other words, the experience of being human," explains Neufeld. "Music is that kind of medium. It wants to be sung. It wants to be —PPG

What is the album about?

"Joy,
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hope to the end.

... the experience
of being human."

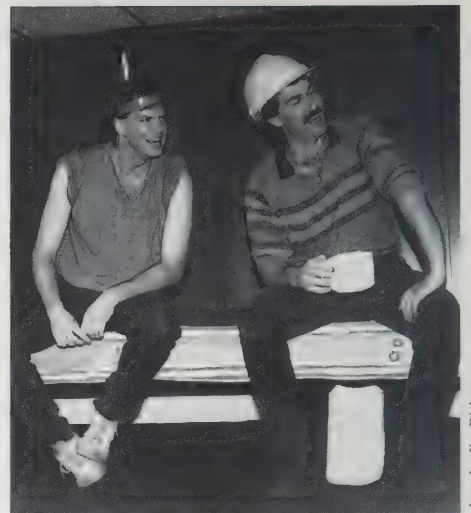


photo by Jim Bishop

Lee Eshleman (left) and Ted Swartz of Theatre AKIMBO give original, offbeat comedy sketches in a packed fellowship hall of Asbury United Methodist Church during First Night/Harrisonburg.

First Night Celebrations in Harrisonburg

Jim Bishop told *Festival Quarterly* about Harrisonburg, Virginia's version of first night celebrations on New Year's Eve 1992-1993. An idea which has been tried recently in other communities, most notably New York City, it features a wide variety of activities and is billed as "an alcohol-free celebration of the arts."

Harrisonburg-area Mennonites were involved in several program offerings. Ted Swartz and Lee Eshleman of Theatre AKIMBO gave offbeat comedy sketches to a standing-room-only audience. A concert featured organists John W. Fast and Julia White of EMC's music department. And the youngest cast member in a one-act comedy, *A Partridge in a Pear Tree*, was eleven-year-old Bethany Blough of Community Mennonite Church.

Between four and five thousand people strolled the blocked-off downtown streets during the First Night Celebration.

—LS

The People's Place Cultural Series



Mamo Dula



Erma Martin Yost



John A. Lapp



Scott Hosfeld and Marsha Kaufmann

For 16 years The People's Place, Intercourse, Pennsylvania has been sponsoring and subsidizing a Cultural Series, bringing together some of the finest artists, prophets and thoughtful opinion makers among North American Mennonites.

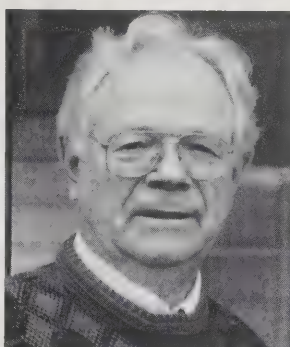
The 1993 schedule included "A Night of Storytelling", held on February 22 and 23, "These Are My Quilts and This Is Life" on March 15 and 16, "Can Our Institutions Supply the Glue to Hold Us Together as a Peoplehood?" upcoming on April 19 and 20 and "An Evening of Music" on May 3 and 4.

The storytellers were Mamo Dula, an Ethiopian Mennonite with eclectic interests—he is a pharmacist, church leader and restaurateur—and Wally Jantz, long-time conference minister of Rocky Mountain Mennonite Conference currently serving as interim pastor of Souder-ton Mennonite Church.

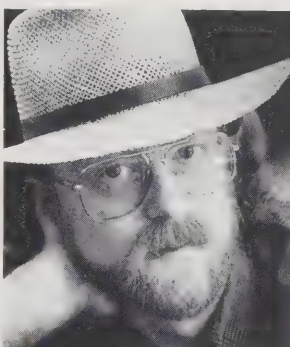
Two visual artists—Erma Martin Yost, Jersey City, New Jersey and Ed Huddle, Lancaster, Pennsylvania—talked about their work on March 15 and 16. An exhibit of Yost's contemporary quilts ("These Are My Quilts") and Huddle's black-and-white fine arts photography ("This Is Life") opened simultaneously at The People's Place Gallery.

The Executive Secretary of Mennonite Central Committee, John A. Lapp, will address the issue of how our institutions hold us together and whether or not they should. Emerson Leshner and Mary Lou Houser will offer responses to Lapp's presentation.

"An Evening of Music" will feature Marcia Kaufmann, a violinist serving as artist-in-residence at Eastern Mennonite College; Scott Hosfeld, the chair of EMC's music department; and Stephen Sachs, professor of music at EMC. —LS



Wally Jantz



Ed Huddle



Stephen Sachs

A Visual Feast

If you would like to see a cross-section of some of the finest work being done by Mennonite-related artists, just write to us for the 15-minute slide presentation called "Art '92." This is a service provided free of charge by our Gallery. The artists represented in "Art '92" are:

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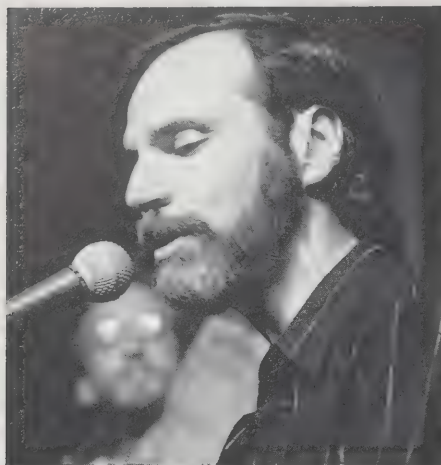
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EQ/Kenneth Pellman

Jim Croegaert, Evanston, Illinois, will lead a music retreat at **Spruce Lake Retreat** on July 23-25, 1993. A pianist, composer and lyricist, Croegaert seeks to integrate his faith into his music. He also serves as Minister of Worship and as an elder at Reba Place Fellowship.

A **Narrative and Theology Conference** was held at **Laurelville Mennonite Church Center** on March 5-7 1993. **Scott Holland**, McKeesport, Pennsylvania, opened the conference with "Our Stories, Other People's Stories," addressing the recent narrative turn in theology and the humanities. Other presenters included **J. Denny Weaver**, **Michael A. King**, **Levi Miller**, **Julia Spicher Kasdorf** and **John Stahl-Wert**.

On November 17, 1992, a feature-length documentary on the Mennonite exodus from Russia 1939-1945 premiered at the Walker Theatre in Winnipeg, Manitoba. To produce the ***The Great Trek***, **Otto Klassen** searched film archives in Germany for footage of World War II. Klassen places the Mennonite trek from Ukraine into its historical context. Narration by **Gerhard Ens**.

Gramophone Magazine recently listed **Daniel Lichti's** *Songs of Hugo Wolf* one of the five best releases internationally in the past quarter. The recording with pianist Arlene Shrut features Lichti singing works by Wolf, Schubert and Schumann. Lichti is a member of **Rockway Mennonite Church** in Kitchener, Ontario.

Artists **Terry Widrick**, Selkirk, Manitoba, and **Henry Fehr**, Steinbach, Manitoba, each presented a limited print edition of their work to the **Conference of Mennonites in Canada's Native Ministries**. All proceeds of Widrick's piece, "Creation Under God," and Fehr's piece, "The earth is the Lord's," will be donated to the **"Jubilee Fund,"** which addresses the needs and injustices suffered by natives in Canada.

Widrick, a native American, graduated from Canadian Mennonite Bible College. He works half-time at the Indian/Metis Friendship Centre in

Selkirk. Fehr teaches art and does picture framing in Steinbach.

Mennonite Economic Development Associates (MEDA) held a conference for those involved in all aspects of the construction industry in Sarasota, Florida, on January 14-16, 1993. **Jean Buchen**, conference planner said, "Construction trades and professions constitute one of the largest vocational choices for Anabaptists." Topics ranged from credit and cash flow to jobsite safety and relations with employees and clients.

Erma Martin Yost, Jersey City, New Jersey, received a 1991/92 fellowship from the New Jersey Council on the Arts/Department of State. Yost, who comes from a line of Mennonite quilters, has redefined traditional quilting in her work, juxtaposing complex combinations of quilting and embroidery with experimental photography. She teaches art at the Spence School in Manhattan and will be spending April through July 1993 in Australia as an exchange teacher.

The **Young Center for the Study of Anabaptist and Pietist Groups** at Elizabethtown College in Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania, sponsored a seminar on Tuesday, March 2 with **Jacob A. Loewen**, Abbotsford, British Columbia. A Mennonite Brethren leader, Loewen's discussion focused around "Power: Its Use and Abuse in Anabaptist Communities." Loewen is serving as the Young Center Fellow for the spring of 1993. A book on the subject, co-written with **Wesley J. Prieb**, Hillsboro, Kansas, is forthcoming.

The chairwoman of the **Goshen College** English department, **Shirley Showalter**, will spend the 1993-1994 school year at Valparaiso (Ind.) University as a senior fellow of the Lilly Fellows Program in Humanities and the Arts. Participants will explore personal interests, see how other schools combine faith and knowledge and be involved in training future church-college faculty members.



William L. Klender

Alta Schrock, (left) Grantsville, Maryland, a longtime **Goshen College** faculty member was the subject of a *Washington Post* article with the headline, "Mennonite Dynamo Tackles Final Mission." Schrock told the paper about the founding of her 16th non-profit organization, **Friedensheim**, a retreat for persons seeking spiritual, emotional and physical renewal. Alta Schrock's most successful venture has been Penn Alps, an arts and crafts village near Grantsville. When asked why Friedensheim would be her final mission she said, "Because I'm 81."

Amos & Andrew—An amusing melodrama about racial stereotypes and prejudice. A famous black writer arrives at his newly-purchased summer home, only to be ambushed by local police who think he's a burglar. The film walks a thin line between comedy and painful issues and basically succeeds. (6)

Chaplin—A worthwhile but less than-epic portrait of the great actor/director Charlie Chaplin. Has brilliant moments, but in the end one never escapes the awareness that the moviemakers are trying to make an important biography—and falling short. (5)

Damage—A highly stylized, self-conscious slick flick about torrid, forbidden sex among the English ruling class. Too earnest, too empty. (3)

Falling Down—Feels like a mechanic in the kitchen—no soul in the stew. A super-has-sled man loses his job and makes his way home across Los Angeles in a trek of violent outrage. Falls flat. (3)

Groundhog Day—A delightful comedy about a nasty TV weatherman who is doomed to relive the same day over and over until he gets it right. Invites all sorts of allegorical interpretation, but essentially it's excellent comedy. (7)

Mad Dog & Glory—A timid police photographer inadvertently saves the life of a small-time mobster and receives, as a gift, the seven-day visit of Glory, a barmaid "owned" by the hood. Subtle, fluid and insightful at moments. Fails to fulfill its promise. (5)

The Match Factory Girl—A humdrum portrait of an average factory worker with an unlovely but unguarded face. She is nearly mute, as is this Finnish film. (3)

Passion Fish—A voluptuous saga, set in bayou country. A soap opera star suffers an accident, goes home to mend, and tangles with her nurse. Memories, anger, brooding waters, and romance. Outstanding performances complement witty script. (8)

Scent of a Woman—A monumental performance by Al Pacino as a former war hero whose life has collapsed. His coarse, manipulative treatment of the college student who comes to assist him becomes the story of a childless man and a fatherless boy. Slow pace, taut acting. (7)

Sniper—A cocky Marine and his inexperienced partner on a dangerous mission in the jungle. So-so. (2)

Sommersby—A superb entertainment about a man returning from a Civil War prisoner

camp. Is he a different person or a different man? Jodie Foster excels as the tough, tender wife who takes a chance. (7)

The Temp—A manipulated but delicious yarn about a temporary assistant whose ambition eats up her superiors. Inadequate ending seems abrupt. (3)

Tous les Matins du Moude (*All the Mornings of the World*)—A poetic, emotional classic, set in 17th-century France. If you can adapt to the slow pace, you'll be overwhelmed by the power and poignancy of this film. A somber, accomplished musician seeks love and perfection in the strings of his viol. (8)

Untamed Heart—As a fable, it's sweet and a little offbeat. As adolescent melodrama, it's tender and involving. A chatty waitress becomes fascinated with a silent busboy with secrets. (5)

Used People—Disappointing yarn about an old man who has loved a woman from afar for many years, and brings himself to declare it to her on the day of her husband's funeral. (2)

Films are rated from an adult FQ perspective on a scale from 1 through 9, based on their sensitivity, integrity, and technique.

The People's Place QUILT MUSEUM

presents "Light and Shadow: Amish Quilts"



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These premiere antique bedcovers were selected for their exquisite beauty. They were gathered from the three primary Amish communities in the United States—Lancaster Co., Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana.

The heart of the exhibit includes quilts and small treasures from the collection of the late R. Clair Weaver and the late Anna May Weaver who met tragic deaths in February, 1991. "It is a moment of sad triumph for The People's Place Quilt Museum," reflected Rachel Pellman (pictured), curator of the Museum. "We are delighted to be able to display this rare folk art before the collection is sold by the estate."

In addition to the Weaver collection, two other longtime collectors have offered quilts for the current show.

"Light and Shadow: Amish Quilts" will be on exhibit in The People's Place Quilt Museum through April 17, 1993.

Next Show: "Plain Beauties: Amish Quilts from the Collection of Catherine Anthony"
April 24, 1993-January 8, 1994

Living by the Word

by Katie Funk Wiebe

A number of years ago, the Tabor College (Hillsboro, Kansas) basketball team was gearing up to battle their arch rival, Bethel College (Newton, Kansas) on the basketball court. The day of the scheduled game, Tabor's cheerleaders posted a notice on the bulletin board: "For your devotions today read Amos 5:5."

Students scrambled for their Bibles to read "For Bethel shall be brought low," Tabor beat Bethel—as predicted in Scripture.

— Esther Loewen Vogt in
Hillsboro Star-Journal

A union carpenter was asked whether his union objected to Mennonite farmers doing carpenter's work for Mennonite Disaster Service which rebuilds the homes destroyed by natural disasters. The union man scoffed, "They belong to a bigger union than we do. When there is trouble like this [tornado], I wish more of us felt like they do."

— Paul Tudor Jones in
The Chain of Kindness

In the summer of 1992 an Amishman was traveling by bus to a Civilian Public

Service reunion in Hesston, Kansas. A woman sitting next to him admired his beautiful full head of shoulder-length white hair and handsome beard. As they disembarked at Hesston, the woman turned to him in a joking and pleasant manner to ask, "Are you God or Moses?"

— Myron R. Sommers,
Lakewood, Colorado

At the 1939 General Conference on the campus of Messiah College the Eli H. Hostetler family was quartered in a tent. A nearby tent housed another preacher and his wife. Early one morning the Hostetlers overheard him talking to his wife. He told her with some pride that someone had told him he remembered a sermon the preacher had preached forty years before. After a pause to let that profound statement sink in, he declared, "That is *powerful* preaching!" Next door the Reverend Hostetler chuckled until he realized that even that slight sound might carry to the next tent. In the years that followed when anyone in the Hostetler family recalled what their father had said in a sermon, the other family members would look at their preacher-father in mock seriousness and say, "That is pow-

erful preaching!" It helped keep him humble.

— Paul Hostetler in *Readings from Mennonite Writings*

To his dismay, the visiting minister realized he had overstepped his preaching time by at least 25 minutes. But he rationalized that his hostess for the noon meal had probably prepared roast chicken and the extra 15 minutes would make it all the more tender. However, his hostess had assumed he would speak overtime, which would have caused her food to overcook, so she did not begin meal preparations until after church.

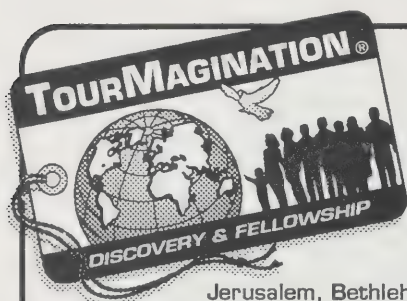
The minister had preached hard and he was hungry. Minutes passed and the odor of frying chicken kept drifting to him and his host in the next room. Finally, at two o'clock, the hostess called them to eat. When grace was being said, the minister silently thanked the Lord for the several pieces of chicken he was about to eat. But to his surprise, instead of serving the meal family style, the hostess served each person individually. She walked behind the minister and asked, "Brother Miller, would you prefer the leg or the thigh?"

In astonishment, he turned his chair toward her, looked her full in the face and said, "Sister, what God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

— Daniel Kauffman in
The Compassionate Community.



Katie Funk Wiebe, author of many books and articles, is a freelance writer living in Wichita, Kansas.



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Still America's Most Segregated Hour

More than 25 years after U.S. church leaders took to the streets to spearhead the civil rights movement, Martin Luther King's lament holds true: Sunday morning worship remains one of America's most segregated hours. Blacks, whites, and persons of other ethnic backgrounds may work side by side Monday to Friday, but more often than not even those who say they believe in racial inclusiveness follow different paths to worship.

Gustav Spohn of Religious News Service notes that according to one recent analysis, fewer than half of the persons polled over a five-year period said yes when asked if they attend a church that includes anyone from another race. Among U.S. religious groups, Roman Catholics answered affirmatively 50 percent of the time. Liberal Protestants were next, at 41 percent. Percentages among other groups: conservative Protestants, 38 percent; moderate Protestants, 29 percent. The study was compiled by William McKinney, a sociologist of religion at Hartford Seminary in Connecticut, using data compiled from national Opinion Research Center polls. Truly multicultural congregations, where there is some balance among racial groups, appear to be few and far between.

The study seems to support views expressed by Jerry Drino, who contends that when it comes to worship that cuts across racial lines, it's as if the churches were in kindergarten, just beginning to learn. Drino is rector of an ethnically diverse Episcopal congregation in San Jose, California, and director of the Episcopal Church's program for cross-cultural ministry development in the western states. He and others say that even in the most sophisticated congregations, the strains and challenges of multicultural worship resonate long after a parity in numbers is achieved.

Not everyone who champions the cause of racial justice, however, is anxious to get more blacks and members of

other minority groups into pews of white churches. C. Eric Lincoln, a prominent black scholar of religion at Duke University, is a case in point. Blacks risk losing their cultural identity when they attend white churches, he feels.

Another response to cultural diversity is represented by Riverside Church in New York City and its pastor, James A. Forbes, Jr., who contends that "God wants the church to blaze the trail" in achieving a multicultural society. For many people, Riverside, a landmark of mainline Protestantism, is a model of cross-cultural worship. But even there,

... when it comes
to worship that cuts
across racial lines,
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questions of race simmer beneath the surface and threaten to boil over. Jointly affiliated with the United Church of Christ and the American Baptist Churches, Riverside has a membership of 2,200 that is almost evenly split between blacks and whites. The congregation is currently undergoing a highly charged identity crisis, fueled by the fears of some members that Riverside is becoming a "black" church.

Forbes, hired three years ago as the church's first black senior minister, is at the center of the controversy. He was raised in black Pentecostalism, a tradition that prefers emotional, unstructured worship. Forbes's critics deny that their concerns are related to race, but much of

their criticism is directed at aspects of Riverside's worship that have flourished under Forbes: sermons that appeal to emotions, gospel music and worshipers who raise their arms and shout "Amen."

On one occasion Forbes ended a sermon by inviting worshipers to approach the altar to be anointed with oil and "healed" and to proclaim their faith in Jesus. An unsigned letter that circulated during one service complained that such practices produce "dramatic and aesthetic disjuncture." Another missive, an "open letter" to church members by a former chairwoman of the church board, critiqued Forbes's preaching as "thin fare indeed for someone seeking understanding and enlightenment."

The problems at Riverside are among the most visible signs of challenges ahead for congregations moving down the road of integration. Religious leaders familiar with multicultural worship say conflict is all but unavoidable in a process in which an ability to listen to and respect people of different cultures is only a starting point. Once that is achieved, they say, dominant groups may be expected to experiment with other worship styles and ultimately to share power. For the dominant white culture, said Forbes, truly inclusive worship may mean giving up some things that are near and dear to the heart, such as solemn services where hallelujahs, amens or altar calls are taboo.

For Forbes, conflict is a natural part of the multicultural process. The key for Riverside parishioners, he said, will be to "learn to fight like Christians," all the while recognizing that they are "destined to be together. I would rather have a church fight its way to an honest change than have a church that has successfully absorbed one culture into the precincts of another culture." Strange things can happen in multicultural worship settings, Forbes suggested, because "what is to be is not what has been."

Festival Quarterly regularly offers essays and speeches from the larger world that, because of their subject, sensitivity or wisdom, are of interest to our readers.

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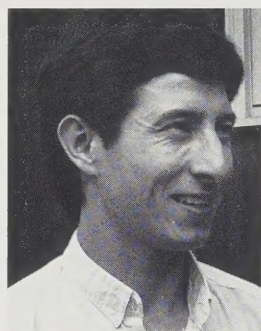
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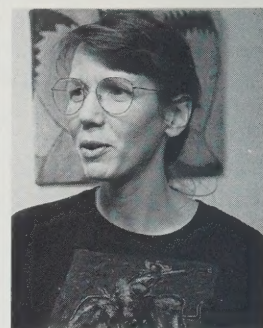
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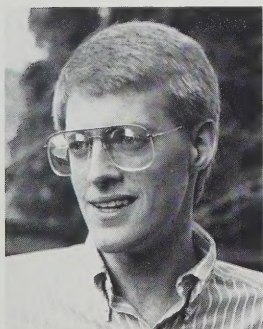
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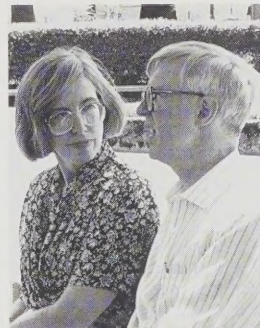
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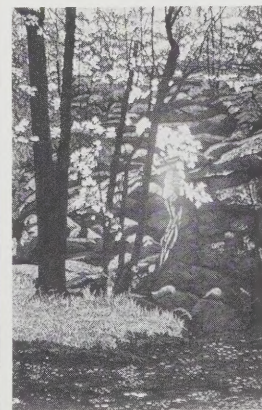
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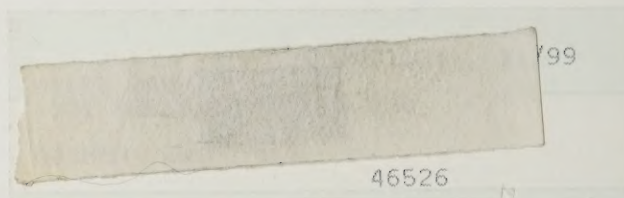


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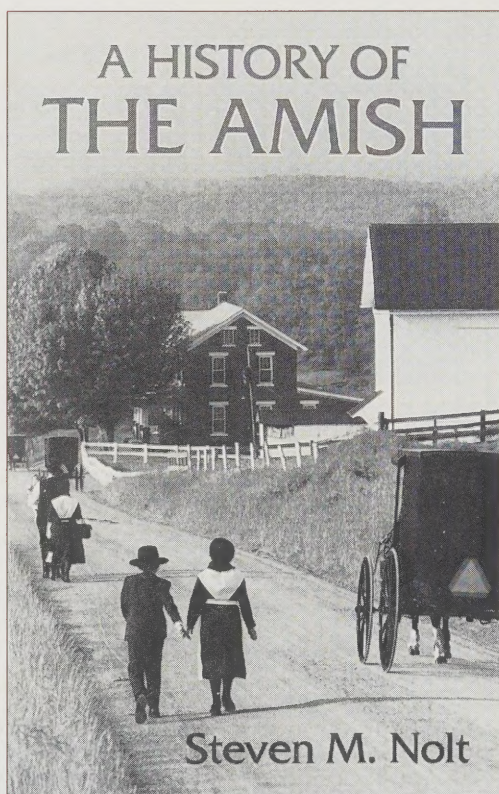
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